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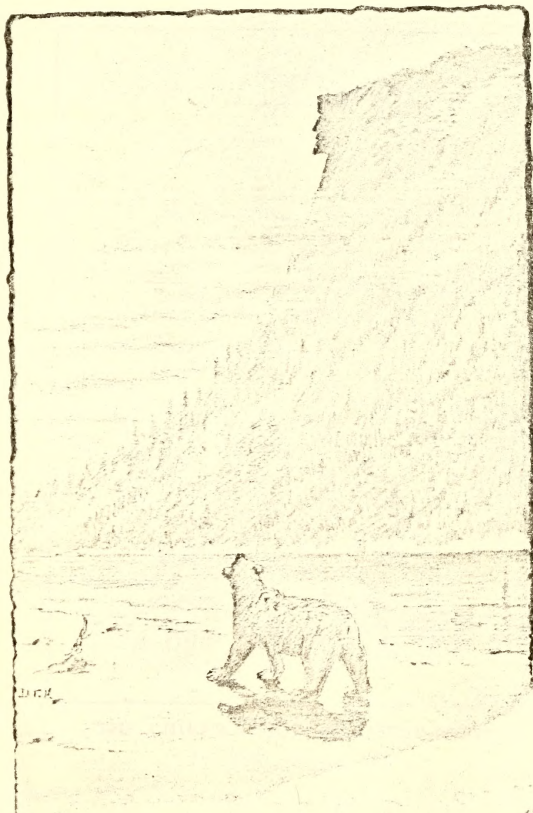
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GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE

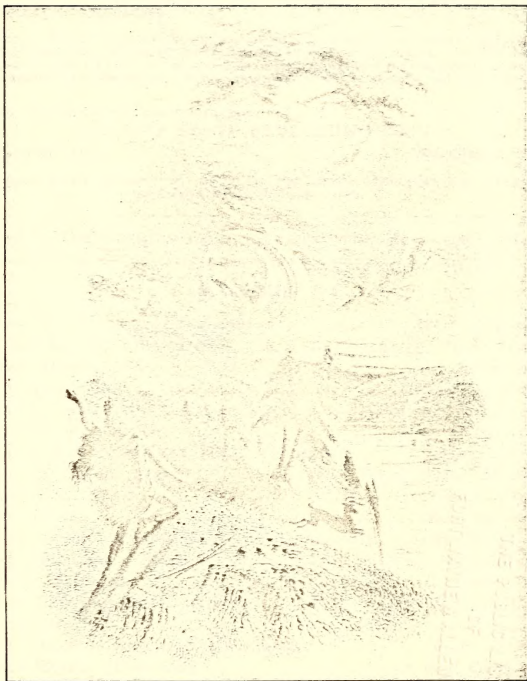
DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



VOL. V

JANUARY--MARCH, 1908

No. 1



THE CHIEF'S VISION—MANIFEST DESTINY

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Granite State Magazine

A Quarterly Publication

[Copyrighted, 1907.]

VOL. V

JANUARY-MARCH, 1908

No. 1

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50
Single Copy40

To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

No. 64 Hanover Street,

Manchester, N. H.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Printed by THE RUEMELY PRESS, 143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

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A New Departure

Beginning with this number, the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE will be published quarterly instead of monthly, as heretofore. This is done to enable us to do justice to the work we have contemplated, and while there will be fewer numbers to file away the subscribers will not have lost anything in quantity, while the quality will be improved. There will be

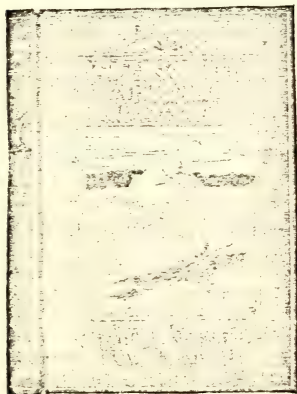
less of fiction but more of history, description and articles of value for reference. Each issue will have some special feature of importance. Our next, to appear the first of June, will be a

LOVEWELL NUMBER.

This will give a complete account of that memorable fight, with the causes that led to it and the results; a sketch of Captain Lovewell and another of his father; two Lovewell and Tyng Journals; ballad of "Lovewell fight"; an original poem, founded upon the legend "Prophecy of the Saco"; and a picturesque description of the "Last Council of the Sokokis chieftains, just before the famous battle.

Literary Notes

ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. With illustrations from photographs and a map. Cloth, 8vo., 289 pages. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Price, \$2. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.



The author takes us on a delightful trip to this land of interest, so little known yet lying so near. It was along this coast shore that the viking rovers sailed in the misty days of the tenth and eleventh centuries, finding much to interest them. But theirs was mainly a love for adventure and booty, while that of the present writer treats us to pleasanter but none the less interesting subjects. A lover of birds, he pictures in well-chosen words the creatures of the feathered denizens of the woods and shores. The flocks and the iceberg are described in graphic language, making this one of the most valuable sections of his work. The scenery, flowers and trees, the fish and fishermen, the picturesque inhabitants, the Hudson Bay Company's posts, the Moravian Missions, each coming in for its notice. The illustrations are especially good, being

taken from original photographs by the author and his companion, Dr. Glover Allen. Altogether it is a handsome and interesting volume.

MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By Montgomery Rollins. Cloth, 8vo., 436 pages. Price \$2.50. Dana Estes & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

As a reference book for the use of those desiring information in the handling of money for investment, we have never met a book that is the equal of this, written by one who has been educated in the school of finance and experienced in the art of investment. Following a Foreword, occupying thirty-six pages of explanation, speculation, investment and suggestion, is an encyclopedia of knowledge regarding the meaning of financial and business terms, practically covering the field. For instance, we wish to know what "Demurrage" is, we turn to the title under its initial letter and find, "When any vehicle of trans-

portation, such as a car or vessel, is detained beyond the time allowed, either for loading or unloading, a per diem charge, called 'demurrage,' is made." We can think of no subject which is not treated in a concise and plain manner.

KEDAR KROSS. *A Tale of the North Country.* By J. Van Der Veer Shurts. Cloth, 12mo., 430 pages. Price, \$1.50. Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The story starts in at Ogdensburg, N. Y., but the scene is soon transferred to the Canadian border, where we are introduced to the heroine, Flora Macdonald, in her long, perilous ride to carry the pardon that saved her lover. Then follow the first happy years of their married life, the abduction of their son, the loss of the mother in the search, loss of property through those supposed to be friends, a vivid description of the Battle of Gettysburg, and the grand tribute paid one who had proved a staunch friend through all his troubles, making this one of the most readable books of the year.

OVER THE NUTS AND WINE. *A Book of Toasts.* By James Clarence Harvey. Bound in an original style, in the shape of a champagne bottle inclosed in a bucket. Veneer finish, bands, labels, etc., reproduced in exact duplicate. Boxed. Price, 75 cents. Full ooze leather, boxed, \$2.

The author of this strictly original and up-to-date Book of Toasts is so well and familiarly known, and has an almost national reputation as the first of our after-dinner entertainers, that this work will be hailed by many with a great deal of pleasure. Printed in two colors on antique buff paper.

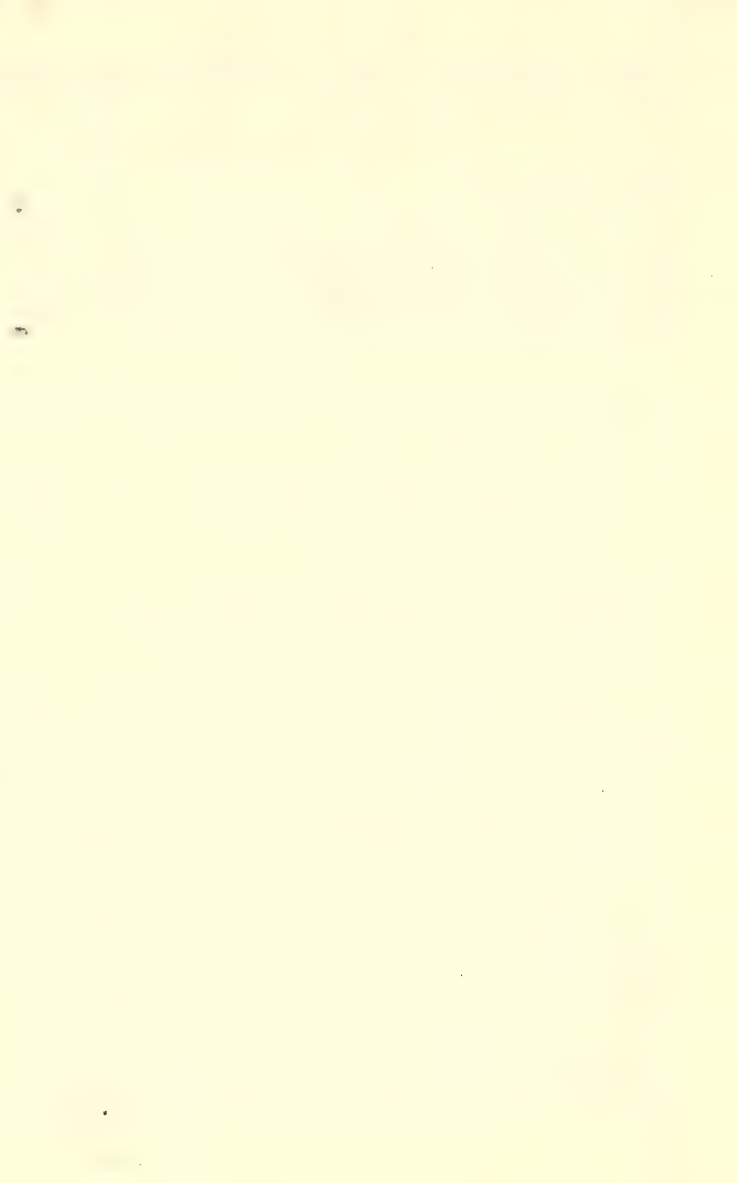
THEODOSIA, *The First Gentlewoman of Her Time.* By Charles Felton Pidgin, author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "The Burr Trilogy," "Little Burr," "The Climax," etc. Cloth, 12mo., 482 pages. Profusely illustrated and finely published; with round back. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

In many respects this work deserves an encouraging word. It shows a deep interest on the part of Mr. Pidgin in his task, and a wide and exhaustive treatment of the subject. The heroine is fully worthy of the faithful efforts of her biographer, for this cannot be far from a biography, while possessing all of the interest of fiction. No element is missing: love, mystery, tragedy, the trinity of romance are to be found here. If we may differ with the author, we are glad of his painstaking work, we are glad that that beautiful woman has had some one to speak of her in such kindly, sincere words. No student of American history should fail to read, and to own, these works of Mr. Pidgin, pertaining to "The Little Warwick of America," not the least among them being this gentle life of his daughter.

Again we come to pass in review an invoice of the offerings of poets and story-tellers who make their debut to the reading world through the kindly introduction of this knight errant of publishers, Mr. Richard G. Badger, Boston. We, who love tasty dress, even in books, and believe the contents look brighter and more attractive in type and binding, in paper and picture, are not disappointed in the books that fall like roses in their season from the Gorham Press. Taking these at random we find, all 12mos.:

THE BREATH OF THE MORNING. By Beverly Doran. Price, \$1. The title of this poetical offering of a young poet is certainly interesting enough to be good.

SONGS OF MANY DAYS. By Florence Evelyn Pratt. This dainty volume contains between fifty and sixty poems that are delightful in sentiment and expression.



ROPES OF SAND. By Lura K. Clendening. Price, \$1.50. This volume contains both prose and poetry, which deserve more than the title would suggest.

POEMS. By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge. Price, \$1. Another fine gift-book, under a name that is not altogether unfamiliar.

THEKLA. A Drama. By Aileen C. Higgins. Price, \$1. This is a more ambitious effort. We regret that we have not more space to devote to this sweet story of the days of the Apostle Paul.

THE ILLUMINATED WAY AND OTHER POEMS. By Frances Coan Percy. Price, \$1. Three score or more of poems upon every-day subjects, and some that are not so common. While none may rise to a great altitude, yet, what is better, none fall to the line of mediocrity.

POCKET TOKENS. By Vernon Wade Wagar. Price, \$1. A pleasant gift book.

Our Covers

Beginning with this number, we start a series of pictures of the Old Man of the Mountain that will be continued through the volume. Original drawings by D. T. Knight, and reproduced here through the courtesy of Walter G. Chase, M. D., should make it a series of historic value.

"Golden Nuggets"

A Choice Collection of Prose and Poetry

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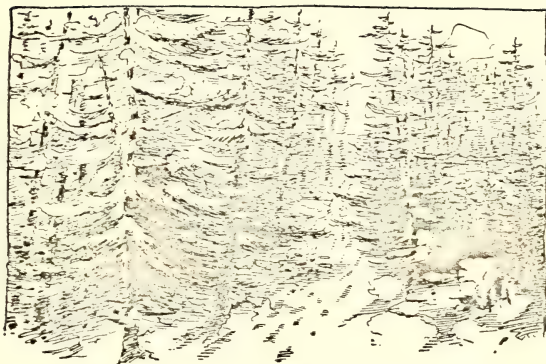
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Photo-Engravers for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE.



"WHEN THE WOODS WERE WHITE WITH SNOW"

The Snow-Shoe Men

By NELLIE M. BROWNE

Recited before the Manchester Historic Association upon its celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the winter march of Captain Tyng and his snow-shoe scouts.

BY THE light of the early morning,
When the woods were white with snow,
Marched the snow-shoe men from Dunstable,
Now two hundred years ago.

With faces turned to the Northward,
Leaving homes without a sigh,
Ready to act for their loved ones—
Ready ever to do and die.

They had left their hearthfires burning,
And those they held most dear;
But honor and valor went with them,
Though the way was long and drear.

Up the "River of Broken Waters."
In silence wended their way,
For their feet were clad with snow-shoes,
And stout of heart were they.

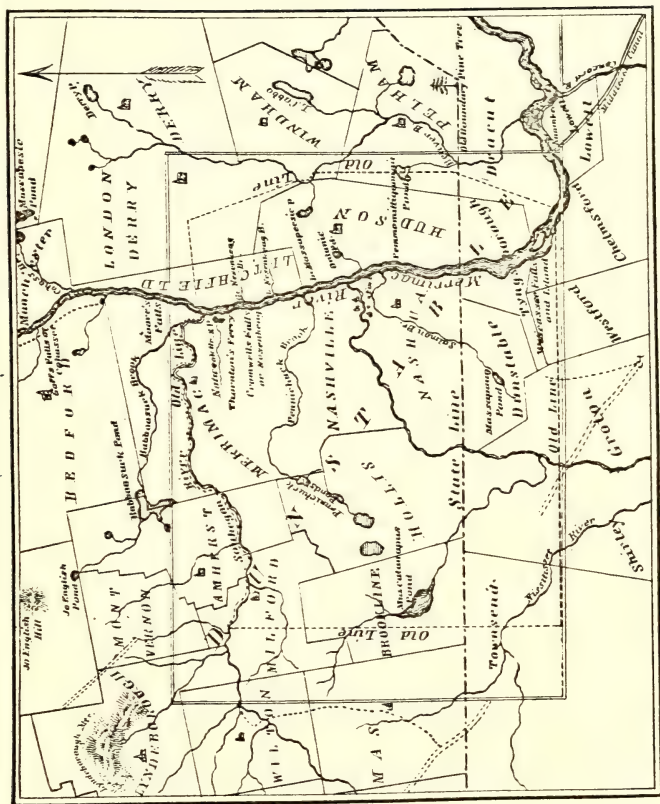
You have read how they met the enemy—
The tedious march was done,
Which gave to us our home-rights,
Their well-earned victory won.

Who shall say they were not heroes,
Though the years have flown apace?
Who can say they are not worthy
In our hearts to hold a place?

They have left with us their record—
The fight and hardships shared—
Let us keep alive their memory,
Remember the men who dared.

When at last life's chain is broken,
Let this ever be our prayer;
That their deeds shall be recorded,
And their names be written there.





From Fox's History of Dunstable

TERRITORY OF OLD DUNSTABLE

The Snow-Shoe Scouts

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE BEFORE THE
MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION UPON THE TWO HUN-
DREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WINTER SCOUT OF CAPT.
WILLIAM TYNG AND HIS SNOW-SHOE MEN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

THIS is my purpose this evening to speak of that little band of men whose names have become enrolled on the historic pages of early New England as "The Snow-Shoe Scouts;" the men who were foremost among the pioneers in breaking the New Hampshire wilderness; the men whose log cabins were the homes of the first actual settlers within the populous section of our city; the men whose clearings were the windows in the primeval forest to first let in the sunlight of these northern skies upon this paradise of the red men; the men whose rough-walled meeting house reared on one of the pine-templed hills near by, was the first to declare to the coming generations that their ancestors were a God-fearing people.

Sitting here in the enjoyment of the pleasures and privileges of a civilized life; coming from the homes of a Christian community, and protected by the laws of a free government, it is not easy to comprehend that within the span of two lives—a Stark and a Kidder—this scene was the heart of an unpeopled wildwood; where the lofty pine lifted high its sombre plume in defiance of the woodman's axe; where the sedgy vine bound in its relentless folds the oaken freeman of the forest; where the Merrimack ran its race unvexed from mountain to the sea; where by day the hungry bear crept forth from its lonely lair, and by night the stealthy panther prowled upon the footsteps of its prey; where, from sun to sun, the timid deer followed

its flight unfearing the shadow of a human being; ay, when and where the solemn drum-beats of Old Amoskeag, which had not lost a note for cycles of forgotten years, was unbroken and unchallenged by the rumble of factory wheels or the thunder of street traffic; the silence of the solitude broken only by the myriad voices of Nature—the murmur of running waters, the sighing of the wind, the trill of the forest songster, the plaint of a belated fox, the laughter of the loon—blending in harmonious concert, the softer notes drowned at intervals by the harsh tremolo of some wandering wolf.

If two hundred years ago only an occasional red man, like a shadow of departed greatness, lingered around these old familiar scenes, the Merrimack valley had been in truth the great battle ground of the aboriginal races. Here, the natural heir of Nature's realm, the lordly Penacook had threaded the dim aisles of its wild arcades, his snowy canoe had vied with the foam upon its broken waters, his warcry had awakened the fastness of its far-reaching forests, his council fires starred the Plutonian night of the barbaric wilderness long ere the white sails of Columbus' caravels had dotted the distant main; long ere the ravens of the Northmen had flaunted their dark wings on the sedgy shores of Old Vineland; ay, long ere the most learned cosmographer of the Old World had dreamed of a land and a people beyond the untraversed seas. Here, was sounded up and down the country, from the mysterious West, the wild alarm of battle from their ancient and deadly enemies, the Romans of America, the Mohawks. Here, from the Brave Lands of the Penacook to the murmuring waters of Pawtucket, from the pulseless breasts of Uncannoonuc to the crag-castles of Old Pawtuckaway the invincible Abnakis bore aloft the tocsin of war. Here wound the wartrails of nations that fought, bled and perished in the same cause which has wrung tears from the old earth since it was young. This was in truth the Thessaly of Olden New England.

From out of the misty background of Tradition rise the stalwart figures of that heroic period. Among them the stately Kenewa appears mustering his dusky legion, to lead it forth to anticipated conquest only to be swallowed up by the hungry wilderness as was Varus and his army in the old Germanic forest. Then the valiant Winnemet rallied around him upon the Brave Lands his gallant followers in his desperate endeavor to stem the tide of that disastrous Waterloo, falling encircled by the last of "old guard" of the Penacooks. Now the magnanimous Passaconnaway, reading in the signs of the times, the destiny in store for his people, taught them it was better to condone the wrongs done by a stronger race than to combat a hopeless fate, leaving them with his parting words impressed upon their minds, while he launched his frail boat upon the placid waters of Massabesic, to the red men "the eyes of the sky," to vanish from sight and story. What a picturesque sight was presented by the tall, erect figure of the aged sachem standing upright in the centre of his fragile craft, while it was slowly wafted by the rippling water away from the pine-fronded shore, away from the landscape which swiftly disappeared before the incoming of white man, but whose going out was even slower than the disappearance of the race of which this single chieftain was a noble representative. Here, the curtain fallen on the closing scene of pagan warfare, Wannalancet, the last great sachem of the Penacooks, called about him his few scattered followers to lead them to that rendezvous under French protection upon the St. Francis, to return himself a few years latter that his ashes might mingle with the dust of his fathers. Here, sacrificing every hope and ambition for his people, brave Merruwacomet, better known as Joe English, fought and fell in the interest of an alien people, an unhonored hero. Here, too, in the gloaming of that long day, came the lonely Christo to consecrate with the tears of a warrior the graves of his sires, the ashes of his race. No mean knights of chivalry these, every

hero of them worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of the Old World champions.

Of their rights or wrongs I have little to say at this time, but am free to confess that I have no patience with those who declare they were hopeless savages, beyond the light of civilization. I would remind that same judge that it was not so very many generations ago that his own ancestors lurked sullenly in caverns of the earth and came forth clad in the skins of wild beasts. It is related by one of the pioneers that while abroad one night upon the riverbank, he discovered an Indian approaching upon his hands and knees. A friendly motion of the hand of the dusky scout caused the white man to wait his approach. Then, with his fingers upon his lips to enjoin silence, he whispered:

"Me watch to see the deer kneel."

Then it occurred to the white man that it was Christmas, and he realized that in the simplicity of his belief the red man was expecting at that sacred hour to see the deer come forth from the forest to fall upon their knees in silent adoration to the Great Spirit. Truly that race cannot be lost to Omnipotent justice who, in its honesty of faith, looks through Nature's eyes up to God.

The condition between the red man and his white competitor reminds me of the story of the "talking turkey." A white man and an Indian, hunting together, had agreed to divide equally the spoils of their hunt, which resulted simply in getting a good fat turkey and a worthless crow. In this dilemma the white man proposed that they divide even, by saying:

"I'll take the turkey, and you can take the crow; or you can take the crow and I will take the turkey."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the red man, "you no talk turkey to poor Indian at all."

* * *

The Treaty of Ryswick, September 20, 1697, closed Frontenac's long series of aggressive campaigns on the

part of New France against New England, and a period of comparative peace between the settlers of these provinces succeeded. The pride and the power of the Five Nations, always arrayed against the French since the days of Champlain, had been broken and humbled; their numerous acres of maize destroyed with ruthless hands; their great apple orchards ruined; their large tracts of ripening melons destroyed; and their towns ravaged and given over to the torch of the despoiler. The Abnakis, the constant allies of the French, were for the time glittered of their vengeance and their appetite for blood sated.

But the respite was not overlong. Soon the war-torch was rekindled and the war-whoops of the Eastern Amerinds again awoke the solitude of northern New England. This was the coming of the twilight to the darkest night in the history of New England warfare. England and France were again drawn into an armed contest in that century and more of conflict which marks that era of European history. This time Spain was a part of the strife, largely the bone of contention, and European historians have styled this "The War of the Spanish Succession." In America it was called "Queen Anne's War," as that queen was the ruler of Great Britian, and, as usual, the trouble in the old world was largely fought out in the new, and its terrible warfare lasted for nearly ten years.

Hitherto the red men had carried on their predatory struggles mainly through their own arms and leadership. Now they were not only armed but trained and advised by the masters of French military tactics and unceasingly to strike their subtle yet terrific blows. Thus all the cruel cunning of the wild savage was united with the merciless ingenuity of the then foremost military power in the world. Urged on by this crafty ally, keeping constantly before their eyes the well-thumbed prayer-book while he held over their heads the sword, the Amerinds, in scouting parties numbering from half a dozen to a score or more, raided every section of the wide belt of wilderness lying

between the more thickly settled quarters of the English on the south and the French fortresses on the north. The pioneers of Maine and New Hampshire were consequently the greatest sufferers. According to the best information we have, and which is all too meagre, more than two hundred men, women and children were killed or taken into a captivity worse to contemplate than even death at the hands of a barbaric foe. The torch was applied to cabin after cabin, until it began to look as if the English settlers were doomed. By the swiftness and frequency of their attacks upon the scattered homes of the pioneers it seemed as if the dusky enemies were omnipresent hanging "like lightning upon the edge of a cloud," about those lonely cabins fringing the wilderness.

In their hapless plight the people turned to the government for assistance. The French were paying a bounty for scalps of the English, and the courts of Massachusetts, in order to encourage the pioneers of their domains, offered a bounty of fifty pounds for every Indian scalp that should be secured. This encouragement, in addition to the natural desire to retaliate for the inhuman deeds committed against them, caused the whites to speedily organize several scouting parties along the lower Merrimack valley for the purpose of driving back the enemy and striking a blow in self-defence. About twenty of these parties were organized, to see more or less of service, but the first and most conspicuous of these was that gallant band of whom I am to speak, "Tyng's Snow-Shoe Scouts."

The depredations of the Amerinds were mostly made in the summer. It was not only easier for them to move about like so many shadows under the forest shade, but the white settlers were then occupied with their various duties about their new homes, and less prepared to combat them. Upon the other hand, the English made nearly all of their retaliatory expeditions against their wily foes during the winter season. If the forests were snow-clogged then, the undergrowth was overladen with its heavy man-

tle, the streams and ponds bridged with silver planking, and the red men now aggregated in groups more readily found than in the summer when they were scattered. The whites, too, had more leisure in which to pursue this stubborn warfare.

The situation of the entire colonists in America at that perilous period was exceedingly critical. The English held only a chain of settlements along the New England coast, here and there fringing the banks of its many rivers; the Dutch, a cluster of hamlets in New Netherlands, now New York; and the English another colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The French meanwhile had obtained possession, in a large sense speculative, the entire interior stretching from Acadie on the east, up the valley of the St. Lawrence past Tadousac, the trading station at the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec, upon its rock-throne, Montreal, on the site of ancient Huron capital, the rich country about the Great Lakes, and the fertile basins running down to the Gulf of Mexico. This crescent-shaped line of settlements, bounded on the north by the unexplored wilderness, was maintained by a chain of fortresses, guarded by a paid soldiery, encouraged by the prayers of zealous missionaries, and supported by rich traders who desired to become yet richer. In all this vast area there were only two homes within sight and sound of the rock of Quebec.

The English held their limited domain by actual home-building, clearing the wilderness and cultivating the soil wherever they dared to venture, and the natural resources allured them hence. They stubbornly defended their homes to their utmost. The first was a military power; the latter a civil body.

It can be readily understood that the Indians, situated in the broad belt of debatable country between these rival powers almost constantly at each other's throat, were like grains of corn between two mill wheels, sure to be crushed by one or the other. None realized this better than they

in their ignorance and weakness, and this very fact served to make them suspicious and revengeful. It was impossible for them to remain neutral, and it was natural they should be won over to the French through their zealous priests and dazzling glamor of their armed forces. To the simple warrior of the wilderness the soldiers of New France were dashing, courageous gallants, the flashing of whose rapiers was the lightning and the roar of whose fire-arms was the thunder of battle. When they saw these gaily-bedecked sons of mars, whom they knew were their superiors, lie down beside them in the wallow, and adopt with apparent cheerfulness their methods of living, they were easily induced to become their allies. In the words of Charlevoix: "The savages did not become Frenchmen; the Frenchmen became savages." But with all their shrewdness the French did not adopt the red man's tactics of warfare.

On the other hand, while the English scorned affiliation with the Indians they did not hesitate to imitate them in their system of border strife. In this respect they gained a decided advantage over the French from the days of Captain Tyng and his "Snow-shoe Scouts" to the close of the cruel drama under Rogers and his Rangers. Compared with the cunning artifices and hand-to-hand encounters of the veterans of those war-trails the personal prowess and valor of the mailed warriors of the age of chivalry in European struggles become common-place combats. It is true the pomp of bannered columns, the eclat of heraldry, the shimmer of burnished armor were wanting, but in their places were the stern, determined countenances of sun-bronzed and weather-beaten men; instead of the thunder of hoofs was the stillness of foot-soldiers shod with silence; instead of the clangor of clumsy arms rang the sharp twang of the bow, and the track of the hurtling dart was sped by the feathered arrow.

Where, in the one case, was a Saviour's grave to rescue from the infidels, on the other were human lives—

mothers, daughters, sons and sweethearts, over whose fates hung a mystery and horror that passed the comprehension of man. Everywhere the frontier had been ravaged by an enemy that neither compassed the range of suffering or knew the redeeming grace of compassion. Not alone were young men fired with the zeal of defence and rescue in those unwritten crusades, but old men became knight-errants on those long, tedious, perilous marches through the wilderness of debatable country lying between the blockhouses of the English and the strongholds of the French—a pathless belt of forest three hundred miles in width. These arduous marches had to be performed in the dead of winter, not upon the backs of eager warhorses, but upon foot, the shadowy soldiery threading in silence lonely ravines, scaling broken foothills, creeping under matted thickets reeking with the sweat of centuries, when the wilderness was snow-clogged, and the water-ways locked with the key of Nature. Resorting to the use of snow-shoes, the intrepid scouts wound their weary way over huge snow-banks, at times wading knee-deep in some turgid stream whose silvery covering had proved too thin to bear their weight, anon dragging their loads over the icy surface of an inland sheet of water; at nightfall stopping to dig a hole in the snow for the site of their camping-place, fearing to build a fire to thaw their benumbed limbs lest some argus-eyed enemy, who was to be expected at all times lurking in ambush, should spring upon them; appeasing their hunger with bits of dried meat, lying down on a layer of fir-boughs for their couch, a bedraggled blanket or frozen skin for a covering,—even in sleep the mittened hand holding upon the stock of the trusty firearm, and the trained ear alert to catch the first intimation of danger. Wet, tired, stiffened by the day's march, after a night's unrest, making a breakfast without a fire, these show-shoe scouts were up and moving again though the winter wind cut like a two-edged sword, and the sleet pelted like shotted lead. And ever the un-

certainty of their quest, should they succeed in reaching the end of their pathless trail, only an inkling of whose sufferings can be conveyed by the tongue.

It is said that it was a woman's forethought which suggested the snow-shoes, but be that as it may the idea found instant favor, and no sooner had Capt. William Tyng petitioned to the Massachusetts General Court for the privilege of organizing a band of scouts than busy hands began to get in readiness these useful objects. Within a week forty-four had signified their willingness—ay, eagerness—to accompany Captain Tyng upon his arduous expedition. Their names and residences are as follows:

CHELMSFORD

John Shepley	John Spaulding, Jr.
Peter Talbird	Benony Perham
Josiah Richardson	John Richardson
Saml. Chamberlain	Paul Fletcher
Ebner. Spaulding	Nathaniel Butterfield
Henry Farwell	Stephen Pierce
John Spaulding	Henry Spaulding
Jona. Butterfield	Jonathan Parker
Stephen Keyes	Ephraim Hildreth
Timothy Spaulding	

GROTON

Nathaniel Woods	Joseph Perham
William Longley	Joseph Lakin
Jonathan Page	James Blanchard
Joseph Parker	William Whitney
Nathl. Blood	Eleazer Parker
Thos. Tarble.	Saml. Woods
Richard Warner	John Longley
Saml. Davis	John Holden
Joseph Guilson	

DUNSTABLE

Thomas Lund	Joseph Blanchard
Joseph Butterfield	John Cumings
Thomas Cumings	

BILLERICA.

John Hunt	Jonathan Hill
Jonathan Richards	

Capt. William Tyng, the organizer and leader of this expedition, was the second son of Col. Jonathan and Sarah (Usher) Tyng, born April 22, 1679. His grandfather was the Hon. Edward Tyng, born in Dunstable, England, in 1600. His father, Edward, was one of the original proprietors of Dunstable, and with his family remained in town during the period of King Philip's War when all others fled to a haven of safety. William, as far as the records show, was the first white child born in the town, and he became a prominent citizen, holding the office of selectman at the time of organization of his famous band of scouts. In 1707 he was representative to the General Court, and was made major of the armed forces of that vicinity in 1709. The following summer, while engaged in active service, he was mortally wounded by the Indians, and died a few days later while being treated for his wound at Concord. He led other scouting parties than the one under consideration, and his younger brother, Col. Eleazer, was the leader of a relief party sent to succor the ill-fated Lovewell. Major William Tyng's son, John, was an honored and influential citizen, who when the old township was divided became a resident of Tyngsborough. He was judge and leading factor in in the Tyng grant to be mentioned later.

While the recording hand is silent in this matter, *

*The original pay-roll of Captain Tyng is not preserved, but the record of the money paid to him is to be found in the Massachusetts Council Records, Vol. IV, page 20. It amounts to 71 pounds, 11 shillings which sum includes 25 shillings paid to a surgeon for caring for one of the men who came home sick.—*Editor.*

I have every reason to believe that Capt. Tyng had no less noted person for his guide upon this expedition than Joe English, the friendly Agawam, whose early name had been Merruwacomet, meaning the "first to reach the meeting-place."*

These early scouting parties were usually led by friendly Indians, and as late as 1724 Harmon, in his revengeful raid against the French priest Rasle and his dusky followers at Norridgewock, was guided by the friendly Mohawk, Christian, and this same Indian a year later died while engaged in a similar service under Col. Eleazer Tyng. Joe English met a tragic death at the hands of his countrymen in this vicinity July 26, 1706.†

*Since writing the above I have found the following Declarations made in connection with the settlement of the boundary dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, recorded in the Masonian Papers, Vol. 4, saying explicitly that Joe English acted as guide for Capt. William Tyng upon his expedition against the Indians during the winter of 1703-4, to wit:

John Cummings of Westford says that "he proceeded against the Indians with Captain William Tyng, and an Indian named Joe English, then a noted Pilot." John Langley of Groton, reiterates this statement and declares "that in the Year 1703, he went up said River (Merrimack) with Capt. William Tyng with a noted Indian Pilot with them, named Joe English." Another, Isaac Bradley of Haverhill, Mass., repeats this declaration with the added information that Joe English lived at that time at "Penicook with other of ye Penicook Indians." It is quite likely that Captain Tyng was joined here by the "noted Indian pilot," and that he parted with him here upon his return. This would indicate that the Indians were living at Pennacook later than most historians claim.—*Editor.*

†Joe English was a grandson of Masconnomet, chief sagamore of the Agawam family of Amerinds living within the territory now comprised in Ipswich, Mass. He inherited considerable land from his grandparent, which he conveyed to the whites and his wife by various deeds to be found recorded in the Massachusetts Military Records. Many are the stories related of his bravery and fidelity to the whites. His death was generally lamented, and the Massachusetts General Assembly made a grant of land and allowed the widow and her two children a pension, "because he had died in the service of his country."—*Editor.*

Captain Tyng had his men in readiness for marching, and on the morning of December 28, 1703, his party moved up the Merrimack valley, leading the way through the pathless forest for the many expeditions of the kind that were to follow during the sanguinary years of the French and Indian wars. Over this same route Woodward, Gardner and their companions had been the first white men to penetrate when upon their original survey of the Merrimack made by order of the Massachusetts court in 1638. Over this same course was Captain Tyng to pass again upon another march of this adventurous sort, and along his path Capt. John White. By this way, too, went the brave Lovewell in his memorable trips, the last of which cost him and his men so dear. Here, also, followed Col. Eleazer Tyng, and others, in their efforts to succor the unfortunate hero of border warfare.

The Sokokis, located upon the intervalles of the Saco at Picwackett, as in later years, were the greatest source of annoyance to the whites, and among them a certain chief known to his followers as Raven Plume, on account of the black feather he wore in his head-dress, at the head of a small band of dusky slayers had become particularly obnoxious to the English. They had designated this leader of their enemies as "The Old Harry," which seemed the blackest color they could apply to him, and no doubt Captain Tyng had this dreaded foe in mind when he organized his snow-scouts. Thus Captain Tyng moved in that direction, always with extreme caution, sending out scouts by day to look for signs of the enemy and never sleeping at night without a watchful guard.

Captain Tyng was a God-fearing man, in those days when fear of Divine wrath meant more than an idle threat. He and his hardy men belonged to that religious body known as Dissenters, who had come to this country for one reason to enjoy freedom of worship. That freedom, however, was of a very austere sort. The Sabbath was strictly observed, and who disobeyed its precepts was sure

to call upon his head righteous condemnation and punishment. Each succeeding Sunday these snow-shoe scouts rested, the leader, with well-worn bible in hand holding appropriate ceremony, offering a sermon and prayer. The depth of feeling and earnestness of purpose of that little band of worshippers as they knelt upon the carpet of snow under the canopied church of the wilderness may be imagined but cannot be adequately described. No walls of masonry circumscribed the range of the preacher's voice which rose upon the wintry air with unbroken eloquence to the white throne of God. The melody of church bells was rendered in matchless beauty by the swelling anthems of the forest songs brought out by the wild winds, as they shook the roof of giant pines forming the great natural cathedral where the Genius of Solitude was the master builder.

Something of the rigidity with which these services were held and the manner in which the Sabbath was observed may be understood from the fact that one of the men, John Richardson, was fined by Captain Tyng forty shillings for "wetting a piece of an old hat to put into his shoe," which chafed his foot upon the march.

Toward nightfall upon the twentieth day the imprint of a moccasined foot was discovered by Joe English, and a halt was quickly ordered. The track had been made within half an hour, and it was believed some of the enemies were encamped near by. At any rate it stood them in hand to move with greater caution than ever. They were now in the heart of the country about the lodgment of the Sokokis. The guide, accompanied by one other, reconnoitred the scene, and they were not gone fifteen minutes before they returned with the announcement that Old Harry, with four of his followers, were bivouaced in the valley below. It was quite certain, Joe English declared, that the Sokokis intended to stop there until morning, and he counseled a pause where they were until it should be deemed wise to advance upon the enemy.



With impatience and anxiety the band remained inactive waiting the word of their leader to move. If the wintry cold pierced their bodies they dared not relieve themselves of the suffering by building a fire. The most that could be done was to move silently to and fro in a circumscribed space and defy the cold, the mittened hand always clutching the iron throat of the trusty firearm ready for use at the first alarm. Joe was gone longer upon his second scout than at first, and when he returned, it was simply to say that the foes had rolled themselves in their blankets, but were not yet in that sound sleep which he wished. So another hour passed on leaden wings, when the friendly chief made his third and last survey, coming back with the welcome tidings that the time for action had come.

Captain Tyng and Joe English had already decided to advance in two lines or files, their courses so shaped as to approach the sleeping red men from right angles. At the proper moment Joe was to give a sharp cry in the Indian tongue. This was expected to arouse the unsuspecting sleepers, who would naturally leap to their feet in alarm. Then, before they could discover the real cause of this signal, the whites were to pour a deadly broadside upon them.

Captain Tyng led the file upon the right, while his dusky ally, Merruwacomet, guided the other line. The snow-shoes effectually muffled every sound of the double line of march, and the scouts were too well trained in border warfare to betray their movements by any careless step. A deep silence rested upon the whited night. If the wind shook the arms of the fir upon the distant mountainside it did not so much as lift a finger of the sensitive birch in the lowlands. Only the snapping of an occasional twig bitten by the frost broke the ominous stillness.

So well and accurately did these files of scouts move that no sooner had one reached an advantageous position than the other was in readiness for the opening fire.

With a tinge of triumph in his voice, remembering the many wrongs inflicted upon him by his race, Joe English gave the war-signal, which must have rung up and down the valley with startling intonations, and taken up by the mountains sent back as a challenge between the races.

With what terror the red men leaped to their feet may be imagined, but they fell even swifter before the deadly fire of their white avengers, Old Harry the first to rise and the first to fall. Viewed in the light of to-day it was a cold-blooded deed, but it was only the awful echo of the war-whoops that had given the death-knell of two hundred innocent lives; the volley of musketry, the extinguishing flame of hundreds of torches swung over peaceful homes. Old Harry had been a merciless foe; he died as a true warrior of his race would have met his fate.

The slaying accomplished with a rapidity and ease almost regretted by them, the victors looked to the securing of the trophies of their expedition. It is said, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, that Joe English declined to take part in this work. It is possible he remembered them as his kinsmen. Still he knew so deadly was the hatred of the others that they would have shot him down with fiendish delight. In fact, a little over two years later he was surprised and killed as a wild beast would have been destroyed.

The object of their mission obtained, with the gory proofs of their victory, the scouts in the morning started upon their return. The journey home was uneventful. They reached Dunstable upon January 25, 1703-4, having been gone three days less than a month. The story of their expedition must have been listened to by eager listeners, and curious ones looked with feelings akin to awe upon the ghastly products of that wintry scout. The court paid Captain Tyng and his men the expected bounty, which amounted to two hundred pounds in the currency of the times.

While this expedition and others that followed that

winter in a measure checked the depredations of the Indians it did not end them, for within three years we find that the enemy dared to penetrate even to the homes of the settlers in this vicinity, and life after life was sacrificed to the gluttony of their vengeance. The desperate struggle between the races lasted until 1713, or for more than ten years. Scarcely had a decade of peace passed before there followed those stirring scenes culminating in Lovewell's deadly fight on that memorable May morning, 1725.

In conclusion, let it not be forgotten that whatever we have accomplished, whatever has been done in building up a civilization here in our rugged state, the foundation was laid by the men and women who dared and conquered the Genius of the Wilderness; the men and women who followed the Indian trails into the primeval forest, where now our streets and highways band the country, dotted with farmhouses or lined with city homes.

Little did it matter if they came, as some of them did, with an accumulation of wealth which in home lands would have supported them in comfort, they met difficulties heretofore undreamed of, dangers no money could avert, hardships and privations the foresight of man, under those circumstances, could not spare them. But the majority did not come thus amply laden; they were the rank and file of the British yeomanry, who made no murmur against the fate they had followed, but bent to the undertaking they had imposed upon themselves with a faith in their God matched only by that unswerving confidence in themselves that they were equal to the work. Perhaps the first class suffered the more, for the reason they had a brighter past, and may have found it harder to submit to the inevitable.

This generation ne'er can know
The toils they had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.

—*Alex McLachlan, Canadian poet.*

In those days every man was a hero, every woman a heroine, who together overcame wild nature, cleared their forest fields, builded their humble dwellings, erected their mills, constructed their churches and school-houses, where a few years before the nearest approach to civilization was the conical wigwam of the red man, and the howl of the marauding wolf the voice of Solitude to her God.

The Old Barn

Rickety, old and crazy,
Shingleless, lacking some doors—
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting in boards in the floors;
Beams strung thick with cobwebs,
Ridgepole yellow and gray,
Hanging in utter impotence,
Over the mounds of hay.

How the winds turn around it!—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seeds,
Whisking the straws away—
Streaming in at the crevices,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery dell!

O how I loved the shadows
That clung to the silent roof—
Day-dreams wove with the quiet
Many a glittering woof,
I climbed to the highest rafter,
Watched the swallows at play,
Admired the knots in the boarding,
And rolled in billows of hay!

The Vermont Grants

New Hampshire's Interest in Them

By OVANDO D. CLOUGH

PART I

INTERESTING and often dramatic as is the political and civic history of almost every foot of New England's soil, it is safe to assert that there has never been played a political life drama here in which there was more of intrigue and chicanery at one time, heroism and loyalty to honor, home and country at another, than was enacted for about twenty years upon "The New Hampshire Grants," now the state of Vermont.

The reader, in the following story, will be told of some of the leading actors and all of the principal acts known to have been played in the political drama that lasted for twenty years without drop of the curtain.

In no wise will it be a history of the grants of Vermont, even for those years, but a relation of the purely political acts that directly, and sometimes indirectly, entered into the making of the state, with enough of general conditions to give a fair understanding of the motives and effects of the political moves.

In the early part of the year 1761, after the English, French and Indian wars had ended, a new and more hopeful preparation began for pushing settlements still farther into the regions of Northern New England.

Charlestown, then known as No. 4, situated on the east bank of the Connecticut River, Salisbury, on the Merrimack, and Bennington, west of the Green Mountains, were then but English outposts. All north of them was one unsettled wilderness. Benning Wentworth was then

Royal Governor of New Hampshire, and he began to issue grants on a larger scale. He proposed to have three tiers of towns along both sides of the Connecticut River, and had the land surveyed; first, from Charlestown to the lower Coos, now Haverhill, N. H., and Newbury, Vt.; and then along up the fifteen-mile falls, to Northumberland, laying out towns six miles square.

At the close of 1763, one hundred and thirty-eight towns had been granted in the Connecticut Valley, to Northumberland on the east side of the river, and Maidstone on the west, and to within twenty miles of the Hudson River.

Wentworth's charters and conditions for granted towns were all alike. Towns were divided into sixty-eight shares. One share was given the first settled minister, one for a glebe for the Church of England, one for foreign missions and one for schools, and two, or five hundred acres, to Benning Wentworth. When a town had fifty families it was entitled to hold a weekly market and a half-monthly fair. All pines fit for masts were held for the "King's Navy." After ten years, one shilling on each one hundred acres was to be paid as proclamation money.

In the year of 1763 the state of New York resumed a former controversy, claiming jurisdiction to all territory as far as the Connecticut River. Governor Wentworth denied the validity of the Duke of York's grants, under which New York claimed, and justified his own, so far as the western lines of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and told all his grantees to "hold on." New York then appealed to the King, and the King, July 20, 1764, decided that New York held to the west bank of the Connecticut River.

At first Wentworth's grantees accepted the King's decision as satisfactory, but later it was not so and troubles began. New York then declared all grants on the west side of the river illegal, and ordered them surrendered and new ones taken from New York. And then and there began "The War of the Grants." The west side settlers

were much distressed at this, as a new grant involved a new expense they could ill afford to bear. Some protested. Others refused. Ejectment actions from New York began, and on a trial always were decided for New York. Then the settlers determined to combine and resist, and thereafter, even to this day, have been known in history and in fiction as "The Green Mountain Boys," than whom history or fiction has never told of a braver or more loyal people. They resisted New York's and Massachusetts' claims of territory on the one hand, and baffled the schemes and intrigues of New Hampshire's educated politicians on the other. And they, too, in 1767, appealed to the king, and the king ordered a stay in the controversies. But New York still oppressed, the settlers still resisted; and Wentworth still issued grants, but only on the east side of the river, and such were the conditions when the war of the "Revolution" began.

In 1766 Benning Wentworth, having pleased neither the king nor the settlers, was allowed to resign, and John Wentworth, a nephew, and an abler and better man, succeeded him, the last of the Royal Governors of New Hampshire. He, too, continued the issuing of grants, but not so much in his own interests.

One of his first acts, that at the first was a nest egg of schemes and discords, and at the last a credit to him and a glory to the state, was to persuade and to aid Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, then conducting an Indian school in Connecticut, to come to the Northern Country and establish a college, soliciting also the aid of the "Earl of Dartmouth," for whom the college was named. The land, however, was a gift of Benning Wentworth, and was one of his reserved five hundred acres.

After Benning's death, in 1771, all the reserved acres in his grants were held to belong to the towns, and were sold to the settlers.

The first settlers of the Connecticut upper valley, and those west of the Green Mountains, were mostly from the

colonies of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and so were strongly imbued with their spirit of local self-government, and strongly averse to the more centralized systems of New York and New Hampshire. Being in the wilderness and away from the influence of these, they set up their own towns even more democratic than their loved prototypes, which made each town, in fact, a little real republic democracy. But the Green Mountains divided the grants into two really distinct localities, and much to the inconvenience of easy intercourse of the settlers.

Besides geographical differences, political differences so obtained at the time of the Revolution as to bring forth many different schemes of state-making which ended mostly in two historically known parties, each aiming to make a state, but by different methods, for different ends; and with different boundaries. These were, first, the Bennington party, a personification of the "Green Mountain Boys," the heroes of the "War of the Grants," with headquarters at Bennington, the first town west of the mountains granted by Benning Wentworth in 1749, and for whom it was named.

The war of the grants arose because the territory lying between the Connecticut River and twenty miles east of the Hudson was claimed, and under grants, by both New York and New Hampshire. The Green Mountain Boys' or the Bennington party's contention was almost wholly against New York, and its object was to make itself independent of New York's dominion. It had no real cause of contention with New Hampshire, and probably but for another party with other objects would have had no opposition. History shows no good reason for thinking that New Hampshire grants lying east of the river, in which was its seat of government, would not so far have been in sympathy with the contention of the west-side towns with New York, that they soon would have consented to a new state west of the river, embracing what later, under different conditions, became Vermont, Nor is

it non-supposable that without the contentions of other parties and schemes, that the interests of the west-side towns would have become the interest of the east-side towns, so that there would have been no need of a state of Vermont, and all would have remained New Hampshire.

But there was another party with other aims and aspirations, known as the "College party," moved and manipulated by a coterie of the Harvard and Yale men, who came with Eleazer Wheelock and joined him later in the new college of Dartmouth, located, finally, at Hanover instead of Haverhill, where the grounds for it had first been laid out. Men of education and political ambitions, who had not yet learned the "Cobbler best stick to his lasts," who as soon as the final establishment of the college at Hanover, started the scheme of making a state of the grants on both sides of the river and east of the Green Mountains, under the name of "New Connecticut," with Hanover as its seat of government as well as its seat of learning. This party ripened and cast its seeds during the years of the Revolution, ever ready to act with or intrigue against either the Bennington party or the state of New Hampshire, as it did do with both. A catalog of the college party's acts gives no evidence of a single inspiration or impulse to make a state for the "general good." Long before Doctor Holmes discovered Boston to be the "hub" of the universe, the College party tried to set all things revolving around Hanover. It argued its side with all the arts of the educated, and the Bennington party with all the arts of natural politicians at their best.

The college men created schisms on both sides of the river, which caused bluff old Ethan Allen to say of them, "They are a petulent, petifogging, scribbling gentry that will keep any government in hot water till they are brought under exertions of authority."

With Eleazer Wheelock, the head of Dartmouth College, had come a number of wealthy and educated graduates of Harvard and Yale, who were alive to all public

matters, and soon after these were followed by others of the same kind, all of whom sought to make, and did make, the college a political center. Coming, as most of the settlers did, from neighboring towns in Connecticut, there was a strong neighborly feeling in all social and political affairs in the contiguous settlements. Lebanon and Hanover, on the east side of the river, and Hartford and Norwich on the west side, were settled by neighbors of Wheelock in Connecticut, and were purposely chartered on the same day, July 4, 1761, the first of Benning Wentworth's new grants, and the first in the Connecticut upper valley. Lyme followed four days and Hartland six days later. Thetford was granted in August and Orford in September; Haverhill, in May; Cornish, in June, and Newbury in August, 1763. So Hanover was quite the geographical, as well as the political, center of these towns.

Wheelock, as president of the college, was made also a magistrate over the college portion of the town, which comprised a territory three miles square, under the name of "Dresden." Why under that name, no one has told. "College Hall, Dresden," was for a considerable time the headquarters of the College party, or an inner coterie of that party. The first fight of the College party, or the Dresden coterie, was in 1775-76, against the New Hampshire Provincial Congress at Exeter, on the matter of representation of incorporated towns. This meant the grouping of several towns for one representative. No change was granted, and the college town remained for some time without representation. Finally their leaders were entirely beaten in the contention for a representative for each incorporated town, by the act of a new Council and House of Representatives.

(To be continued)

CHARACTER SKETCHES

No. I

"THE SOAP MAKER"



From the Original Painting by BENJAMIN T. NEWMAN

THE SOAP MAKER

Character Sketches

I

"The Soap Maker"

Under the caption of "Character Sketches" we propose to give a series of worthy pictures depicting some phase or condition of real life, accompanied by short descriptive articles relating to them. The list will include, besides the above named, the Village Blacksmith, the Plowman, the Miller, the Fisherman, the Weaver, the Sower, and other subjects.---*Editor.*



MANY of our older readers will distinctly recall this old-time custom of making the soap for family use. All of the refuse fat during the year was saved and the wood ashes kept until spring. Then the good housewife was expected to perform one of the hardest of the hard tasks of her life--soap making. Two posts, with notches or branches at the top to receive the cross stick, were driven firmly into the ground, and an old iron kettle, holding perhaps four gallons, was suspended from this impromptu arm. Into this vessel was placed the soap grease and a fire built under it. Nearby a half molasses hogshead was placed upon a raised platform and filled with the ashes, which were statuated with pails of water from the spring. When the water had had time to permeate the ashes the strong liquid called lye was drawn out by means of a spiggot at the bottom, and this added to the greasy substance obtained from the boiling of the matter in the kettle, and the old-fashioned "soft soap" was produced, strong enough to remove the most obstinate coating of dirt if it did not remove the material itself or the skin from the hands of the washer. Until within comparatively a few years this was the only kind of soap used among the country people of New England.

Our picture is a reproduction of Mr. Benjamin T. Newman's famous oil painting, "The New England Soap Makers." The original, which it is impossible to reproduce in the fullness of its art, is most striking both for its size and for the character of the work. There are two figures, in lifelike proportions, a homely, humble woman of the New England farm, bent by toil of years and clad in the simple garments of an old-fashioned rural community; the other, a child kneeling by the twig-fed fire, adding with his chubby hand a bit of fuel beneath a huge iron pot. It is pre-eminently a figure study. The landscape is subdued. Every interest centers in these two at their humble toil. In the woman's pose there is almost a suggestion of Millet's woman in his famous "Angelus," and Breton's female figure in oil which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

The New England man finds pleasure in this masterpiece of Mr. Newman's because of its art, of course, but especially because its art is essentially American and typically New England. It is the sort of painting which is of lasting value and sure to be appreciated more as the years roll on and the trolley and the auto make the rural type less and less frequently seen.





From TRUMBULL'S PAINTING

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Showing Major Andrew McClary in the left center, back of Major Knowlton holding the rifle. Other officers shown are Colonel Prescott back of Major McClary, Sir Henry Clinton in center background with sword uplifted, Sir William Howe at

New Hampshire Men at Bunker Hill

By JOHN C. FRENCH

THE "Seven Years' War," that closed in 1760, had completely aroused the military spirit of the province, and organizations with experienced officers had been maintained up to the time of the Revolution. A new regiment was then formed, the 12th, comprising men from the towns of Nottingham, Deerfield, Epsom, Northwood, Chichester and Pittsfield. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The people expected a serious conflict.

The location of McClary's tavern made it a common resort for the rustic foresters to meet and talk of the difficulties, while the popularity and ability of the jovial landlord rendered him the political and military oracle of the Suncook Valley.

The battle of Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775, sounded the tocsin to arms. Signals flamed from the hill-tops and fleet messengers transmitted news from town to town. A swift rider blowing a horn passed through Nottingham and reached Epsom on the morning of the 20th. The alarm found Captain McClary plowing in the old "Muster field." Like Cincinnatus of old, he left the plow in the furrow, and hastened to obey the summons. With little preparation he seized his saddle-bags, leaped into the saddle, swearing as he left that he would kill one of the devils before he came home. Jockey Fogg, who was his servant in the army, used to speak of his horse as a large, powerful, iron-grey, four-year-old stallion, so exceedingly vicious that no one could mount or govern him except the captain. He could spring upon his back and, by the power of his arm, govern him with the greatest ease.

The sturdy yeomanry of the Suncook Valley snatched their trusty firelocks and powder horns and started for the

scene of hostilities, with spirits as brave as ever animated a soldier and with hearts as noble and honest as ever throbbed in the cause of liberty and freedom. They were governed by one common impulse and came from blazed paths and crooked roads that wound through the forests and thickets. They were all known to each other as brothers and townsmen. Each soldier represented a household and they and their cause were commended to the protection of Heaven at the morning and evening devotions and in the services of the Sabbath. Donations of food and clothing were freely sent them by the families at home. The men from this section reached Nottingham Square at one o'clock in the early afternoon, where they found Captain Cilley and Dr. Dearborn with a company of about sixty, making with themselves about eighty men. Who would not have liked to have seen those men, some with broad-tailed black coats, worsted stockings, three-cornered hats, others in coarse homespun; all with long stockings, knee and shoe buckles and thick cowhide shoes? Their guns and equipments were as various as their costumes. Some had the old "Queen Anne," that had done service in the French War; some long fowling pieces; others a fusee; only one had a bayonet. Powder horn and shot pouch took the place of cartridge box. If we were to choose a subject for an historical painting, we would prefer the scene on Nottingham Square, April 29th, where were paraded the noblest band of patriots that ever left New Hampshire to vindicate her honor and protect her liberties. We would like to hear the roll-call and see a photograph of these heroes. Without the spirit of boasting, we doubt if ever one company in the country furnished so large a proportion of distinguished men or that cost "John Bull" so many lives or so much money. Many of their names are historic and come down to us in official records, filling a large space in our military history. Just reflect who composed this Spartan band, who not only astonished the nation with their famous deeds and heroism at the battle of Bunker



Hill, but consider their position and power in after years. There was Captain McClary, the oldest and noblest Roman of them all, whose sad fall is familiar to every school boy; Captain Joseph Cilley of Nottingham, aged 32, soon to be promoted Major, Colonel and General, serving through the war with distinction, and in 1786 appointed Major-General of the New Hampshire Militia; Dr. Henry Dearborn, but 24, to be Captain, then Major and Colonel, then member of Congress, United States Marshal, Secretary of War under Jefferson, Foreign Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in the War of 1812; Thomas Bartlett, afterwards Captain, Member of the Committee of Safety, then Colonel in the army, and in 1792 Brigadier-General of the Militia; Henry Butler, but 21, afterwards Captain under Colonel Bartlett and Major-General of the New Hampshire Militia; Amos Merrill, first selectman of Epsom, Lieutenant, then Captain and Major, serving in the army four years, with honor to himself and town; the young and chivalrous Michael McClary, who served with credit four years in the Revolution, then represented the military spirit of the State for nearly half a century, and as Adjutant-General called out the Northern troops in 1812; Andrew McGaffney, another worthy officer from Epsom; also James Gray and Nathan Sanborn, both gaining the position of Captain in the army, and Joseph Hilton of Deerfield.

Captain Andrew McClary was by common consent the leading spirit of this noble band of patriots, though there had been no previous organization. There is much to be written concerning the achievements and adventures of this distinguished company and many of the able men composing it, but the most remarkable and thrilling incident in this connection was their famous march to Cambridge. There is not a parallel in the annals of all the wars in our country and such wonderful power of endurance by a whole company of men excites our surprise as their patriotism does our pride and admiration. Dr. Dear-

born gives an account of it and Bancroft a passing notice, and tradition relates it from generation to generation, but it should be familiar to every son and daughter of New Hampshire as one of the brightest testimonials of our devotion to the cause of freedom and independence. Accustomed as they were to life in the open air and trials of strength by long journeys, hunting, tramping and scouting, they knew little of fear and fatigue. Leaving Nottingham Square at one o'clock in the afternoon, they pushed on at a rapid pace, as if the destiny of the province or hopes of the nation depended upon their alacrity and speed. At Kingston they took a "double quick" or "dog trot," and followed it up without a halt to Haverhill, crossing the Merrimack River in a ferry boat at sunset, having made twenty-seven miles in six hours. They halted at Andover for supper, and then started for a night march and on the morning of the 21st, at sunrise, they were paraded on Cambridge Common "spilin" for a fight. Those from Epsom traveled seventy miles in less than twenty-four hours and the whole company from Nottingham fifty-seven miles in less than twenty hours. Did bone and muscle ever do better? That was the spirit of '76; that was the kind of stuff the men were made of who lived in the Suncook Valley at this time.

The part which the soldiers of the Suncook Valley and adjoining towns took in this memorable fight has never yet been written, and we propose now to give it in full. For personal courage and firmness the battle of Bunker Hill stands among the first in the brilliant events of the war. When we inquire who were the men that gained the highest prize of glory in this great contest which ushered in our nation's birth, we can with honest pride claim for the men of the Suncook Valley a rich share of the praise and honor bestowed upon the soldiers of this memorable battle. The company from this section was not only composed of men who afterwards became distinguished in the Revolution, and at the outset made the best march

ever recorded in our military history, but it was one of the largest and best companies on the field and held a post of honor in the engagement. The American army, composed of rustic heroes who had left their implements of husbandry in the field and seized their firearms and powder horns and flocked to the scene of action, holding the British cooped up in the narrow limits of Boston, was without proper organization, equipment, ammunition and supplies; in fact, they had nothing but pluck, a righteous cause and a love of liberty to sustain their hopes. They were commanded by General Artemas Ward, an old, incompetent army officer. The New Hampshire troops who, as the news of the slaughter of Lexington and Concord spread like wildfire over the land had rushed to the place of rendezvous, organized into two regiments and lay entrenched at Medford. John Stark, by unanimous voice, was chosen to command the first under the rank of Colonel, with Andrew McClary as Major. The company composed of soldiers from Pittsfield, Chichester, Epsom, Deerfield and Nottingham was commanded by Henry Dearborn of Nottingham, Captain, Amos Morrill of Epsom Lieutenant, and Michael McClary of Epsom, Ensign. The British having become impatient of restraint determined to take the offensive. The first design in their plan was to move on the 18th of June and take possession of Bunker Hill which commanded the City of Boston and would enable them to annoy the American lines. Fortunately this design became known to General Ward and he was urged to anticipate the movement and frustrate the plan. He accordingly ordered a detachment of about a thousand men to march stealthily during the night of the 16th and entrench themselves on the commanding eminence. At sunset the men were paraded on Cambridge Common and stood reverently with uncovered heads while President Langdon of Harvard College offered a fervent prayer and commended them and their cause to the protection of Heaven. Then they took up their silent march, passing the narrow neck

of land that connects Charlestown with the main land, and reached the summit of the hill without being discovered by the enemy. The bells in Boston tolled the hour of midnight before a sod was turned. In three short hours the shadowy folds of night would lift and expose this bold advance and this brave band to the view and fire of the enemy, who lay in the harbor. The British ships "Lively," "Falcon" and "Somerset" lay in the stream between Charlestown and Boston and from the decks of these the drowsy cry of the sentinel, "All's well," could be distinctly heard by those who patrolled the shore. The Americans applied the pick and spade with vigor and threw up a square redoubt, near the middle of which the monument now stands. At daylight the enemy, discovering this daring band of patriots entrenched almost over their heads, immediately opened a brisk cannonade upon their works; but, regardless of the flying missiles, the Americans toiled on until their work was completed, with a loss of but one man. This bold stand caused an instant commotion among the startled British, who immediately landed their forces and attacked the entrenchment to dislodge our men from their position. All was soon commotion along the American lines. General Stark and Major McClary came down to Charlestown in the morning to reconnoitre the field and made many valuable suggestions in the preparation for the conflict which it was evident was about to open. The movement of the British indicated a formidable attack, and orders were issued for re-enforcements to be forwarded to the redoubt. But such was the want of discipline and the conflict of authority that few reached the scene of action.

The battle of Bunker Hill was a series of blunders and unequalled heroism. It was fought without a commander, each regiment acting and fighting on its own hook. Two of the regiments that had been ordered to the redoubt halted at the neck, which was swept with a continual discharge of chain and solid shot from the ships of

war. It was at this juncture that the New Hampshire troops under Colonel Stark came up, hurrying forward to the aid of their comrades in the redoubt. Each of the soldiers had received a gill of powder, fifteen balls and a spare flint. There were scarcely two muskets alike in the regiment, and the men were compelled to reduce the size of the balls to suit the calibre of their respective guns. They had received orders to be in readiness to march about ten o'clock, and reached Charlestown Neck about one.

It was one of the hottest days of the season and the men suffered severely from heat and thirst, yet every man was ready for a tilt with the British regulars. Finding the way blocked up with the halted regiments, Major McClary went forward and with his stentorian voice and commanding appearance called out to the commanders of these regiments to move on or open to the right and left and let the New Hampshire boys pass. This was immediately done; the regiments opened and they marched forward. The fire across the neck from the British frigates was so galling that Captain Dearborn, whose company was in front, as he marched by the side of Stark, suggested to him that they take a quicker step, but the grim old veteran sternly replied, "Dearborn, one fresh man is worth ten fatigued ones," and strode on as coolly as though on parade, and not a man of his command flinched or deserted his post.

They reached the hill about two o'clock. Stark halted below the redoubt and harangued his men in a few short, characteristic sentences which were answered by three hearty cheers from his men. When he arrived he found the redoubt exposed to a flank movement from the enemy and, selecting his position with the practised eye of an old soldier, he led his regiment to the left of the hill and posted them near a rail fence, cast off of the redoubt which run down to the Mystic. This was then a hay field, the grass having been cut the day before. The men seized the hay cocks and crowded the hay between the rails of the fence, giving it the appearance to the enemy of a

breastwork, though it afforded no real protection. Captain Dearborn's company was posted on the right of the line, which gave them a fine view of the action, and his written account of the battle throws much light upon the part borne by Major McClary and his men.

The British had then landed in large forces and were forming for the attack near the water's edge. While this was going on Colonel Stark stepped out and, deliberately measuring off forty paces, stuck down a stick. "There," said he, as he returned to the line, "don't a man fire until the Redcoats come to that stick; if he does, I will knock him down."

The British regulars, in their gay scarlet uniforms, presented a formidable and beautiful appearance as they marched and counter-marched in preparation for the attack. They at length moved forward with the order and precision of a dress parade. The column that was to make the attack upon the rail fence was commanded by General Howe in person, and was composed of the Welsh Fusileers, the veteran regiment and the flower of the British army. On they came, as if flushed with the prestige of one hundred victories. When within one hundred yards of the rail fence, they deployed into line and opened a regular fire by platoon as they advanced.

Along the whole line of the rail fence lay the New Hampshire boys, peeping through the hay, their guns resting on the rails, every man a dead shot and knowing his trusty firelock was good for a Redcoat, but intent on reserving his fire until they reached the stake; but John Simpson, better known as Ensign Simpson of Deerfield, being too much excited to wait, let drive, and this was a signal for a murderous fire along the whole line, so severe that the bold Britishers were driven back in confusion and disorder. Simpson, being reprimanded by Stark for firing against his orders, drawled out, "How in —— could I help it when I see them Redcoats within gunshot?"

The fate of the British in front of the redoubt was equally disastrous, and their whole line was thrown into confusion and compelled to retire before the well-directed fire of the despised Continentals. They were, however, rallied by their officers, and being re-enforced again moved up the hill on the redoubt and upon the rail fence below in the same perfect order as before. "Don't waste the powder," "Pick off the officers," "Look out for the handsome coats," "Take good aim," and similar remarks were passed from mouth to mouth in Captain Dearborn's company. "Don't fire until they pass the stick and I say the word," said Stark. "Fire low and aim at their waistbands," rang the clear voice of Major McClary as he moved along the line, encouraging the men by word and example.

On came the British, making the same imposing display as before, stepping over their fallen comrades and firing as they advanced.

An ominous silence held possession of the American lines, not a shot was fired from the rail fence until the enemy reached the stick, when, "Fire!" yelled Stark, and, "Fire!" thundered McClary, and never did a volley of musketry do more fatal execution.

Almost the entire front rank of the Welsh Fusileers went down. No troops could stand the fire which blazed from that rail fence, pouring into their bosoms a storm of lead which swept them down like the mown grass. The officers were nearly all picked off. General Howe's aids were all shot but one. Howe himself made the most vigorous efforts to urge on his men. His long white silk stockings were smeared with blood that fell like rain upon the tall grass. British honor and British valor were at stake and cost what it might he was determined to urge them on to victory. There was but one mounted officer upon the field during the engagement and as he rode forward to aid in steadying the wavering columns and urge them to advance, Captain Dearborn's men caught sight of him and the captain writes that he heard them say:

"There is an officer on horseback, let's have him." "Now, hold on, wait until he gets to the knoll; now!" They fired and Major Pitcairn of Lexington fame fell dead at the hands of Captain Dearborn's men. Meanwhile the whole regiment with the rapidity which men practiced in the use of the gun alone can exhibit loaded and fired, keeping up a continued stream of fire until the Redcoats despite the efforts of their officers broke and ran, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and dying.

The Americans, jubilant at their success and carried away with the tempest of excitement leaped the rail fence and chased the fleeing regulars until restrained by their officers and brought back to their post. Their joy and exultation knew no bounds; they had won a victory and driven the proud, defiant army of old King George. They threw up their hands and made the welkin ring with shouts of triumph, though their tongues were parched with thirst and heat. They thought the day was won.

Twice scattered before their scathing, well-directed fire, they had no thought the enemy would rally again, but Clinton who had viewed the struggle from Copp's Hill in Boston now hurried over to the scene of action. It would never do to have it go out to the world that two thousand well-armed British troops had been routed beyond rallying before a little band of half-armed Continentals. Being re-enforced the troops were again formed into line and marched to the assault, but the Americans had already exhausted their ammunition, and without bayonets they could offer but feeble resistance to furious bayonet charges from the enemy. Those in the redoubt were compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

The New Hampshire troops retired in excellent order and covered the retreat of the army. They were the last to leave the field and Major McClary was in the rear maintaining order and discipline. During the engagement Captain Dearborn lost but one man killed and five wounded, while the slaughter on the British side had been terrible.

Of the regiment of the Welsh Fusileers, but eighty men escaped unharmed.

As the Americans retreated across the neck, Major McClary was remarkably animated with the result of the contest; that it was a conflict with the glorious display of valor which had distinguished his countrymen, made him sanguine of the result. Having passed the last place of danger he went back to see if the British were disposed to follow them across the neck, thus exposing himself to danger anew. His son cautioned him against his rashness. "The ball is not yet cast that will kill me," said he, when a random shot from one of the frigates struck a button-wood tree and, glancing, passed through his abdomen. Throwing his hands above his head, he leaped several feet from the ground and fell forward upon his face, dead.

Thus fell Major Andrew McClary, the highest American officer killed in the battle, the handsomest man in the army and the favorite of the New Hampshire troops. His dust still slumbers where it was laid by his sorrowing comrades in Medford, unhonored by any adequate memorial to tell where lies one of the heroes who ushered in the Revolution with such auspicious omens.

Major McClary had a splendid physique and soldierly appearance. With all the bravery of Stark, he possessed greater mental endowments and culture. With the natural ability of Sullivan, he possessed the magic power to incite his men to nobler deeds. With the popularity of Poor, he was more cool and discreet; in fact, he combined more completely than either the elements that tend to make a popular and successful commander, and had his life been spared he would doubtless have ranked among the most able and noted officers of the Revolution.



The Old Country Road

By JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS

Where did it come from, and where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so,
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river—the old country road.

We stood with the hair sticking up through the crown
Of our hats, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts, as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old country road.

We remember the peddler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway, and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road.

We remember the stage-driver's look of delight,
And the crack of his whip as he whirled into sight,
And we thought we could read in each glance he bestowed
A tale of strange life up the old country road.

The movers came by like a ship in full sail,
With a rudder behind in the shape of a pail—
With a rollicking crew, and a cow that was towed
With a rope on her horns, down the old country road.

And the gypsies—how well we remember the week
They camped by the old covered bridge on the creek—
How the neighbors quit work, and the crops were unhoed,
Till the wagons drove off down the old country road.

Oh, the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old country road.

The old country road! I can see it still flow
Down the hill of my dreams, as it did long ago,
And I wish even now I could lay off my load,
And rest by the side of the old country road.

General Michael McClary

By JOHN C. FRENCH

MICHAEL, second son of Esquire John McClary, was born in Epsom in 1753. He received the advantages of a fair education, was a smart, active lad and, in common with other members of the family, had military tastes. At the age of twenty-three, he joined the army at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and was appointed Ensign in Captain Henry Dearborn's company in Stark's regiment. This company rendered heroic service at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1777 he was promoted and made Captain in Colonel Scammel's regiment. He served four years in the army, taking part in some of the most decisive engagements of the war, and suffered with his men some of the severest privations and fatigues.

His soldierly qualities, engaging manners and family connections gave him the acquaintance and friendship of the leading officers of the Revolution, and by a severe experience in the army he gained a thorough knowledge of men and national affairs, which proved of great practical advantage in after years. On returning from the army, he at once took a prominent position in social and political life, which he held for half a century. He took an active part in the organization of the State Government and, being well versed in military affairs and of good executive ability, he was appointed Adjutant-General for the State of New Hampshire. He organized that department and held the office twenty-one consecutive years. In 1796 he was elected Senator and was a member of that body seven years, and such was his popularity that the votes in Epsom were unanimous in his favor and nearly so in the adjoining towns. He was United States Marshal for a long time,

which, during the last war with England, with the large amount of privateering prosecuted at Portsmouth, was a very responsible office. He was tendered the nomination of candidate for Governor, but declined to accept. Though well known throughout the State, with positions of honor and trust at his command, his popularity, power and influence in his native town was remarkable. He seemed to control the affairs of Epsom with almost universal consent. For over fifty years he served his townsmen in some capacity, either as Moderator, Town Clerk, Representative or Auditor.

Said an old Federalist, "If I had a family of children who would obey me as well as the people of Epsom do General McClary, I should be a happy man." Though once a Federalist, he cast his lot with the Democratic party and carried the town with him almost unanimously. During the last war with England, party feeling ran high and party lines were closely drawn. Governor Plummer, through Adjutant-General McClary, called out detachments of the militia without calling together the Council or Legislature, which provoked a great deal of controversy. General McClary procured supplies for the troops, made preparation for the defense of Portsmouth, purchased cannon and munitions of war. But in 1814, when the Federalists rallied and elected John T. Gilman as Governor, General McClary resigned his office with virtuous indignation, which he had filled with credit and ability, and in which capacity he had reviewed every regiment in the State.

The town of Epsom strongly supported the war. A full company, under Captain Jonathan Godfrey, volunteered for the defense of Portsmouth.

Michael McClary also did much business as justice of the peace and probate judge. He took an active part in organizing the New Hampshire Branch of the Society of the Cincinnati. He was the first treasurer and held the office twenty-five years. This honorable body of Revolu-

tionary officers met annually on the Fourth of July. Three of their annual meetings were held at the house of General McClary. This society is worthy of more extended mention, and their annual meetings called together more noted men than ever assembled on any other occasion. He was also a Free Mason. While in the army young McClary had met in secret conclave such men as Washington, Lafayette, Sullivan and other brothers of the mystic order and became an earnest worker in the craft. In connection with other ex-officers he was instrumental in organizing a lodge at Deerfield, and in honor of General Sullivan it was called Sullivan Lodge. He was the first Senior of this lodge, and afterwards Worshipful Master. In appearance General McClary was tall, commanding, well proportioned and prepossessing. He made a fine appearance as a military officer, either on foot or in the saddle, which, with his position, means, and hospitality rendered him exceedingly popular. He was remarkably affable and engaging in his manners, interesting in conversation, graceful in his movements, convivial in his habits, generous and public-spirited, fond of power, and when opposed displayed some traits not recorded among the Christian graces. His acquaintance and correspondence was remarkably extensive, embracing many of the most distinguished men of the country.

He married, in 1779, Sally Dearborn, an intelligent, interesting and accomplished lady, daughter of Dr. Dearborn of Northampton. They entertained company with style and grace, and around their festive board have been many happy meetings of the prominent men of the times. They had five children. The oldest son, John, born in 1785, was of great personal beauty. He was early promoted to offices of trust, Representative, Senator and a clerkship at Washington. He was killed by a falling building when but thirty-six years of age. The second son, Andrew, born in 1787, was wild and roving. He entered the army in the War of 1812 and served as Captain. He married Mehitable Duncan of Concord, in 1813, and had



one daughter. Shortly after he sailed for Calcutta and was lost at sea. General McClary also had three daughters. The oldest, Nancy Dearborn, born in 1789, married Samuel Lord of Portsmouth, whose ability and wealth is well known. One of his sons, Augustus, purchased a large part of the old McClary estate. The second daughter, Elisabeth Harvey, married Jonathan Steele, a lawyer from Peterboro. The third daughter, Mary, born in 1794, married Robert Parker and lived in Fitzwilliam.

General McClary and wife both lived to old age. He died in 1825, aged 72, and was buried with his ancestors in Epsom, where rests the dust of many heroic dead, whose lives and deeds are fast fading from the memory of passing generations.

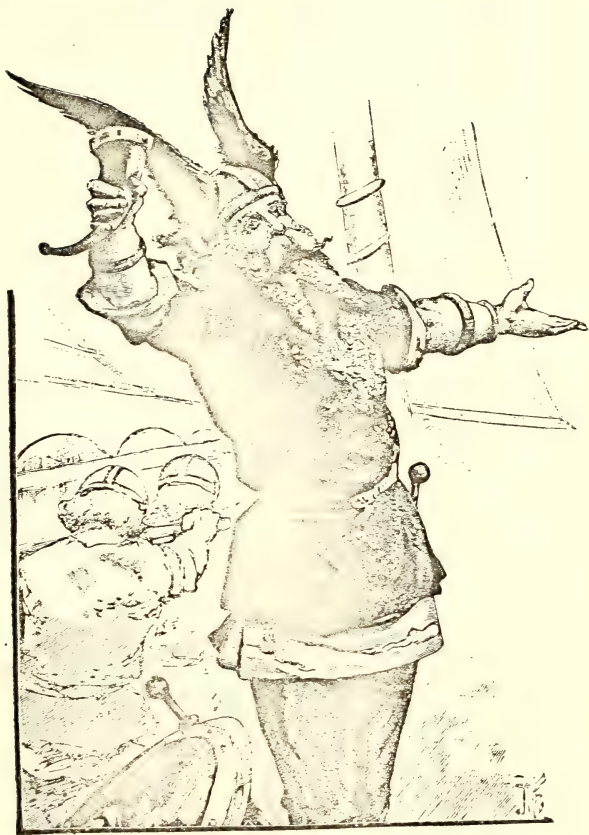
The Return

By JOHN BURROUGHS

He sought the old scenes with eager feet,
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."

He roamed the fields, he wooed the streams,
His schoolboy paths essayed to trace,
The orchard ways recalled his dreams,
The hills were like his mother's face.

O sad, sad hills! O cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned this truth—
One may return to the land of his birth,
He cannot go back to his youth.



Drawn by GORDON BROWN

"HAIL TO VINLAND!" CRIED LEIF

Early Discoverers of America

II

The Norsemen in New Hampshire

By ARTHUR W. DUDLEY

The Norse narratives of their discoveries have the credit of being the clearest and most explicit of all the accounts given of the early voyages to America. While the stories of the Spanish and even the English so abound with the wonderful and incredible as to destroy largely their value, those of the Northmen are almost entirely free of superstitious happenings and relate in a plain, straightforward style where they went and what they saw, though written at least two hundred years before the others.—*Editor*



NE of the first historical lessons taught in our schools is the alleged discovery of America by the Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus, A. D. 1492, and it is probable that a majority of the people of North America believe that the Western Continent was unknown to the inhabitants of Europe until this beneficiary of the Spanish sovereigns made his memorable voyage. Landing upon one of the Bahama Islands, he proceeded to take possession of the New World in the name of the Spanish crown. While we have no desire to detract in the least from the glory and credit due to Columbus we, in the light of actual records, and also from monuments that are found along our New England and provincial coast, which in every instance accord with these records, are forced to the conclusion that his discovery of the New World, as a discovery, is but a myth. America was well known to the Norsemen as long before the time of Columbus as it is from his time to the present day.

The Norse Sagas, or records, were until recent years believed to be allegorical in character and unreliable in



statement. Even Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," published in 1834, in Vol. I., alludes to them and says, "The story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narrative mythological in form and obscure in meaning; ancient yet not contemporary."

The Norsemen were a race of bold, sea-faring men who originally inhabited the Scandinavian shores and who, having colonized Iceland about the year 700, established settlements in Greenland about twenty-five years later, explored the coast of North America from Labrador, including that of the Maritime Provinces, and New England as far south as Long Island Sound, in the interim between A. D. 985 and A. D. 1100.

The famous Saga of Eric the Red, which gives the original accounts of the Northmen's voyages to Vinland or Wineland (as the New England coast was called by them) exists in two different versions, that known as the "Hauks-bok," written by Hauk Erlendsson, between 1305 and 1334, and that made about 1387 by the Priest Jon Thordharson. The latter is contained in the compilation known as the "Flateyar-bok" or "Flat-Island Book." Jon used parts of the original Saga and added a considerable amount of material concerning the Vinland voyages derived from other sources. The Vinland voyages belong to about the year 1000. These Icelandic chronicles were doubtless based upon the earlier writings and legends which had come down from the times of Leif and Thorvald Ericson (Sons of Eric). An interesting and valuable confirmation of the simple fact of the visit of the Northmen to Vinland is given us by Adam of Bremen, who visited Denmark in 1047. In speaking of the Scandinavian countries in his book, he not only describes the colonies in Iceland and Greenland, but says that there is another beyond, called Vinland, on account of the wild grapes that grow there. He says that corn also grows in Vinland without cultivation, and he adds that his testimony is based upon "trustworthy reports of the Danes."

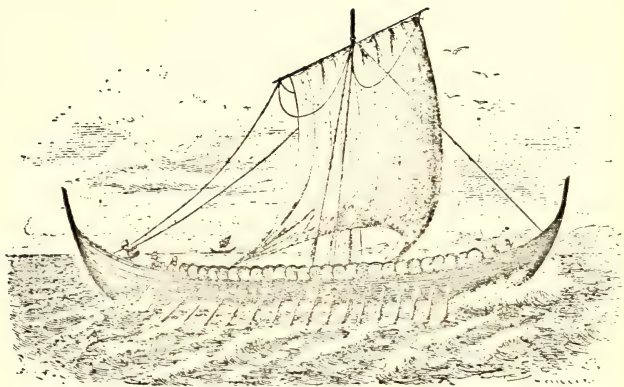
The great work of Professor Charles Christian Rafn of Copenhagen "*Antiquitates Americane*," published in 1837, brought these Icelandic Sagas prominently before modern scholars. Another most valuable work is that of Arthur Middleton Reeves—"The History of the Icelandic Discovery of America." De Costa's "*Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen*" and Shafter's "*Voyages of the Northmen to America*" are earlier works that go over the same ground. Fiske, in his "*Discovery of America*," takes up the Norsemen's voyages in Vol. I., chapter 2. Most of these writers, while they do not attempt to definitely locate the territory called Vinland, agree that the conditions are more nearly fulfilled along the New England coast. Mr Fiske is inclined to the belief that it was somewhere between Cape Cod and the mouth of the Pascataqua River. The further fact that wild grapes grow in greater abundance on the New England coast than farther north seems to corroborate this view. The claim that Columbus knew of these discoveries of the Northmen, and that he was influenced by them is quite probable.

From the "*Saga of Eric the Red*," we learn that about 965, A. D., Eric and his father, Thorvald, on account of some difficulty in which they had become involved, went from Jaederen in Eastern Norway to Iceland, and settled in Drangar. There Thorvald died. Eric married Thorhild, a daughter of Jorund, and removed to Haukadal, in the south of Iceland. Eric, who was a man of strong passions, became again involved in difficulties and after removing several times was condemned to outlawry. He then "equiped a ship and sailed westward across the main," and arrived first at an ice mountain, which he called "Black-sark." "From thence he sailed southward, that he might ascertain whether there was habitable country in that direction." He finally selected a site for his settlement at a place that he named "Ericsfirth," and remained three years. "He called the country Greenland, because he said that people would be attracted thither if the country had a good

name." The following summer he returned to Iceland and remained there for a year. "The next summer Eric set out to colonize the land that he had discovered," and that season "twenty-five ships sailed to Greenland out of Borgfirth and Broadfirth," but fourteen only reached their destination. Several were driven back and some were lost. This was in the year 985, and fifteen years before Christianity was legally adopted in Iceland. Eric and Thornhild had born to them three sons—Leif, Thorvald, and Thorstien, and a daughter named Freydis. These, according to the Norse custom, were called after their father, Leif Erics-son, Thorvald Erics-son, etc., and thus originated the name as now given, Leif Ericson.

The children all seem to have inherited the roving disposition of the father, and many pages of the Saga are devoted to accounts of their minor voyages, more particularly those of Leif, who was a man of great energy and enterprise. Leif sailed to Norway and was at the court of King Olaf. He also landed in the Hebrides and there married. He returned to Norway and was commissioned by King Olaf to proclaim Christianity in Greenland. "Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage" and for a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean. and came upon land of which he previously had no knowledge. There were self-sown wheat fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees called "Mauser", (Maples). Some of them were of great size. Leif also found men upon a wreck and took them with him. "He sailed northward and landed in Ericsfirth, and was well received by all. He proclaimed Christianity throughout the land and announced King Olaf's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied the faith."

"At this time there began to be much talk about a voyage of exploration to that country which Leif had discovered." The leader of the expedition was Thorstien Ericson, Leif's brother. He sailed with twenty men, and



NORSE SHIP

Owing to the sea-roving propensities and the great desire to pillage other lands, ship-building among the Norsemen was regarded as an honorable handicraft, and a great amount of time and thought was given to the subject. Some of the results must be regarded as extraordinary. These vessels had a good bow, a clean run aft, and the midship section was like a duck's breast. Oars were used as well as sails. In the construction of these ancient vessels the rudder was placed aft, over the starboard side, and not in a line with the keel, and thus did not interfere with the dragon's tail. In the time of Erling Shakke, about 1100, two benches of rowers were introduced. The vessels were built a little higher aft than amidships, in order to allow the man at the helm to see well forward. In a sea fight the sterns of the ships were lashed together, so that no ship could be attacked singly, in consequence of which the fighting was hottest forward of the bows. The sides and rigging were decorated with shields. The sail used was square, made of woolen cloth, and often striped with broad rows of color. The mast was stepped in the best place for it, and as far forward as would admit of the sail doing its work.

took little cargo except their weapons and provisions. This voyage apparently came to naught, as the Saga says that "they were long tossed about upon the ocean and could not lay the course they wished. They came in sight of Iceland and likewise saw birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea." In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure, and exhausted by their labor, and arrived at Ericsfirth at the beginning of winter.

The following year there began again to be much talk to the effect that Wineland, the good country to the south, should be explored. And so it came to pass that Leif, the son of Eric, visited Biarni Herinlfsson and bought a ship of him and collected a crew of thirty-five men. He invited his father, Eric, to become the leader of the expedition, but Eric declined, saying that he was well-stricken with years, and less able to endure the exposure of sea life. They put the ship in order and sailed southward. The first land sighted was bare of grass, and great ice mountains lay inland back from the sea. They returned to the ship, put out to sea, and found a second land. This was a level, wooded land, with broad stretches of white sand along the shore. "Then," said Leif, "this land shall have a name after its nature, and we will call it 'Markland.'" They returned to the ship and sailed away upon the main with northeast winds for seven "doegrs" (a doegr is twelve hours) before they sighted land. They sailed toward this land and came to an island that lay to the northward off the land, then they went ashore. "They went aboard their ship and sailed again for a long time, and until they came to a river which flowed from the land into a lake and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river so that it could only be entered at the height of flood tide. Leif and his men sailed into the mouth of the river and called it then 'Hop' (a small, land-locked bay). They found self-sown wheat fields (wild rice) on the land there wherever there were hollows, and wherever there was hilly

ground there were vines. They dug pits on the shore where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell there were halibut in the pits. There was no lack of salmon there, either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had ever seen before. There were great numbers of wild animals in the woods."

"The country thereabouts seemed to be possessed of such good qualities that cattle would need little or no fodder there during the winters. The days and nights were of much more equal length than in Greenland or Iceland. One morning, when they looked about, they saw a large number of men in skin canoes. The men rowed toward them and went upon the land, marvelling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy, ill-looking and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes and were broad of cheek. They tarried for a while, looking curiously at the people they saw before them, and then rowed away to the southward around the point."

Note how accurately this description accords with the conditions at the mouth of the Pascataqua River, Portsmouth Harbor, and Great Bay, with the exception of the sand bars, that might have existed 900 years ago, and also the fact that there is no other locality on the New England or Provincial Coast that so nearly accords with this record, also that the time record of the voyage might in fair weather bring them to about this place.

When they had completed a house, Leif said to his companions: "I propose to divide our company into two groups, and to set out about an exploration of the land; one-half of our party shall remain at the house, while the other shall investigate the land."

This they did for a time. Leif himself by turns joined the exploring party or remained behind at the house. Leif was a large, powerful man and of most imposing bearing, a man of sagacity and a very just man in all things.

"He was a Viking bold,
His deeds were manifold."

The Saga continues to record their various exploring expeditions during the summer, and until autumn, when Leif said to his shipmates: "We will now divide our labors, and each day will either gather grapes or fell trees, so as to obtain a cargo of these for the ship."

They did so and it is said that their after boat was filled with grapes. A cargo of logs sufficient for the ship was cut and when all was ready they sailed away. From its products Leif gave the land a name and called it Wine-land. Their return was uneventful, except that they rescued a crew of fifteen men from a sinking vessel.

They arrived safely at Ericsfirth and discharged their cargo. That winter, Eric the Red, Leif's father, died. There was much talk about Lief's Wineland journey, and his brother Thorvald held that the country had not been sufficiently explored.

Thereupon Leif said to Thorvald: "If it be thy will, brother, thou mayest go to Wineland with my ship," and so it was done.

Thorvald, with the advice of his brother Leif, prepared to make this voyage with thirty men. "They put their ship in order and sailed out to sea, and there is no account of their voyage before their arrival at Leif's booths in Vinland. They laid up their ship there and remained quiet all winter, supplying themselves with food by fishing. In the spring, A. D. 1003, Thorvald directed that after the ship was put in order a party should take the after boat and proceed along the western coast, and explore it during the summer. They found it a fair, well-wooded country, the distance small between the forest and the sea, and there were white sands as well as islands and shallows. They found no trace of human handiwork, except that on one of the westerly islands they found a wooden building, apparently built for the shelter of grain. The following summer Thorvald with his ship set out to explore the coast. They were met by a high wind, off a certain promontory (probably Cape Ann) and were driven ashore

there and damaged the keel of their ships, and were compelled to remain there for a long time and repair their vessel."

"Then they sailed away to the eastward off the land and into the mouth of an adjoining firth and to a headland (Great Boar's Head), which projected into the sea there, and which was covered with woods."

They found an anchorage for their ship, and put out their gangway to the land, and Thorvald and all of his company went ashore. "It is a fair region here," said he, "and here I should like to make my home." They returned to the ship and discovered on the sands, in beyond the headland, three mounds. They went up to them and saw that they were three skin canoes with three men under each. They thereupon divided their party and succeeded in seizing all of the men but one, who escaped with his canoe. They killed the eight men and then ascended the headland again and looked about them and discovered certain hillocks which they concluded must be habitations. They were then so overpowered with sleep that they could not keep awake, and they all fell into a slumber from which they were awakened by a cry, seemingly above them, and the words of the cry were these: "Awake, Thorvald, thou and all of thy company, if thou wouldst save thy life, and board thy ship with all thy men, and sail with all speed from the land." (Note.—This warning probably arose from the fearful dreams of guilty men.)

A countless number of skin canoes then advanced from the inner part of the firth (the mouth of Hampton River), whereupon Thorvald exclaimed: "We must put our war boards on both sides of the ships and defend ourselves to the best of our ability, but offer little attack." This they did and the Screllings (Screllings, the Norse name given the aborigines), after they had shot at them for a while, fled, each as best he could. Thorvald then inquired of his men whether they had been wounded and, finding no one hurt, he said:



Drawn by GORDON BROWN

“HERE I'D LIKE TO MAKE MY HOME,”
CRIED THORVALD



STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Drawn for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by Arthur W. Dudley

SCENE OF THE NORSE EXPLORATIONS

"I have been wounded in my arm pit. An arrow flew in between the gunwale and the shield below my arm. Here is the shaft. And it will bring me to my end. I counsel you now to retrace your way with the utmost speed. But me ye shall convey to that headland which seemed to me to offer so pleasant a dwelling place; thus it may be fulfilled that the truth sprang to my lips when I expressed the wish to abide there for a time. Ye shall bury me there and place a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call it Crossness forever after."

Thorvald died and they followed out his instructions. Then they took their departure and rejoined their companions at Vinland. They remained there during the winter and gathered grapes and lumber, and in the following spring they returned to Greenland.

The following season, Thornstein Ericson, the other son of Eric, organized an expedition to go to Vinland, after the body of his brother Thorvald. But the Saga records that "they were driven hither and thither over the sea all summer, and lost their reckoning so that at the end of the first week of winter they made land at Lysafirth in western Greenland." There are further records of Norse voyages, but none of any further attempts to recover the body of Thorvald Ericson.

This is the story from the Icelandic Sagas of the pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Norsemen. Now where is this locality? "This river which flowed from the land into a lake, and so into the sea," where Leif established his settlement, must be the Pascataqua, and old "Strawberry Bank" can not only justly claim to be the first English settlement in New Hampshire, but the first European in America. Not far away is the "headland well covered with woods," and the grave of Thorvald marked with crosses. There are several localities on New England shores where alleged traces of the Norse voyages are in existence. One is the (so called) "Northmen's written Rock," at West Newbury, Mass. Tracings on a stone tab-

let at Beverly, Mass., and some other more or less legible inscriptions and marks along the Massachusetts and Rhode Island shores are ascribed to them. The late Hon. Charles M. Lamprey of Hampton, N. H., a man of extraordinary discernment and a close student of history, in 1902, published in the *Exeter News Letter* an article on this subject from which the following extracts are taken:

"Hampton has a stronger claim than any other locality, and Great Boar's Head must be the 'Headland' and 'well covered with woods' centuries ago. Boar's Head was then a much longer point of land and has been wearing away constantly for a long time. There are rocks extending out southeasterly for more than a quarter of a mile, which are easily seen under water and which are a continuation of the rocks leading from the point, so that it is undoubtedly a fact that the bluff, generations before the settlement of the town in 1638, was more than a half mile in length from the westerly side, where its rising begins, to the easterly point. It is the extension into the sea that makes the bay on the south side, called the South Cove, and the one on the north called the North Cove. But where are the woods that covered the land? Tradition, handed down through seven generations of the writer's ancestors, and to them through generations of Indians, says that Boar's Head and all of the upland, running westerly a mile or more to Eastman's Point and southwesterly to the Oliver Nudd farm, was covered with woods. There is still a deed taking in a part of the Nudd Farm and written nearly 200 years ago, which calls the land the 'Nutt trees.' So there is no doubt but that Boar's Head was covered with woods, making it 'the wooded point with its bays,' and 'the distance small between the forest and the sea' and the white sand."

"Now there is no other landing place, as described by the Norsemen in their voyages to Vinland, which answers this description as well. But this is not all, for we have the crosses cut on the stone long before the settlement of the town by white men,—crosses not made by Indians but



by some one who believed in the Christian religion. In a certain field, on the north side of the main road leading from Great Boar's Head to Hampton Village, is this rock on which are cut three crosses designating the grave where was buried Thorvald Ericson in 1004."

That field, with others adjoining, came into the possession of Judge Lamprey's maternal ancestors over 230 years ago, and that part of the field that contains the rock has been under tillage for over 150 years. But the rock with its crosses was not known until within the last twenty years. It is a large and very hard granite rock, bedded in the earth, its face just above the top of the ground, with three crosses cut thereon. These marks are much deeper than the glacial strata or any other natural marks that are found on our ledges. They are well-defined crosses. The stone is not a ledge or a rounded boulder, but was evidently placed there by design. And the fact that it had been there for centuries before anything was known in this locality of the Norsemen or their voyages, precludes any supposition that it is a fake, put up to fit the description. It has been visited and examined by thousands, including the most distinguished archæologists of this country and Europe, and none of those who are the best qualified to judge doubt its authenticity. It seems strange that the state or the nation does not take some action to protect and preserve this ancient monument, which for nine hundred years has marked the grave of the first European buried on the North American continent. If these lines serve to awaken public interest sufficient to produce such a result, they will a thousand times repay the writer for his efforts.



The Parson's Roll-Call

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Ol' Parson Graves hed'r most effective way o' provin' what he'd shown,
An' he'd nail his lengthy argyments down with'r hammer o' his own.
There wuz somethin' startlin' in th' way he'd tear th' tes'iment in two,
An' pile it leaf on leaf to show jess what we ought an' oughtn't do;
An' w'en he'd show all erlong th' way o' vice th' pitfalls, one by one,
He'd call on th' imaginary sinner jess to show what he had done.

I s'all alwus remember th' Sunday mornin' w'en th' win' an' rain
Were peltin' gin th' winders an' er raisin' perticular Cain
With th' shutters, how he stood up an' fired at th' citadel o' sin.
P'raps th' gale without hed somethin' to do with th' storm o' words within,
For he assailed th' walls o' Avarice with more than common zeal,
An' gropin' in ways none too light he made each one on us feel
As if we were th' ones on trial; an' to clinch his argyment
He shouted, "Stand up, ye sinner, who hes broken this commandment!"

I tell you there was some spasmodic movin' jess to keep still!
An' more'n one wuz all a-tremble lest he sh'u'd rise ag'in his will,
Ontil th' parson, sort o' gittin' on a new an' better holt,
Turned his artillery on Intemperance, an' like a thunder bolt
He stormed the dark redoubts of rum. Th' way he showed up drunken-
ness,

Th' blighted hopes, th' blasted homes, th' broken heart's distress,
All heaped on th' drunkard's head, wuz sumthin' frightful to behold,
While we seemed to hear th' wife's an' children's cries o' agony untold;
An' w'en he'd gone twice o'er th' catalogue, he cried, to nail it well,
"Stand up, ye drunkard, ye who barter Heaven for th' beverage o' hell!"

Th' things most unexpected are not ginerally th' ones we want,
While 'em we're lookin' for are mos' alwus in some other haunt;
An, scurcely hed th' parson stopped to mop his perspirin' brow,
W'en from th' fourth seat in th' middle aisle riz up Squire Amos Trow,
Him es all know'd to be th' hardest drinker found on Beetle Hill,
O' whom it hed been spitefully said he'd drunk rum 'nough from Cald-
well's still

To float th' 'Merican navy! An' a-shakin' es if with th' palsy he
Said in a maudlin tone, "Here (hic!) I am, parson, w-what d'ye want o' me?"

Th' wheels o' time might hev slipped a cog for all any o' us know'd,
 An' for once in his life I'm sure th' parson wuz completely throw'd!
 He hawk'd and hemm'd an' hack'd, his face th' color o' a big blood beet;
 But purty soon th' squire a-losin' his balance fell inter his seat.
 An' then th' parson sort o' braced up, an' firin' right and left ag'in
 He hit th' devil plumb in th' eye an' whack'd him under the chin!
 He told us o' things that are an' ain't an' things we cannot see,
 An' most o' all he shot at him es isn't what he purtends to be,
 'To end his argyment, forgettin' how once he'd been left in th' lurch,
 An' cry, "Stand up, ye hypocrite, ye knave, ye Judas o' th' church!"

Somehow we felt thet sumthin cur'us was on hand to happen then,
 An' while we sot a-gapin', lo! the squire riz to his feet ag'en,
 To blurt out, his tremblin' finger p'intin' toward the deacon's pew:
 'Why don't you stan' up 's I did, Deacon Jones, w'en th' parson calls
 on you?"

There are times w'en sober min's will yield to mirth-provoking fears,
 An' th' parson's mumbled benediction fell that day on keerness ears.

Sutton's Forest Sachems

By CHARLES EATON

THE lofty and magnificent pines on both sides of the Warner and North Sutton road—about a half mile east of North Sutton and quite near the road—are the property of Mrs. Amanda Davis of Sutton. The fact that the lumberman's money never has emptied the owner to part with them shows that she holds them in high and, perhaps, reverential and tender consideration. This consideration, be it of either character, is felt for these trees by Sutton people and by the people of several other towns to whom this road is a frequent thoroughfare; and it is shared, too, by the innumerable city summer boarders in Sutton and neighboring towns.

The age of these trees is great. Only when the woodman's saw has disclosed the circles marking their annual

accretions can their age be known. Perhaps it would be imposing on credulity for imagination to say that they were slender saplings, drawing nitrogen from the air when Franklin was (1752) drawing lightning from the clouds. But the conjecture is ventured that young partridges were hiding in their branches when General Stark declared that "the American flag floats over Bennington to-night, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." Tremblingly they have heard the merciless ax—first when Sutton was called Perrystown—narrowing the limits of the forest. Perhaps their trunks were not large enough for good square timber when Sutton's streams first turned the cumbersome overshot wheel of a sawmill. But when young Daniel Webster quit trying to mow in his father's Franklin meadow with his badly hung scythe and hung it on the limb of a tree, in sportive response to his father's suggestion to "hang it to suit," these trees were large enough to hold great, snarling wildcats. Their green limbs were the bridal chambers of the birds when the infant Horace Greeley nestled in his mother's arms in Amherst. When General Lafayette held young Mason W. Tappan on his knee in the Raymond Tavern at Bradford Corner, these trees were entering their prime; and when the New London Academy was incorporated their bodies were large enough to frame a college hall as large as that of Dartmouth which was burnt not long ago. When black Tony Clark, with his matchless violin, gave a new joy to the dancers before the blazing great fireplaces in Warner and Sutton, the large limbs of these trees were the refuge of big raccoons pursued by hunting dogs. When Warner's unique and hilarious romancer, Isaac Hunt, drove "the fastest horse in seven states" from Warner village to North Sutton "in just an hour and sixty-five minutes," a drowsy owl on the biggest pine blinked and woke up and hooted a salute as he passed by. (For the sake of the peace of the daring driver's ashes, this fable should not be discredited.) The balsamic exudations of these pines lent their essence to all the June

zephyrs of the nineteenth century. Excepting the singing brooks, that have leaped down the hills unnumbered ages, these arboreal sachems are the oldest living objects in Sutton of such magnificent form.

The altitude of these pines is colossal, The atmospheric temperature at their base is, no doubt, several degrees different from that at their summits; for the latter tower up to the realm of astronomy. Wonderful as these trees are, nevertheless, the little sunbeams made them out of rain drops, atoms of forest mold and invisible parts of the air. What a remarkable force that must be that brings nutrition from the fibers of the far-extended roots way up to the hungry little twigs on their triumphant heads! How indelible the green of their branches—fadeless through so many, many winters!

Great and mighty as these sachems are, they are helpless and defenseless against their merciless foes, the ax and the portable steam mill. Nevertheless, their majesty and their glory plead for their protection.

Dismal must be the heart and stolid the eyes of the man who can approach these trees and not feel a constraining impulse to pause and lift his hands and voice and greet them as kindred; kindred in breathing the same air, in sharing the warmth of the same sun, sharing the light of the same stars and the refreshment of the same summer showers; kindred in suffering from the same storm and gale and in being targets for the lightning. In the calm of a summer day, when they are tranquil and serene, what a comforting, refreshing benediction they bestow upon him who pauses and leans against them or reclines at their feet! And O how thrilling to be in their presence when the fierce gale smites them and sways them, and makes all their lofty branches into a band of harps crying and wailing in distress!

Long may the rainbows of the twentieth century arch protectingly over them. As long as their glory remains, sentiment will seek them as an inspiring shrine; eager ears

will listen to the pensive strains of their sighing, and wondering eyes will admiringly gaze on their towering forms; musing retrospection and gay romance will come, leading each other under their enchanting shelter, and there recite fond reminiscences, fascinating fables and glowing rhapsodies.

The Old New England Home

By JOHN HOWARD, M. D.

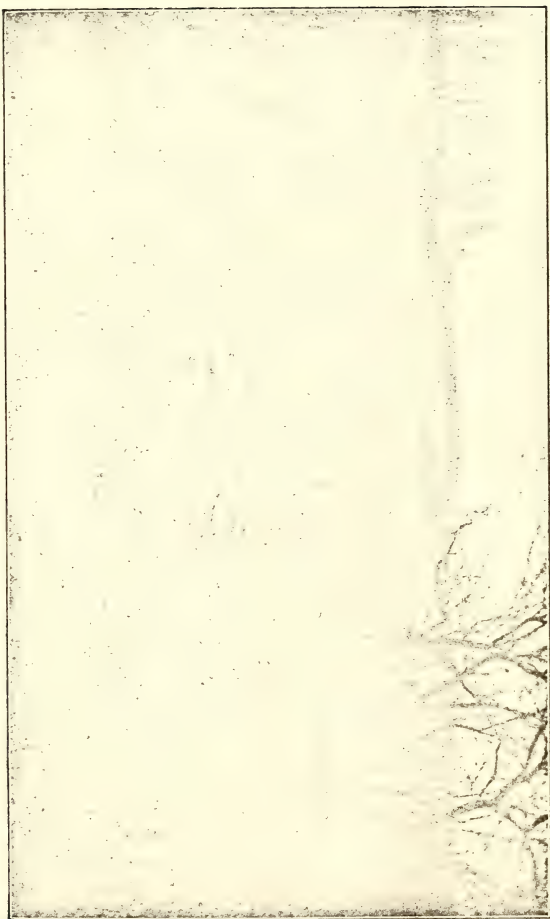
With heart surcharged with olden memories dear
I tread the reminiscent paths of Auld Lang Syne,
And well inspect each oft remembered line,
While with each turn some change expectant fear.
Full well I know each by-way and each path,
Thy rivers and thy lakes I once more see,
So small in life from what they seemed to be
When as a lad, I truant played, the wrath
Of teacher to incur, or roamed the wood
The timid hare or partridge to ensnare.
Now here I stroll absorbing Nature's food
For tired minds worn by anxious cares.
Farewell, most cherished spot, my childhood home,
Amid thy scenes might I forever roam.

Items of Interest

The population of New Hampshire in 1715 was estimated to be 9,650.

In 1750 it was 50,000. Both were merely estimates.

The population of New England in the first year was 161,650. In 1750, 430,000.



From a photo by ARTHUR W. DUDLEY

GRAVE OF THORVALD

The Ancient Races of America

By G. P. THRUSTON

We feel that we cannot introduce the series of articles upon the Indians of New Hampshire, which we purpose to publish, with better grace than in reprinting from the *Magazine of American History* the following carefully prepared essay.—*Editor.*

THE origin of the ancient inhabitants of America, and of their semi-civilization, continues to be one of the most interesting problems presented to the archæologist. It has had many solutions, so called, yet none of them satisfactory. It is a mystery antiquarians have been constantly hoping some new discovery would unravel, but such discoveries and investigations as are made, add comparatively little light. Indeed, the more the question is examined the more complicated it becomes, even in the face of most patient industry and the ablest scientific research. Having had occasion recently to examine the subject with care, it may be of interest to present some conclusions reached by the writer, as showing the present status of the investigation.

On the very threshold, I believe it may be safely stated, that not one pre-Columbian or prehistoric coin, implement, inscription, valued relic, or object of art, or architecture, or industry has been found on this continent, north or south, of foreign or old world origin—directly or indirectly traceable. On his second return to America, Columbus found the fragment of a wrecked ship on one of the islands of the West Indies; such fragments have also been carried by the Pacific currents to our northwest coast; but these can hardly be called exceptions to the general spirit of the foregoing statement. Considering the many discoveries and alleged discoveries in many directions, over this vast

territory, and considering also the thirty centuries and more of civilization, extended commercial relations and widely distributed population existing on the other continents, this broad statement of the fact seems a surprise. In the absence of *object-discoveries* directly traceable to a foreign origin, our earlier archæologists confidently expected the solution of this problem would be found in the department of language relations, or ethnology.

Language is generally a safe guide to race affinities; but here, after more than a century of research, the difficulties are found to be practically insuperable. In this department, we have also to record the fact that no written language or decipherable system of inscriptions or hieroglyphics of Native American origin have been found. The hieroglyphics, or signs and symbols, of the ancient Maya Nation of Yucatan, perhaps merit the name of writings, but the key to their interpretation has thus far defied all learning and ingenuity. It must be remembered that the "Maya Chronicles," or manuscripts, as published by the late Dr. Brinton and others, are not the writings of the ancient Mayas, but the work of Spanish priests, subsequent to the conquest of Cortez. These clerical fanatics destroyed a vast number of valuable ancient records, as devilish devices of superstition, but partly atoned for the crime by inventing a system of written letters or signs to interpret and preserve the then existing language of the Mayas, and *these* are the so-called chronicles of the Mayas. They are of great archæological interest, but like the architectural remains of this most civilized of the native races, they throw little light upon the question of its origin.

Ancient Mexican civilization did not reach a standard high enough to supply a written language. When Cortez and his Spanish adventurers appeared upon the coast of Mexico, in 1520, Montezuma learned of his coming only through messengers bearing pictures of strange ships in the sea. The painstaking Spanish writers of Aztec and

Toltec history in Mexico gathered their traditions and facts from ancient figure paintings and illustrations preserved by the native Mexicans. These were their only substitute for a written history. Ancient Peru, with all its arts and industries, appears to have had no written language. Two or three rudely sculptured or inscribed tablets have been found among the remains of the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley, but they have no language significance, and occasional quasi-writings of the hunting races of Indians can hardly be said to reach the dignity of hieroglyphics. They are but crude pictures or signs, in the main, without special meaning.

Thus we find no established basis in Ancient America or among its native races, upon which to trace language relationships with the old world. If we turn to the investigation of the *spoken* languages of the aboriginal races (in which department Major Powell, Dall, and others, have done much faithful work), we find difficulties and complications innumerable. Indeed, it is already fairly demonstrated that language relations with ancient foreign nations cannot be established or even traced. There are no connecting links. No test of kinship stands, whether we seek it on the Asiatic or European side. Major Powell says, for instance, that North America furnishes not less than seventy-five *stocks* of language, and South America as many more. These stocks spread into innumerable languages and dialects, scarcely traceable to a common origin. H. H. Bancroft, in his "Native Races of the Pacific States," has classified some six hundred of these languages and dialects, but the whole number has been estimated at about thirteen hundred. In his report of the Colorado Exploring Expedition, Lieutenant Ives says: "The inhabitants of the different Pueblo villages within ten miles of each other speak three different languages."

Notwithstanding the proximity of Alaska and Asia, the efforts of ethnologists to trace affinities in language in that direction have wholly failed. The northwest point

of Alaska is about as far from San Francisco as the latter is from New York, a fact one scarcely realizes without having attention called to it. Many tribes of many languages occupied, or occupy, this vast territory. Their dialects, it is stated, cannot be even traced to a common stock. They cannot be shown to be related to the languages of the Indians of the interior. The inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands of the northwest (which constitute almost an island bridge between the two continents) have no written language, and their spoken language is wholly unlike that of their Asiatic neighbors, as it is also unlike that of their Esquimau neighbors in Alaska.—thus negating all efforts to establish language relations with the ancient inhabitants of Asia through that source. To sum up the results of investigation in this branch of the subject, it may be stated that the best authorities unite in regarding the languages of our aboriginal races as radically distinguished and different from those of other continents, ancient or modern, and as manifestly original and primitive. We will not enter into the details of physical characteristics and craniology. Ethnologists have faithfully prosecuted their researches in this wide field of investigation, and volumes have been written upon it without any definite or satisfactory results bearing on this question. Beyond the fact that some of the inhabitants of our extreme northwest coast have features and facial expressions resembling those of their Asiatic neighbors, no foreign relationships or affinities seem to have been established in this department.

As may be presumed from the foregoing recital, the prehistoric remains of art and industry in America give no evidence of a foreign origin. On the contrary they verify all other proof of their originality. When Columbus discovered the first natives of the western world, he called them "Indians," thinking he had reached the confines of Eastern India. Their designation has not been changed. Their art and architecture were apparently Indian in some

of their characteristics, but this resemblance was due to the fact that they were in the main primitive and barbaric. The architectural remains of Central America, so fully described by Stevens, Charney, and others, belong to no other known type. We look in vain for any features that connect them with the nations of the ancient world—Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Greece, or China. The forms of pottery exhumed from the mounds and ancient graves of the Mississippi Valley may be traced through Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Arizona, Mexico, Central America and Peru. They can be readily identified. They point to a common origin.

In the small collection belonging to the writer, specimens of the pottery of the Indians and mound builders seem to be but primitive forms of the more carefully and handsomely made specimens obtained from ancient remains in Peru and Central America, and an examination of the museums of Europe will readily satisfy the antiquarian that these forms bear no trace of relationship to the antique types found in Egypt or elsewhere in the old world—excepting in occasional accidental features. Another element in this ancient American problem that renders it difficult of solution is the fact that all departments of investigation force the conclusion that this continent was inhabited at a very remote period.

Some noted scientists have assigned to America an early place in the world's geologic history, and man's occupation appears to have been relatively remote. The Spaniards had conquered Mexico many years before they even discovered the ruins, Palenque and Uximal, in the forests of Central America; and their explorers then described them as very ancient ruins. Trees had attained their full growth and fallen into decay on the site of these ancient cities, as well as upon the great earth works of the mound builders. Mexican Aztec and Toltec history and tradition, as handed down in their pictures and symbol-chronicles in a reasonably consistent chronology, may be traced back through

many centuries, estimated at from twelve to fifteen hundred years. It would seem also that a time no less than this might be required for the migration and distribution of the innumerable tribes over this broad continent, north and south, and for their development in some sections from primitive habits into comparative civilization.

Another fact of interest may be stated as bearing upon this question. The use of iron was generally known to the nations of antiquity before the historic period. In the eighth generation after Adam (as we are told in the Scriptures), Tubal Cain was "an instructor" in "a knowledge of brass and iron." Job tells us of it. It was used in constructing Solomon's Temple. It was found in abundance by Layard in the palace of Nimrod, in excavating the ruins of Nineveh. It was known in Western Europe more than 2,500 years ago, and at an early period in China; yet it seems that *no prehistoric implement or article of iron*, or any evidence of manufactured iron has been found in America, excepting such rude implements or ornaments as were made from the native and unmelted ore. It would seem as if almost any communication with the ancient, outer world, would have led to a knowledge of iron, but it was probably never known in ancient America. Once known, it would doubtless never have been forgotten. Its uses are too manifest and the native ore too widely distributed. We will not consider the evidence of man's existence on this continent, as in Europe, as a contemporary of the mammoth and other extinct animals. The proof on this point seems well-nigh conclusive, and is now generally accepted by the best authorities. This fact, if admitted, throws difficulties in the way of the solution of this question practically insurmountable.

The well-delineated face and figure of the negro on the tomb of Seti Menephistha, at Thebes (19th dynasty of Egypt B. C. 1500), as illustrated by a number of standard historians, represent the present negro type in Africa with exactness. The original type does not seem to have

changed in thirty-three centuries. Perhaps the native American may have been as long on this continent. Sir John Lubbock places about this limit upon the time of its first settlement. The ships of Phœnicia and perhaps of Troy, and later of Rome, Alexandria and Carthage, carried their commerce to many distant lands, yet no trace of their civilization, of their language or arts, appears to have reached this isolated Western Continent. The adventurous Norsemen of Northern Europe reached Greenland, and perhaps Labrador or Nova Scotia, and possibly a point further south, but they left no impress or trace behind them, excepting in the obscure records of their own country. From this brief summary it will be seen that the problem of "ancient America" is as far from solution as ever. It may be stated that archæologists who have no special or favorite theory to defend are generally accepting the following conclusions:

First. That America was first settled by a primitive people or race, at a period too remote for calculation as to time, and probably before the languages and other characteristics of the old-world nations from which they sprung had assumed definite form, and before these nations had acquired their present geographical limits.

Second. That no theory of their origin has been, or probably can be established, that is entirely satisfactory to investigators or that has been accepted as conclusive.

Third. That the theory most generally accepted points to an Asiatic, Mongol or Polynesian origin; a theory supported by the nearness of the two continents and by some similarities in appearance and characteristics, and by the steady flow of ocean currents from the coast of Asia eastward.

Fourth. The theory of a European or African origin, through a "Lost Atlantis" or change or depression in the earth's surface between Africa and the Caribbean Islands on the west, is second in popularity and as to the number of its advocates.

The fact, however, that it requires the aid of an earthquake of vast dimensions to establish it, will probably continue to stand in the way of its general acceptance. Other theories as to the first settlement of America it will not be necessary to mention here. They appear to have no substantial basis.



Indian Traditions and Folklore

I

The Vanished Races

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found;
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are passed away."

ACCORDING to the traditions of the Amerinds, two great families of their people, the *Lenni Lenape*, which term meant the "original people," and the *Mengwe* or *Maqua* came from the extreme west to settle in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, "The Father of Waters." The first-named tribe was soon met in deadly fight by the *Alligewi* or *Allegheny* warriors, who made such a resistance that they formed an alliance with the *Mengwe* to destroy their common enemies. Under the conditions of this league the *Mengwes* took the country bordering on the great lakes, reaching from Erie to Champlain, and northward to the highlands of the Ottawa and the valley of the St. Lawrence. In their onward march the *Mengwes* overcame or united with them in their conquests, the *Oneidas*, *Onodagas*, *Cayugas*, and *Seneca*, later on accepting as an ally the *Tuscaroas*, who had come up from southland to unite with them. At first known as "The Five Nations," this league became designated as "The Six Nations," or in an ethological sense as the Iroquois. If crude in its form, and the different factions forming the league were frequently at war with each other, it was the first semblance of government in this country, unless it were some race whose civilization has been buried under the ruins of centuries. They were undoubtedly the most crafty, daring and intelligent of the North Amer-

ican races. Either separately or together they were the terror of all other families of Amerinds. The five tribes of this clan were stationed in palisaded villages surrounded by great fields of cultivated crops and orchards, extending in a line from the south and east of Erie and Ontario lakes, from which peculiar situation came their name "The People of the Long House." They have been estimated to number from 15,000 to 20,000, and at no time to be able to muster more than 3,000 warriors.

Pitted against the Iroquois, though allied by kindred ties, were the *Hurons*, numbering about 16,000. They dwelt mainly in large settlements situated in a narrow district comprising a portion of the water-shed of the north-west, between the little chain of lakes running south from Georgian Bay nearly down to lake Ontario, and westward to the lake bearing their name. The Hurons were what might be termed an agricultural people, though they made periodical hunting and fishing trips. They lived in bark cabins, arranged in groups and surrounded by high palisades, built to protect themselves from their enemies. Their crops were corn, beans, pumpkins and tobacco. They were sharp traders, and better fighters than the eastern tribes I am soon to mention, but the Iroquois gradually drove them northward and eastward, down the valley of the St. Lawrence, or "Great River of Canada." Upon the site of Montreal they founded their ancient capital, Hoch-elega, to be eventually driven from this by their long-time enemies.

Separated from the Hurons by a wide stretch of unbroken forest on the southwest were the *Petuns*, *Tionatates*, or "Tobacco Nation," noted for their large fields of this plant; which they ever found in ready demand from other less thrifty tribes.

To the west of Lake Ontario, dwelling on both sides of the gorge of Niagara, lived a more peaceful tribe than any of these, who on account of their ability to remain on friendly terms with the warlike factions were known as "The Neutral Nation."

The French first came in contact with the Hurons, who, as early as Champlain, were induced to become their allies. Even that astute explorer and civilizer of the Canadian wilds believed their friendship of greater moment to his cause than any other, and upon the shore of the lake named in his honor, opened hostilities with the Mengwes, then known as the *Mohawks*, the leading as well as the oldest of the Five Nations. This attack awakened a deadly enmity, which did not expire with one generation but existed for a hundred years, a heritage of hatred. It was broken only by the iron heel of Frontenac, and then not until new France had become so weakened as to fall an easy victim to her old-time white enemy, the English.

In the meantime the Iroquois had left their imprints upon every group of Amerinds from the region of the Alleghany, the shores of the great lakes, the rock of Quebec to the valleys of the Merrimack and the Saco rivers. Thus they figure conspicuously in the legends and traditions of the red men of the Granite State.

It does not come within the province of our purpose to more than mention the other great clans of Amerinds occupying this country before the coming of the white man, who was to destroy that civilization already becoming apparent, under the slow process of evolution, and rear upon its ruins a form which itself had merged from the crushing weight of barbarism. There were the *Cherokees*, *Chickasaws*, *Choctaws*, *Creeks* and *Seminoles*, all natives of a warmer clime, and therefore of a milder temperament, it of a less energetic disposition. They, estimated to number about 50,000, fell in more easily with the agricultural pursuits of their conquerors, though rapidly fading away like the leaves of a forest. Beyond the Mississippi, with the Rocky Mountains as their bounds on the west, dwelt the fourth of the four great families, the *Dacotas* or *Sioux*, the most bitter haters of the white missionaries, hunters, traders, home-builders, and nowhere is to be found a stronger, more heroic or pathetic narrative of colonization and civilization.

The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, chose the country to the south of that taken by their ally, a territory bordering on the rivers Potomac, Delaware, Susquehanna and Mohawk, the latter called by them *Mahicannituck*, from whence came a new name for them, *Mohican*, pronounced by the English Mohegan. Pushing gradually eastward, they eventually spread over New England, forming in reality the most numerous and widely extended of all the native confederations, known to the English under the general term of Algonkin. Taken singly and together, these branches of red men occupy a larger place in our early history than all others. This was due largely to the fact that they were the first to combat their prospective conquerors, and this before the fire and ardor of their primitive life had been sapped by contact with civilization.

These people, according to Heckewelder, were in possession of the Atlantic coast from Roanoke to Acadia. Their tongue and that of the Hurons embraced the language spoken over sixteen hundred leagues of country and was understood by all others except the Iroquois. It was, too, a more fluent tongue, the Mokaws being destitute of labials, while that of the Mohegans abounded with them.

Whatever may have been the origin of the race inhabiting North America at the time of the arrival of the Europeans, and however antiquarians may differ in that respect, there is evidence to show that the Amerinds presented varying types of humanity. The difficulty to establish the boundaries between these tribes has led some to believe they sprang from a common parentage. This condition is due to the frequent migrations of different tribes, to intermarriage and the utter lack of any boundary lines.

While the term "Mohegan" was in a general sense applied to the "original people" of New England, at the time of the coming of the whites, they possessed distinguishing attributes in the several sections, so that Gookin makes five principal nations: The *Pequots*, *Narragansetts*, *Pawkunaykutts*, *Massachusetts*, and *Pawtukets*.

The five confederations above named comprised at least twenty-six families, described in alphabetical order as follows:

INDIAN TRIBES OF NEW ENGLAND

Abnakis, a name applied to the Indians living between the Pascataqua and Penobscot rivers, and divided into four principal families.

Agawams, a small clan living about Ipswich, Mass.

Annasagunticooks, found upon the Androscoggin.

Canibas, a numerous tribe living upon the Saghadoc, now Kennebec, River.

Micmacs, occupying Nova Scotia, sometimes called by early writers the *Souriquos*, or *Souriquois*.

Mohegans, or *Mohicians*, that lived in the country of Windham, Conn., and territory lying to the north nearly to the state line. They numbered about 3,000, and their great chief at one time, was Uncas. The Pequods lived on their south, the Woguns and Podunks on their west, Nipmuncks on the north, and Narragansetts on the east. (See Hubbard's New England, pages 33, 255, 408.)

Massachusetts occupied Suffolk, Norfolk, the easterly part of Middlesex and the northerly part of Essex counties. They were numerous at one period, but seem to have suffered greatly from the plague in 1617. Their most noted chief was Nanepashemet, whose abode was near the mouth of the Mystic River.

Marechites, or *Armouchiquois*, lived along the river St. John.

Nashuas and *Nipnets*, or *Nipmucks*, lived within the county of Worcester and about the ponds of Orford township. (Hubbard's Indian Wars, page 257.) The Nipmucks were subject to the Mohegans.

Narragansetts occupied nearly all of what is now the state of Massachusetts. At the time of the coming of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, they could muster 5,000 fighting men, had a population of 20,000, and were superior in num-

bers and strength to any other tribe in New England, except the Pequods. (See Prince, page 46.)

Naticks lived about what is now Dedham, Mass. These were converted and were known as "the praying Indians." In 1651 they organized into a form of government, with rulers over lots of fifties and tens. They several times allied themselves with the English in the eastern wars. (Hubbard's New England, pages 652-3.)

Nausites dwelt to the south of Plymouth. The enmity of this tribe was incurred through the kidnapping of seven of their numbers by Hunt. (Prince, pages 99-100)

Nehanticks lived along the east bank of the Connecticut River, on the site of the town of Lyme. Their famous chief was Ninegret, who fought the Wampanoags and the Mohawks in the conquest of the Long Island Indians. (Holmes' American Annotations, page 277.)

Newichawannoeks, on the upper branches of the Pascataqua.

Oponangos, supposed to have lived about Passamaquoddy Bay.

Pequods, claimed the country between the Narragansetts and Nehanticks. Their central station and villages along the coast at New London harbor. They outrivalled all the other tribes of New England until they were destroyed in 1638 by the English.

Pewkenackutts, or *Wampanoags*, also numerous and powerful, occupied all the western and southern parts of the Plymouth colony. Their sachem lived at Mount Hope. Massasoit was the first chief of which the English had knowledge. His successors were his sons Alexander and the famous Philip, the most noted warrior of his age. Massasoit was able to muster 3,000 warriors.

Pentuckets, or *Abernenians*, lived along the Merrimack River, with their capital at Dracut. This tribe at one time contained 3,000 in numbers.

Pennacooks lived along the Merrimack River between the Nashua and the Pennacook rivers, and numbered about

3,000. Their most noted sachem was Passaconaway. This tribe was quite friendly to the English through the advice and influence of the chief mentioned. (1 Collection Massachusetts Historical Society, page 180.)

Podunks, inhabitants of the region now included in Hartford, Conn. (Morse's Geography, page 346.)

Seconnets, situated at Little Compton, above Pocasset or Tivertown. A noted leader was a woman known as the "Squaw Sachem," who was a relative of Philip, and this tribe generally allied themselves with the Wampanoags. (Prince, page 129. Hubbard's Indian Wars, pages 258-9.)

Sokokis, who dwelt along the River Saco and adjacent country.

Tarratines, inhabitants of the Penobscot, and were one of the three Etechemins Tribes.

Wavenocks lived about Pemaquid and St. George rivers in Maine, between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers.

Wonguns, who lived east of the Pequods in Connecticut, where are now the towns of East Chatham and Haddam.

Four tongues, or dialects, seem to have been spoken by these various families and tribes, as follows: That spoken by the Pawkunawkutts and the natives west of them, which is supposed to have been the language of the Mohegans. Then the tribes between them and the Newichawannocks on the Pascataqua, which have been called "Abergineans," or *Northern Indians*, could all converse together, though they could not sound well the l and r, giving the sound of n instead. The Indians east of the Pascataqua, however, sounded these letters easily and belonged to a different tribe. These families were also distinct from the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. Captain Francis, the first captain of the Tarratine tribe on the Penobscot, an intelligent Indian, told Williamson, author of the History of Maine (Vol. I., page 460):

"All the tribes between the Saco and the Rivers St. John were brothers. The eldest, the Sokokis, lived on the Saco; each tribe, going eastward, was the younger, like the sons of the same father, excepting those on the Passamaquoddy, the youngest of all. I can understand them all when they speak, as like brothers, but when the Micmacs or Algonkin or Canada Indians talk, I cannot understand what they say."

These tribes of Maine appeared to be at war with the tribes in New Hampshire. For this reason largely the chiefs of the latter tribes were encouraged to ally themselves with the English in order to cope more successfully with their life-long enemies to the east.

INDIANS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Four tribes, as previously mentioned, the Nashuas, Penacooks (Pentuckets), Newichawannocks, the Squamscots a small inland family at what is now Exeter, N. H., formed a sort of confederacy. In 1629-30, the Pentuckets, in Massachusetts, were more numerous than the Penacooks, The lodgment of the Newichannocks was at Cocheco, now Dover. Knolles, or Rowles, was for many years their sachem, and his dwelling-place was not far from Quampeagan Falls, in what is now Berwick, and which was then Kittery. All the Indians in that vicinity were under him, though he was under Passaconaway. He died about 1670, not far from the death of the former, and his dying message to his followers was somewhat similar:

"Being loaded with years, I had expected a visit in my infirmities, especially from those who are now tenants on the lands of my fathers. Though all these plantations are of right my children's; I am forced in this age of evil, humbly to request a few hundred acres of land to be marked out for them and recorded, as a public act, in the town books; so that when I am gone, they may not be perishing beggars, in the pleasant places of their birth. For I know a great war will shortly break out between the

white men and the Indians, over the whole country. At first the Indians will kill many and prevail; but after three years, they will be great sufferers and finally be rooted out and destroyed."

His successor was Blind Will, his son; and that of Passaconaway, Wonalancet, his son.

Historian Potter gives the following tribes as ruled in greater or less degree by the Penacooks: Agawams, Massachusetts, Wamesits, Nashuas, Souhegans, Namoskeag, Winnepesaukee. Besides these the succeeding tribes acknowledged fealty to the Penacook though not belonging to the confederacy: Wachusets, Winnecowetts, Coosucks, Pascataquakes, Pequakuakes, Sacos, Ossipees, Newichewannocks, Squamscotts, Amariscoggins.

Northern New Hampshire did not seem to have any particular tribe settled within its territory, but it was overrun periodically by the Canadian Indians, among which predominated the Hurons, judged by the traces they left in the traditions handed down from those days. Further glimpses of these families, as well as of the others in our state, will appear from time to time, in the following traditions, which really afford the only accounts we have of the vanished races.

The ruling passions of the aborigine were war and freedom. If in peace he was slothful and indolent, the war-whoop transformed him into another being. Like all uneducated people he then became a strange compound of good and evil. Lescarbet, in his Narrative written in 1609, told a truth that later writers have not refuted:

"If they (the Indians) do not know God, at least they do not blaspheme him, as the greater number of Christians do. Nor do they understand the art of poisoning, or of corrupting chastity by devilish artifice. There are no poor nor beggars among them. All are rich, because all labor and live."

His stealthy step, that did not stir a stick on the ground; his swift vision, that did not fail to detect the

least commotion of the solitude; the hundred silent signs that his white companion could not discern, watching the wind and the shadows, the sun and the clouds, the mist upon the waters, the damp upon the earth. All these were qualities his pale-hued rivals could not imitate.

A shadow himself, the Amerind believed all alike passed to Spirit Land, where they continued the pursuits begun here. "It was in truth a Land of Shades, where trees, flowers, animals, men, and all things were spirits.

" By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade. "

Like a child, he had a mind remarkably acute in one direction, while undeveloped in others. He could grasp but one truth, and that without any great abstract reasoning. He understood woodcraft in many of its artifices, could build a canoe with skill, make a bow and arrow, was singularly adept in constructing his rude tepee, but he never learned to build a house, could not even wield an ax with any cunning, or acquire any great tact in the arts of civilized life. In short, he was not an imitator.

But he had two virtues: one, a high sense of honor; the other, a fortitude the most keen suffering could not shake. Expression of pain or pleasure, of sorrow or happiness was left for weak women to indulge in. But his manifestation of rejoicing over a victory won was followed by wild bursts of revelry, or a battle lost was succeeded by bitter wailing and lamentation.

The Amerind was a natural story-teller. Seeing, as he did, an omen in every shifting shade of the clouds, a sign in the changing leaf, a token of beauty or ugliness in the different places of the wildwood, and no rock or river, lake or mountain, valley or hillside, that did not speak of some deed of valor, incident of love or hatred; these stories clung to his tongue and were told and retold to each suc-

ceeding generation, from time immemorial. They were further kept alive by a name applied to the spot which should always hint of the legend connected with it. Thus the "laughing water" of *Minnehaha* forever reminds the beholder of the tragedy of love enacted in the sparkling waterfall.

The Indians told their tales of bygone days with lowered voice and anxious mien, each myth fraught with the fantasy of nature's solitude and each legend bordered with a fringe of the silver foam of superstition. "Speak softly," warned the dusky boatman to the Jesuit Father Albanel, as he plied the paddles of the canoe under the frowning point of the mountain, of Mistassini Lake, "or the spirit of the peak will be angry with us, send his storm gods to outride our canoe, and drown us all." "Close your eyes as we pass under yonder rock," said the Ottawa, as he and his companions guided their canoe down the river, where it made a sharp bend around a sharp angle of rock, to the early whites who penetrated that region, "or you will see the demon who guards the rock, and to look on him is certain death." "Move swiftly past yon island," advised the Hurons to Menard, as he was crossing Lake Superior, "nor dare to land on its enchanted shore. See! it moves; now it is near; now it is far away. Now it vanishes, and we must pass the place before it rises again." Above island, Michipicaten. "Pass not after nightfall, Tawasendeatha," whispered the Sokokis chieftain, "lest you disturb the slumbers of the sleeping dead." In a lighter spirit Father Rasle was besought by his Abnaki neophytes to listen at nightfall, as they passed a certain pine, for the song of the lovers, parted and united by death, as they swept past to seek their old trysting place.

The Indian Hunter

By ELIZA COOK

This poem, given in the school readers of a generation ago, and set to music and sung by Henry Russell on his concert tours, is an old-time favorite.—*Editor.*

Oh, why does the white man follow my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?

He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze
Bear riches for him alone,
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
Which the white man calls his own.

Then why should he come to streams where none
But the redskin dares to swim?
And why should he wrong the bold hunter one
Who never did harm to him?

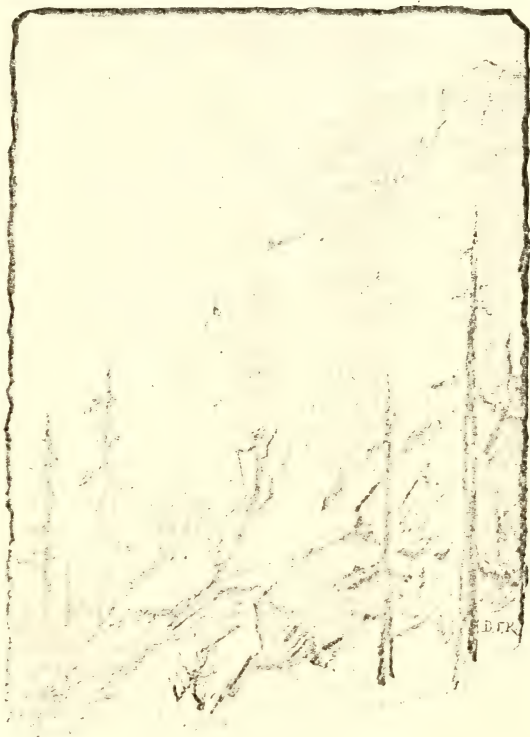
The Father above thought fit to give
To the white man corn and wine,
There are golden fields where he may live,
But the forest shades are mine.

For the eagle and deer have their place of rest,
The wild horse where to dwell,
And the spirit that gave to the bird its nest,
Made a home for me as well.

Then back to thy home from the red man's track,
For the hunter's eye grows dim,
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.

GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



OL. V

APRIL--JUNE, 1908

No. 2

Granite State Magazine

A Quarterly Publication

[Copyrighted, 1908.]

VOL. V

APRIL-JUNE

No. 2

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50
Single Copy40

To Authors.—The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

No. 64 Hanover Street,

Manchester, N. H.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Printed by THE RUEMELY PRESS,  143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

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Editorial Lookout

With the July number, THE GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE will resume monthly publication. Our return to a monthly from a quarterly is due to the fact that we have obtained the needed assistance in the business

department, Mr. Leo A. Hackett, a successful advertising solicitor, taking charge of that part of the work. With the steady growth in subscriptions that has marked the progress of the magazine, augmented by the advertising patronage that the proper person is able to secure, its future success is assured.

Reminiscences of Whittier

These popular articles by Prof. J. Warren Thyng are now issued in pamphlet form, and ready for delivery. No more beautiful publication, relating to him who, if not a native, deserves much of the Granite State, has been published. Only a limited number has been printed. Sent postpaid for fifty cents.

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO.,

64 Hanover St.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Our Cover Illustration

The second of the series of original and picturesque drawings of the Old Man of the Mountain, by Mr. D. T. Knight, used through the courtesy of Walter G. Chase, M. D., adorns the first page of our cover this month. In the other, the solitary bear, coming out from his lair, discovers with evident wonder the stern-featured sentinel of the mountain. In this an Indian, having heard of him, is searching the mountain side to find him.

Literary Leaves

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN. By Sam Walter Foss. Cloth, 12mo., illustrated, 182 pages. Price, \$1.50. Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, Publishers, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This volume was received for review last fall, and we intended to do our work promptly and as faithfully as we could with a conscious leaning toward the author. We had read and re-read his other books, "Back Country Poems," "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," and "Dreams in Homespun," to say nothing of his numerous fugitive pieces, and been captivated by their charms. "The Calf on the Lawn," "The Volunteer Organist" and a hundred other poems had held us entranced with the homely virtues of their lines, so we expected to share the same kindly appreciation for these "Songs of the Average Man." Alas! we scanned the book carefully and laid it down disappointed. The peculiar interest and indescribable fascination that belonged to the others were missing. There was no sentiment in everyday thought to match the wisdom between the lines of "The Calf on the Lawn"; there was no pathetic story told by another "Volunteer Organist," and nothing to take their places. Sadly we laid the book down, realizing that our friend and favorite poet had written out! We regretted, too, that he had hazarded a well-earned reputation by allowing an inferior work to come out and under his name. Why cannot a writer, especially a poet whose fame is never to be trifled with, know when to stop?

Not wishing to say an unkind word where we wished to speak the truth, we allowed

the book to remain in forgetfulness upon our table for six months and more. Then, without seeking for its merits, we opened the volume at random and read "The Man from the Crowd," when, lo! the oldtime spirit seemed to have been revived. Again we had the fire of the poet in our soul, and "The Songs of the Average Man" became our own. We read and re-read "Elder Ford's Two Candidates" and, lest some other may miss it, we will reproduce it here:

ELDER FORD'S TWO CANDIDATES

Now, I don't want to brag at all; but this is my idee:
It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
I've got a brain for plannin' things, I've got an eye that's peeled,
An' the chap who gits ahead er me hez kep' himself concealed.

I opened up my grocery-store down here two year ago,
An' thought if I should jine the church, I'd have a better show;
For this is a religious place, an' I seen very well
The piouser a feller was, the more goods he would sell.

So I applied to jine the church, let no time run to waste.
"This is a sollum step," they said, "an' shouldn' be took in haste."
"Go home an' pray about this thing. Go pray," says Elder Ford,
"An' talk it over prayerfully an' deeply with the Lord."

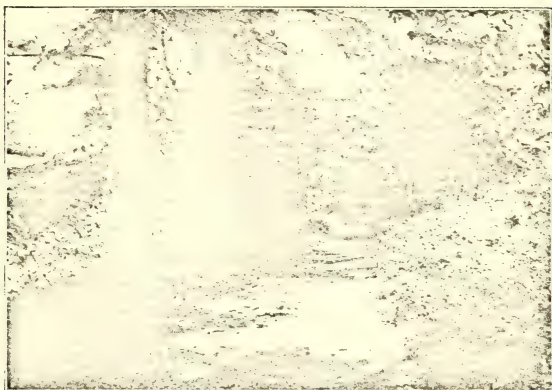
I see they didn' want me then; but this is my idee:
It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
"I'll come an' see ye later, sir," sez I to Elder Ford,
"W'en I've talked it over prayerfully an' deeply with the Lord."

So two weeks later I appeared before the church ag'in
An' asked politely as I could if they would let me in.
"I've talked it over with the Lord," said I, "for many a day."
"An' what, pray tell," asked Elder Ford, "what did the good Lord say?"
"I'm tryin' to get in," sez I, "to the church of Elder Ford,
An' they won't let me in at all." "Don't worry," sez the Lord.
'You're not the only one,' sez he, 'they've laid upon the shelf.
I've tried ten years without success to git in there myself.'"

We turn page after page and find newer and deeper interest. He is the same homely philosopher, the same ideal country poet that we admired twenty years ago, when we were both young men. Then why did we feel our first disappointment? Our reply shows that we have learned anew an old truth. The merits of an author's work lie largely in the mood of the reader. If that is appreciative, if he feels with the poet the sentiments he expresses the latter is voted good. Who reads poetry with a mind filled with thoughts of ditching and broken walls stumbles in his interest and halts in his reading. The fault is not in the book but in him. So what we condemn to-day we may read with pleasure to-morrow or revel to-day in what we ignored yesterday. In the light of this revelation we read "Songs of the Average Man," while this truth from its pages remains with us:

Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men—
There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement—and then
There arises a man that is larger than men—
And the man comes up from the crowd.





AN ARCHWAY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW



LAKE WINNEPAUKET

After the Council

By DAVID GRAY, ESQ.

THE fire sinks low. The drifting smoke
Dies softly in the autumn haze,
And silent are the tongues that spoke
The speech of other days.
Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet
But now yon listening thicket stirred.
Unscared within its covert meet
The squirrel and the bird.

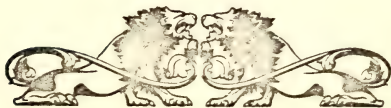
The story of the past is told,
But thou, O Valley, sweet and lone!
Glen of the rainbow! thou shalt hold
Its romance as thine own.
Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime
Shall sometimes haunt thy summer dreams,
And shape to low poetic rhyme,
The music of thy streams.

When Indian Summer flings her cloak
Of brooding azure on the woods,
The pathos of a vanished folk
Still tinge thy solitudes.
The blue smoke of their fires once more
Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,
And sunset's golden clouds restore
The red man's paradise.

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue
Shall cling to many a crag and cave,
In wash of falling waters sung,
Or murmur of the wave.
And oft in midmost hush of night,
Shrill o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,
Shall ring the war-cry from the height
That woke the wilds of yore.

Sweet Vale, more peaceful bend thy skies,
Thy airs are wrought with rarer balm:
A people's busy tumult lies
Hushed in thy sylvan calm.
O sweet thy peace! while fancy frames
Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled,—
They loved thee, called thee gentle names,
In the long summer dead.

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke
Has vanished in the autumn haze:
Gone, too, O Vale, the simple folk
Who loved thee in old days.
But, for their sakes—their lives serene—
Their loves perchance as sweet as ours—
O be thy woods for aye more green,
And fairer bloom thy flowers!



In the Days of Lovewell

PART I

John Lovewell, Sr.

By EDWARD E. PARKER

The following eloquent tribute to an unknown son of the early frontier of New England, delivered before the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the dedication of the memorial tablet marking the site of his humble home, seems a fitting introduction to our series of articles upon that memorable period, "In the Days of Lovewell."—*Editor.*

IN HONOR of John Lovewell, one of the early settlers of that part of old Dunstable which is now embraced within the boundaries of Nashua, the ladies of Matthew Thornton Chapter, D. A. R., of this city have this day marked, by a suitably inscribed memorial tablet, this spot which tradition, from time immemorial, had already marked as the site of his dwelling house. The correctness of the location is based entirely upon tradition.

But although tradition, as a source of information concerning events long past, must, generally speaking, be considered as untrustworthy, it may, nevertheless, under some conditions, such as the continuity and unvarying nature of the narration, so establish the probability of its truthfulness as to place it beyond cavil.

Such appears to have been the conditions existing in this case, for there are those now living in our midst who, more than fifty years ago, had their attention repeatedly called to this spot by their elders, as being the site of John Lovewell's house, and who distinctly remember the old cellar hole, then visible.

Here the Hon. Charles J. Fox, in his "History of Dunstable," published in 1846, located it. Speaking of it he says: "The cellar of his (Lovewell's) house may still be seen on the north side of Salmon Brook, just above the bridge, by the roadside."

Lovewell had been dead about ninety years when Mr. Fox penned the above sentence, and in it he undoubtedly gave the tradition relating to this spot as it existed in his day, and which he obtained from old people then living, who, if not old enough to speak of John Lovewell from personal recollections of him, were, some of them at least, old enough to have heard their grandfathers, who could speak from personal knowledge both of Mr. Lovewell and also of his dwelling house, locate it here.

The vestiges of the bridge of which Mr. Fox speaks were also to be seen within the memory of some of our oldest citizens and, although time, assisted by the hands of men, has long since obliterated all traces of both bridge and cellar, the constant and unchanging character of the tradition concerning them, which neither the flight of years nor the incredulity of man has been able to alter or efface, must be considered as sufficiently convincing proof of its truthfulness.

Having established the identity of this spot as the site of his dwelling house, to our own satisfaction, at least, the questions naturally arise: Who was John Lovell? What was his nationality, his origin? From whence and when did he come to this country? Where did he locate upon his arrival in America? From whence and when did he come to Dunstable, and what did he do as a citizen of Dunstable that its citizens should erect a memorial tablet in his honor to-day, an hundred and fifty years after his death? These questions are very easy to ask, but some of them are far from easy to answer, for there is not a shred of documentary information relating to him in existence; that is, nothing can be truthfully claimed as having been written from personal knowledge of and concerning John

Lovewell of Dunstable. Mr. Fox, who devotes one paragraph of about three hundred words to him, clearly recognized this fact and, in order to give some sort of a description of his origin and antecedents before coming here, was obliged to resort to a tradition concerning a certain John Lovewell of Weymouth, whom he, perhaps not unreasonably, conjectured might be identical with John Lovewell of Dunstable.

That his account of John Lovewell of Weymouth is purely traditional can at once be seen by reading said paragraph. That the identity of the two Johns, as being one and the same, is merely conjectural on his part may be discovered in the same way.

Since Mr. Fox wrote, although many searchers into historical mysteries have tried, none as yet, so far as I am aware, has been able to solve the problem of who John Lovewell really was or to throw any additional light upon Mr. Fox's speculations on the subject.

But notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Fox's account of Lovewell before he came here is purely speculative, it is nevertheless ingenious, interesting and far from improbable; and until it is disproved or rendered more improbable than it now appears, by the substitution of a better and more reliable account in its place, there is no reason why it should not be accepted as being so sufficiently near the truth as to satisfy all interested parties save, possibly, those whose dispositions are such as to class them with the doubting Thomases of this world.

As to Lovewell's origin, Mr. Fox says: "He came, it is said, originally, from England, about 1660, and settled some years before 1690. He is said, according to the tradition in the family, to have been an ensign in the army of Cromwell and to have left England on account of the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. It is not improbable that he came to this town from Weymouth, as a person of the same name from that town was in the great Narragansett swamp fight December 19, 1675, and throughout

Philip's War, under the famous Captain Church, and the handwriting of this person corresponds very closely with that of John Lovewell of Dunstable." The above quotation contains all that Mr. Fox has to offer concerning the identity of the two Johns as being one and the same. The names are the same and their handwriting similar. Rather slim evidence upon which to establish the point in question; but let it pass.

If he came here soon after the swamp fight, or even soon after the close of King Philip's War, which occurred in 1668, he arrived but a few years after the General Court of Massachusetts issued the grant of Dunstable to the original proprietors. This grant was dated October 15, 1673.

At this time a considerable portion of the land bordering on the Merrimack River in this vicinity had already been settled, and much of it was in a state of rude cultivation; the cultivated part being near, and for the most part adjacent to the river. Back of that and extending for miles to the west and north were the primeval forests of pines; unbroken in their continuity, save here and there by the small clearing of some white pioneer, whose adventurous spirit, or hopes of founding a home had led him to push on into and dare the dangers of the wilderness.

Both tradition and history speak of the magnificent size of the pines of Dunstable in this vicinity. Governor Wentworth once said of them that they were "the best in New Hampshire," Indeed, such was their reputation that by royal enactment they were reserved for the King's navy, and marked with the king's sign manual, an Indian arrow. The owners of the lands were forbidden to cut the trees thus marked.

At the time of his arrival this tract of land between Salmon Brook and the river, then called the neck, had been cleared and laid out into plats or sections, many of which, especially those nearest the river, were already occupied by settlers. It constituted the compact part of

the settlement. Back of and around it, especially along the banks of the river to the south, were scattered clearings, some of which had already attained to the dignity of being called farms.

Under the charter of 1673, every inhabitant was entitled to ten acres for his person and one acre more added for every twenty-pound estate, and house lots were not to consist of over thirty nor under ten acres. Those restrictions were in force when Mr. Lovewell arrived and continued to be for many years after. The lots into which "the neck was divided" were from thirty to forty rods wide and extended from Salmon Brook to the river. Presumably their area came within the provisions of the restrictions. This lot on which Mr. Lovewell settled was on the only highway then extending northward from "the neck" towards the Nashua River, which it crossed by a ford a few rods above its mouth. It was called the "County Road." Tradition says that Mr. Lovewell owned and operated a mill situated on the brook at this point, and, although the mill has long since disappeared, the probability of the truthfulness of the tradition is, in this case, strengthened by the town records, for, in 1718, September 2, the records show that the town voted: "That John Lovewell, Sr., and his son John should have liberty to build a dam in the highway over Salmon Brook, not to incommode the highway." Mr. Fox also says that Lovewell's farm extended far south of Salmon Brook, and also that in the latter part of his life he kept a store at the harbor. The mill, the farm and the store furnish sufficient proof of the nature of his every day life and avocations.

As to his character, if he was once a crop-eared round-head in Oliver Cromwell's army, fighting against the gay cavaliers of King Charles II., there is little doubt but that he was at least a professedly religious man; and doubtless he could and did, like many another "Praise-God-Bare-Bones" of those times, cut down cavaliers between his prayers, with as little unconcern as he afterward displayed

in cutting down Indians in Massachusetts or woods in New Hampshire.

Mr. Fox says: "That in 1745, when he was more than one hundred years old, he was very constant in his attendance upon church;" and in confirmation of this statement he relates a story of him, connected with the Rev. Mr. Swan, who was dismissed from the church here in 1746 or 1747, to the following effect:

One Sabbath morning the Reverend gentleman "forgot the day and ordered his men to their work. They objected, telling him that it was Sunday. He would not believe them, but said if it is, we shall see old father Lovewell on his way up the hill to church; and sure enough Mr. Lovewell soon appeared on his way to church, which he never missed."

Mr. Fox fixes the year of his death as 1754, and his age at that time as one hundred and twenty years, although he evidently had grave doubts as to the correctness of the latter statement; a doubt which has subsequently been shared in by many others. Where he is buried is unknown to this day, even tradition being silent upon that point.

During his residence here, extending over a period of at least sixty, and probably more, years, the growth of the town both in wealth and population was, until the very last few years, very slow. In 1680 there were but thirty families in town all told, and probably less than 150 inhabitants. In 1694 two-thirds of the inhabitants left town for fear of the Indians. Yet during this period the first meeting house was built in 1678, and in 1685, the Rev. Mr. Welds was ordained as the first settled minister in town. Within this period also, in 1736, Hollis was set off from Dunstable under the title of "The West Parish of Dunstable," and the famous controversy concerning One Pine Hill began and ended.

But perhaps the most interesting event occurring in connection with his life in Nashua, is the fact, if it be a fact, that he received and entertained Hannah Dustin as

his guest when she came down the Merrimack on her way home, after her destruction of and escape from the clutches of her Indian captors, at the mouth of the Contoocook. That he did so entertain this famous heroine has long been a tradition in his family and among the citizens of Dunstable and Nashua.

That no mention of it appears among the numerous accounts of her capture and escape, in no way detracts from the probability of its truthfulness, because in the first accounts of the affair, upon which all subsequent ones are founded, the writers, as was natural, paid particular attention to the details of her capture and the heroic measures which she adopted to free herself and companions from their enemies, leaving the events of her journey back home to their readers' imagination.

Doubtless her story is familiar to all of you, yet it may not be inappropriate for me to repeat it on this occasion, not only on account of the tradition now perpetuated by the inscription upon this tablet, but also because bravery and heroism such as she exhibited cannot be too often spread before the public. The following brief statement is based upon one of the oldest accounts of her capture and escape.

On the fifth day of March, 1697, the town of Haverhill, Mass., was attacked by Indians, who burned a number of houses and captured about forty of its inhabitants. Among those captured was Mrs. Hannah Dustin, the wife of Thomas Dustin, their infant and her nurse, Mrs. Mary Neff. The Dustin house was situated about one mile from the garrison house in the village. At the time of the attack, Mr. Dustin was at work in the field near his house. Discovering the Indians as they approached, he ran into the house, hoping to secure the safety of his family. His wife was in bed and, despairing of being able to render her any service, he resolved to save his children, seven in number, the eighth being the infant which was with its mother; and, having started them off in the direction of the village,

he seized his gun, mounted his horse, and following in their rear retreated, and by loading and firing as rapidly as possible at the Indians who pursued him, kept them at bay so that he finally got his flock safely into the shelter of a distant house. Meanwhile a part of the Indians had entered the house and captured Mrs. Dustan and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the babe in her arms. Compelling Mrs. Dustan to rise and leave the house, which they plundered and burned, they immediately began their march, taking her, Mrs. Neff, and several other persons along as captives. Mrs. Dustan was sick, feeble, almost deranged with terror, one of her feet bare, and the ground, it being yet early in the spring, partially covered with snow. The party had proceeded but a short distance when one of the Indians, thinking the infant which the nurse was carrying an incumbrance, snatched it from her arms and dashed its head against a tree. Many of the other captives were slaughtered as they grew weary. Notwithstanding Mrs. Dustan's feeble condition and her agony and anxiety of mind, she and her companions were enabled to endure the fatigues of the journey, the severe cold and the sufferings of hunger, until they finished an expedition of about one hundred and fifty miles.

(Note here that all the early accounts of this affair give the length of the march as about one hundred and fifty miles. Mr. Robert Caverly, who has written the latest account, also puts the distance at one hundred and fifty miles. Yet he brings the march to an end on an island in the Merrimack at the mouth of the Contoocook River; a spot which is distant from Haverhill in a straight line less than fifty miles; and even if the party followed the windings of the Merrimack, the distance would have been less than seventy miles. But none of the early stories of this affair to which I have had access mention the Contoocook River as being the end of the march.)

The wigwam in which the captives were finally lodged was inhabited by twelve persons besides the Indian who

claimed them as his property. In April this Indian and his family set out for an Indian settlement more remote, taking the captives with them, and on the 31st of that month, Mrs. Dustan, nerved to desperation by the terrors of her situation, while the Indians were asleep, early in the morning, having awakened her nurse and a fellow prisoner, a young man from Worcester, dispatched ten of the twelve Indians. The other two escaped.

Having scalped the Indians, she and her companions returned to Haverhill through the wilderness. It is very probable that this return was made in Indian canoes by way of the Merrimack River.

The question as to whether Mrs. Dustan, in killing her captors, was actuated by a spirit of revenge, has often been discussed, and, if she was so actuated, whether or not she was justified in doing the deed. But it would, I think, strike the majority of people that, under the circumstances, whatever her motives, she was justified in thinking that *bad* Indians were the best Indians, and act accordingly.

Apart from the incidents in Mr. Lovewell's life in Dunstable, as above narrated, so far as the records show, he pursued the even tenor of his way, quietly attending to his own business. His name does not appear on the town books as holding any position of honor, emolument or trust, or in any way taking part in town affairs. And were it not for the fact that he was the father of children whose fame was, after his death, the cause of arousing an interest in and keeping alive the traditionary stories concerning him, his name, like many another of his contemporaries, would long since have passed from the memory of man.

His is a notable instance of the old saying that "The father lives in the son."

John Lovewell was the father of four children, three of whom survived him. John, the eldest son, was born October 14, 1691. The date of his daughter Hannah's birth is unknown. Zaccheus, the second son, was born July 22, 1701, and Jonathan, the youngest child, was born May 14, 1712.

Of these children, John and Zaccheus seem to have inherited the soldierly qualities of their sire. John grew up into a strong and active manhood. He was courageous, skilled in wood craft, fond of adventurous enterprises, and of indomitable pluck and perseverance.

The story of his leading a band of picked men against the Indians in 1724, during the war afterwards called Lovewell's, of his encounter and battle with them at Pequaket Pond, and his heroic death there at their hands, is familiar to us all. It stands out on the pages of Indian warfare in New Hampshire, conspicuous at once for the boldness, bravery and daring of both the whites and Indians who were engaged in it as well as for the almost unparalleled loss of life on each side, in proportion to the numbers engaged. John Lovewell was thirty-three years old at the time of his death. He is buried on the battlefield near Pequaket Pond.

Zaccheus Lovewell was a colonel in the French and Indian War of 1759, succeeding Col. Joseph Blanchard in command of a regiment. He was present at the taking of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He also took a conspicuous part in the civil affairs of Dunstable throughout his life, as appears from the records. He died April 12, 1772, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was buried in the old cemetery on the Lowell road, and is the only member of the original Lovewell family buried there, so far as the tombstones show.

Jonathan died in Nashua in 1792, aged seventy-nine years. From an early period he was actively engaged in town affairs in Dunstable, and was honored by its citizens by being elected and appointed to many positions of trust and responsibility. Up to within a short time of his death, he held the office of a judge for the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough county.

The descendants of John Lovewell, Sr., are numerous and they are scattered all over New England. For many years after his death the name was a prominent one in



town. But although there are many of his descendants still living in Nashua, the name of Lovewell, as belonging to a descendant of old John Lovewell, is, I believe, unknown here to-day.

Since the publication of Mr. Fox's history there have been those who doubted the correctness of its statement in regard to Mr. Lovewell being one hundred and twenty years of age at the time of his death in 1754. But like all of the statements concerning Mr. Lovewell, it was traditional, and therefore seemingly impossible to disprove.

Within a few months, however, through the researches of Hon. Ezra Stearns, formerly of Concord, this state, a document purporting to be an affidavit of John Lovewell and Anna, his wife, has been brought to light, which, if true, settles the question of John Lovewell's age at the time of his death, as well as, also, the year in which he came to Dunstable.

This document was found in the court files of New Hampshire, where it had lain for one hundred and fifty years. It is signed by John Lovewell and Anna Lovewell and by their cross, and sworn to before "Samuel Emerson, J. Peace," on the sixteenth day of March, 1744. It is in the form of a deposition and the justice's jurat states that it was taken to be used in a case then pending in court. In it John Lovewell's age is given as ninety-three years at the time. As it was dated in 1744, and he, Lovewell, died in 1754, ten years after, he was one hundred and three years old, instead of one hundred and twenty, at the time of his decease.

In this same deposition he gives the date of his coming to Dunstable as 1680.

Such is the story of John Lovewell, Sr. It is vague, indefinite and, in a personal sense, unsatisfactory. But it contains all the information of importance that, at the present time, can be given of and concerning him, and therefore it suffices for the purposes of this sketch.

Deposition of John Lovewell, Sr.

By EZRA S. STEARNS

The Deposition of John Lovewell aged ninety-three and Anna his wife aged about eighty-three years who testify & say that in the year 1680 they were Inhabitants and resident in Dunstable & have been Inhabitants and resident there ever since and that in the said year 1680 there were 35 Families settled in Dunstable beside several single men who were resident there and owned Lotts in said Town & further saith that in the first Ten Years' War for one Summer the Inhabitants all gathered in one Garrison and that about fifty-five years ago in the Month of August in the same Town there was killed by the Indians Four of the Inhabitants and in September next following two more was Killed and one wounded and about Forty-eight years ago of the same Town there was one Killed and two captivated & about the same time there was one Killed or captivated and about thirty-nine years ago in Dunstable there was eleven Persons Killed and three captivated by the Indians & one House & Garrison burned down at the same Time and that about thirty-three years ago there was one Person Killed and one wounded in Dunstable and the year following in Dunstable there was one Man more Killed and in the year following there was one Man more captivated & carried to Canada and in the year 1724 there was Eight persons Killed one wounded & four captivated in Dunstable and in the year 1725 there was of the Inhabitants of Dunstable five Killed and two wounded all which Mischiefs was done by the Indians in the time of War—and in the year 1680 the Revd. Mr. Thomas Wells preached in Dunstable and continued there until he was ordained there to the work of the Ministry which was about two years after and that from the Time we first came to Dunstable the Inhabitants has never drawn off.

his
JOHN X LOVEWELL.
mark

her
ANNA X LOVEWELL.
mark

Province of
New Hampshire } March 16, 1744.

Then the above named John Lovewell and Anna Lovewell made Solemn Oath to the truth of the foregoing Deposition by them signed relating to an Action of Ejectment wherein one Joseph Kidder is Appellant & the Proprietors of Londonderry are Appellees to be heard and tried at the Supreme Court of Judicature to be holden at Portsmouth in said Province on Tuesday the nineteenth day of this instant March by adjournment from the first Tuesday in February last past—the Deponents

living more than five miles from Portsmouth where the Case is to be tried & the said Proprietors of Londonderry the adverse Party being duly notified was present by one of their Committee for Law-Suits viz: Capt. Moses Barned.

Sworn before

SAMUEL EMERSON,

J. Peace.

The foregoing deposition of John and Anna Lovewell has slumbered in the court files of New Hampshire more than one hundred and fifty years. In the mean time there has been much discussion and considerable uncertainty concerning the number of persons killed by the Indians in the ancient township of Dunstable. The testimony of these aged witnesses, who settled in Dunstable in 1680, and who had personal knowledge of the events is of importance. The deposition was made in 1744 and the mention of August and September "about fifty-five years ago" probably refers to 1791 when Joseph Hassell, Anna, his wife, and Benjamin, his son, and Mary Marks were killed September 2 and to the killing of Christopher Temple and Obediah Perry, which occurred on the twenty-eighth day of the same month.

The statement that "about forty-eight years ago of the same town there was one killed and two captivated and about the same time there was one killed or captivated" is of interest. The accredited traditions of the town do present a corresponding record.

The Lovewells allege that about 1705 eleven were killed and three were carried into captivity. The events in the minds of these aged witnesses mainly occurred in 1706. At this time Nathaniel Blanchard, Lydia, his wife, and one child, and Hannah Blanchard and Elizabeth, wife of John Cummings, Jr., and Rachel Galusha were murdered by the Indians and concerning the number of soldiers killed the same day at the Weld Garrison and at the Galusha Garrison there is a marked conflict in the traditions of the town. The witnesses speak of three captives. The wife of Captain Butterfield, Richard Hassell, Samuel

Butterfield and Samuel Whitney, Sr. were captured about this date.

The statement that in 1711 and the two succeeding years two were killed, one wounded and one captured is not found in other narratives and it is, perhaps, possible that a few of the casualties generally supposed to have taken place in 1706 or immediately preceding occurred at this time. In 1724, the deponents say, eight were killed, one wounded and four captured. This statement refers to the losses near Thornton's Ferry. The witnesses do not allege that all the dead were residents of Dunstable. The persons killed were Ebenezer French, Thomas Lund, Oliver Farwell, Ebenezer Cummings, Benjamin Carter, Daniel Baldwin, John Burbank and — Johnson. The first five were Dunstable men. Three of the four prisoners referred to were Nathan Cross, Thomas Blanchard and William Lund.

All of the foregoing casualties, according to the statements of the Lovewells, occurred in Dunstable. In the allegation that "in the year 1725 there was of the inhabitants of Dunstable five killed and two wounded," there is no mention of the place in which the casualties occurred. The venerable witnesses, mindful of the loss of their son, referred to the Lovewell fight at Pequawket. The five Dunstable men who were slain in that memorable expedition were Capt. John Lovewell, Lieut. Josiah Farwell, Lieut. Jonathan Robbins, Ensign John Harwood and Robert Usher. Samuel Whiting, Jr., was one of the two Dunstable men said to be wounded.

It is stated on good authority that during these troublous times Robert Parris, his wife and one daughter were killed by the Indians and that two daughters escaped, one of whom married a Richardson and the other became the wife of John Goffe and was the mother of Col. John Goffe, a conspicuous character in the annals of New Hampshire. It is well known that John Goffe, generally distinguished as Esquire Goffe, married Hannah Parris, sometimes writ-

ten Parish. In the History of Dunstable, the Hon. Charles J. Fox says that the massacre of the Parris family occurred soon after 1703, but Col, John Goffe was born in 1701, which leads to the presumption that the Parris massacre was at an earlier date than that given by Mr. Fox.

The statement that John Lovewell, the deponent, lived to the great age of one hundred and twenty years, has repeatedly appeared in print. It is one of those peculiar traditions that the curious seize upon without investigation. It is admitted that he died about 1752 and it is equally certain that his age did not exceed one hundred and two years.

The Lost Cup of Tea

By MRS. EDWARD STEVENS

This poem was read at the Old Home Week celebration in Nottingham, August 18, 1903, and afterwards published in the *Exeter News-Letter*.—*Editor*.

May I tell a tale of Nottingham
That happened years ago?
'Twas in the old colonial times,
Before they struck the blow
That gave to us our country
United, free and strong,
Where justice is the watchword
And right triumphs over wrong.

It was in the early autumn,
Before the frost came down,
To open wide the chestnut burr
And turn the maples brown.
The sun was slowly setting,
And the air was crisp and chill,
When a party of men on horseback
Rode down the long "Square Hill."

They had ridden since dawn from Portsmouth,
They longed for food and rest.
They knew that at "Butler's tavern"
Was shelter for man and beast.

THE LOST CUP OF TEA

So, urging their tired horses
Along at a quickened pace,
They reached the site that now is known
To us as the "Boody place,"

Where back in seventeen seventy-three
The "public house" on the hill
Was kept by Jephania Butler,
And his good wife Abigail.
They joined "mine host in the bar-room,
Round the cheery open fire,
With its four-foot hickory back-log,
Where the flames rose higher and higher,

They talked of their country's oppression,
Of King George over the sea,
They talked of just taxation,
Then spoke of tax on tea.

One said it was wrong and illegal,
And that in time 'twould be proved.
They vowed they never would drink it
Until the tax was removed.

Before the fire stood a stranger,
Who with them would not agree,
Said he "this is nonsense you're talking
Now I, for one, drink tea.
I have some here in my pocket,
That presently I shall brew,
And when I eat my supper,
I shall drink a cup o' two."

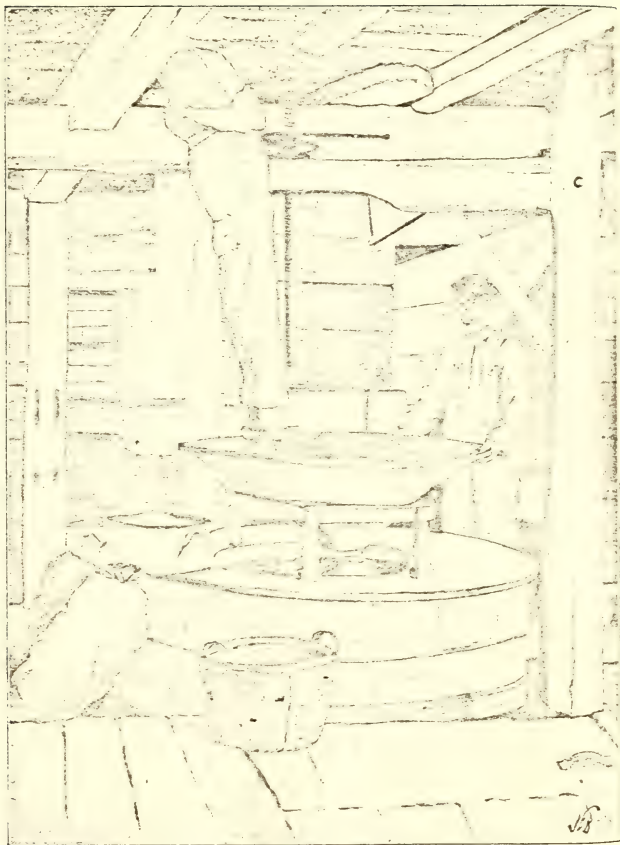
Near the door stood Dame Butler,
In her hand a carving knife,
Her patriotic nature roused,
Indignant thoughts were rife.
"Does he think that he can come here,
And in my house drink tea?
Does he think I shelter a Tory?
Inded, it shall never be."

Then quickly she darted forward,
Her plate of meat she let fall,
And with one deft stroke of the carver,
Cut coat-tails, pocket and all,
Threw them into the blazing fire-place,
Before he had time to think,
While she said in a voice triumphant,
"That tea you shall never drink."

CHARACTER SKETCHES

No II

THE MILLER



Drawn for THE GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by JOHN EVERETT BEANE

THE MILLER

Character Sketches

II

"The Miller"

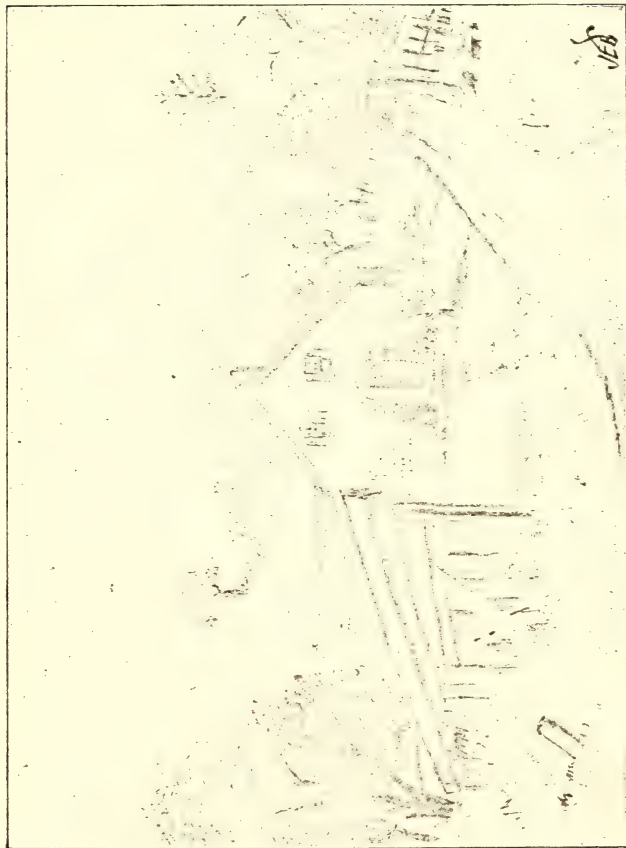


THE ever-changing kaleidoscope of time reveals no greater change in the onward march of human destiny than that suggested by our artist in his portrayal of a phase of life now blended so deeply in the new order of things as to live only on the borderland of yesterday. Few, if any, are left of the humble, low-walled, weather-beaten buildings that once were so frequently to be seen along the banks of our New England streams, clinging with what seemed a precarious hold upon the brink of some ledge overhanging the waterfall that made it such an important factor in the livelihood of the rural population. In those days the goddess Ceres held sway supreme over the hillsides of the Granite State, where fields of ripening grain nodded their infinite heads to the passing breeze, sending abroad their messages of plenty and prosperity. But these beckoning hosts, forever moving but never advancing, have vanished with the fleeting years, and the old grist-mill has strewn the rock with its ruins, the dam that furnished its forces has fallen away, while the very stream itself speaks of the blight of departed industry in its subdued song of slow-moving melody.

Within the old grist-mill was an air and atmosphere of mystery and romance. What pictures of elfin land was portrayed to the childish beholder upon its rough walls and ceiling ribbed with huge timbers and festooned with swaying cobwebs touched with the snow of the white dust rising like a vapor above the wide-mouthed hopper! Over this stood the miller, grim and solemn visaged, a veritable ghost, if ever one existed, or moving to and fro with shuffling step, his footfall was drowned by the steady rumble of the grinding stones or the sullen grumble of the rolling waterfall.



ON HIS WAY TO THE MILL



Drawn for The GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by JOHN EVERETT BEANE



Geminiscences of a Miller

By JOHN EVERETT BEANE

"The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed."
So sang the sirens of old.
But now the brook may cease to flow,
As the mill has ground its last.

FAR away in old New Hampshire, at the foot of one of the Granite Hills, half hidden among the green foliage, sits the old mill by the brookside, which rushes on and on. Not far away from the mill, entrenched in the very hillside, is the picturesque home of the miller. Here he lives, in this serene solitude, watching the summers come and go, the wintry winds whirl their blasts through the tree tops. He heeds them not. He watches the moon pass on with its monotonous vicissitudes, yet he is done; he has taken his turn at the mill and likewise the mill has taken its turn in the evolution of American industry.

The stone has ceased to grind, the wheels have ceased to turn, and here they stand, mill and miller, at the sunset of their existence as living monuments that mark the path of the evolution of industry, making our glorious republic what it is.

As I approached him for permission to make a sketch of his mill, I saw in him and his six feet of height the shattered remains of a person far greater than the hopes of future generations, and as he sat beside me, while I was sketching, leaning on his elbow, his eyes half closed in a very meditative mood, I knew that he was dreaming dreams of younger days when he was strong and powerful, of the days when the stone growled as it ground the golden grain in unison with the rippling waters. He could stand it no

longer. He awoke from his dream and gave vent to the pent-up passion that burned within him.

"Young man, times have changed," he began. "You sit here sketching as a curiosity the old mill that was once the pride of all the country round; yes, my boy, the best in the state. When I was young I was busy all day long, and much is the grain that I have ground and bolted in my time. All these surrounding farms produced fairly large crops of corn, wheat and barley and I ground it all. Yes, I made money and lots of it, too, but I spent it again by putting the best machinery in my mill money could buy, consequently giving my customers the best of service. Young man, this old mill which you regard as worthless and a curiosity, which it truly is, represents a vast fortune, for in those days machinery cost good money. Yes, it represents the life-long earnings of an ambitious man. It was the pride of my heart and now it's worthless, and why—and why?"

Not waiting for a reply he continued:

"I have seen forests cut and fields cleared, I have seen villages and cities spring up where a vast wilderness once stood, I have seen every railroad built in New England. I have seen the great mills and factories spring up, and all with the aid of modern invention, tending to one point, the concentration of wealth and industry, and here am I, overwhelmed and outdone in the rapid race of business enterprise.

"Ah! 'tis well I remember the time when there came to our village school a lad from one of the way-back country farms, and Saturdays he would bring the grist to mill. As he sat and watched the coarse flour bolted from the wheat, little did I realize that he was destined to become one of the greatest millers in the land, and to-day hold sway over the flour products of the whole world. Yes, it was he and his ability that makes my old mill worthless; it was he who built the great flour mills of the west and concentrated the flour industry of America.

"Yet the farmers are somewhat at fault. The young men have gone to college and become educated because it was thought the easier way to get a living, but, sir, I tell you it is best not to know too much.

"Years ago every young man learned a trade, but now you artists and draughtsmen plan things all on paper, so the most ignorant can erect a building as easily as a skillful carpenter.

"The young men of to-day have vaulting ambitions which o'er-leap themselves. They lead a fast life, must have fine clothes and a nice office. Look at my office. Here is where I kept the grain accounts of the country around for years. See the old stool, old stove, and a box for a desk. Not much like the office of the grain merchants in town, with its easy chairs, steam heater, roll-top desks, and everything lovely. They want too much, and failure is their destiny.

"But I am old, I must soon go to my last reward, the old mill will soon fall a victim of the elements, and but for remembrances we will be wiped from the face of the earth."

Thus ended his soliloquy, the fire of passion died down, and he again fell into dreaming what were to him pleasant dreams. He is a true philosopher. In the course of his life he has hammered out a philosophy logical and sensible.

They may pass on, both mill and miller, yet their achievements will live forever on the immortal pages of unwritten history, as the corner-stone and foundation of our industries, society and government.



A New Hampshire Paradise

By MARY C. BUTLER

CLOSE among the hills of Webster nestles beautiful Lake Winnepauket. Surrounded by deep woods, silent except for the sighing of the pines. From the distance old Kearsarge in all its grandeur and majesty keeps watch o'er the lake as it ripples and smiles in the bright sunshine. Here the squirrel plays all day in the woods, and the fish swim in the lake. Wild roses bloom on the shore, and the bees hum in the blossoms.

Who can picture anything more beautiful than the rising and setting of the sun in such a place? Slowly from behind the huge Palatine Hill rises the sun from a bed of soft changeable colors. As the first ray of the sun travels over the lake, a lonely loon flies up with its weird, half-human cry, a messenger of day. The birds begin to awaken and the still woods echo and re-echo with the music of this choir. Tranquilly the wood thrush begins the song, and one by one the others take it up until the music rises in a pæan of praise, more wonderful than any choir of man can produce. The woods glisten with diamonds of dew, and their lofty arches are filled with the sweetest incense on earth, the odor of dew-kissed flowers.

Now the day advances and again the wood are hushed. The twigs crackle under the tread of animals, and the soft waves lap the shore. The little world seems drowsy in the sunshine of noonday. The leaves rustle softly and the pines sing as the cool breeze from the lake sweeps through them.

As the afternoon wears on, the lake begins to roughen and foam-crested waves roll far over the sands of the beach, and beat upon the rocks and shores. As the evening approaches all this is changed. The lake becomes like

a sea of glass in which are reflected images of the huge trees, the rocks and beautiful flowers on the shore. The shadows lengthen, for the sun is beginning to set. Slowly it goes down behind the mountain, clothed in its purple robe! The lake is bathed with a myriad of changing hues, the sky is a sea of color, and nature, hushed, seems to bow in reverence to it.

The shadows deepen and, one by one, the twinkling stars come out. Once again is the Palatine Hill a scene of beauty. This time it is the moon that honors it. Like a huge ball of fire, it rises o'er the darkening hill, touching even the inmost recesses of the woods with its cool, white rays. Slowly it rises, and night settles down on the lake. A deer comes down to the shore, to feast on the lily pads. A bass jumps for a fly. The twigs snap and crackle under stealthy footsteps. These are the only sounds except, perhaps, late at night, the call of a coon or the hideous cry of a lonely lynx. So the night wears away, and again calm dawn approaches.

Calm as nature usually is, she is not always pleasant; she cannot always smile. Perhaps a storm may arise. Black clouds may roll over old Kearsarge. To me the storm is most beautiful of the lake's wonders. The waters become black. The wind, with a sullen roar, rushes down upon the lake and lashes up the waters, rolling huge, foam-crested waves to the shore.* Deep thunders roll, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill. Blinding lightnings flash and the rain falls in torrents. From the deep woods comes the crash of falling trees. In an instant, the tempest is past. The rain ceases, and the sun comes out. All nature seems to smile through her tears.

So do the changes go on, day after day, week after week, but never is the lake twice exactly the same. It is a place of never-ending, ever-changing beauties, a place where man must worship the Creator who made him. Clearer and ever stronger comes the thought to our minds:

"What master mind hath done this thing,
What god hath been so kind?"

The Vermont Grants

New Hampshire's Interest in Them

By OVANDO D. CLOUGH

PART II

(Continued from the January-March number)

THE College party then sent out from Dresden letters to a "Committee of Safety" in several towns to "come together for action," when eleven of the river towns, from Lebanon to Bath, met in convention at Dresden, July 31, and practically seceded from the Exeter government on the plea that "one part of a colony could not control another part." They boldly declared that they would not spend blood and treasure to defend against chains forged abroad, and submit to the like forged at home.

Towns agreeing to such sentiments were invited to write to Bezaleel Woodward, a professor at Dartmouth and clerk of committees at Dresden, and that many did so write is shown by the fact of a communication from President Weare of the Council of New Hampshire to that state's delegates in Congress, December 16, 1776, saying, "that, owing to an address fabricated at Dartmouth College, almost the whole of Grafton County refused to send members to the Assembly."

While these things were going on, the Bennington party on the west side of the river and west of the Green Mountains had been antagonizing New York, laying plans for an independent state west of the river. In January, 1775, several towns west of the mountains met in Manchester, twenty-five miles north of Bennington, in opposition

to New York. In April, 1775, committees of safety from towns east of the mountains met at Westminster, on the river, and petitioned the king to be taken out of so offensive a jurisdiction and joined to some other, or formed into a new one. But the first skirmishes of the Revolutionary War, at Lexington and Concord, rendered the petition to the king of no avail, so no other action was taken until January, 1776, when a convention of the committees of most of the towns west of the mountains met at Dorset and sent an address to the Continental Congress against further submission to New York. Congress, however, advised them to remain under the jurisdiction of New York until the end of the war. This caused anger and an increased desire for further action.

In June a convention of all towns west of the river was called to meet in July again in Dorset. This was just before the college party's meeting at Dresden, and it was resolved to ask the people of said grants to form themselves into a separate district. There being only one delegate from the east side of the mountains present at the Dorset convention, a committee was appointed to visit the east side towns and solicit their co-operation. During the summer said committee did meet committees from Windsor, Thetford and Norwich. At the Norwich meeting, John Wheelock, son of President Wheelock of Dartmouth, was present and proposed that the College party and the east side of the river towns join the Dorset people in their movement, but no action was taken.

At the next convention in Dorset, in September, ten delegates from the east side of the mountain towns were present, but the convention did no more than to adjourn to meet in October, at Westminster, on the river. At that time the Americans met a defeat on Lake Champlain which stayed, for a time, all civic and political action. But in January, 1777, a convention met at Westminster court-house and declared its independence of New York and voted unanimously to be a "free and independent state" under

the College party's name of "New Connecticut." At this time the College party, by its united committees, had secured the allegiance of forty towns heretofore belonging to the Exeter government, and in June, 1777, President Weare and a committee visited Grafton county to "consider the consequences of such internal discord and separation," but were met by the declaration of the united committees that the "declaration of independence by the colonies made null and void the antecedent governments, and that the people of the various colonies politically reverted back to first conditions, and so must begin new again."

The local committees met President Weare and his committee at Ordway's Tavern in Lebanon, February 13, with twelve towns represented, President Wheelock, of Dartmouth, being present as a spectator. But their discussion brought no results. The scheme of uniting with New Connecticut did not prevail.

The Westminster convention assembled, as per adjournment, June 4, at Windsor, with an increased representation, and took steps to draft a constitution for a new state, to be reported at a constitutional convention of new delegates, to meet also at Windsor, July 2.

At the June convention the Bennington party had been able, against the opposition of the College party, to change the proposed name of New Connecticut for the new state to that of Vermont. The Dresden coterie were little dismayed at this evident set-back, and went on with their schemes. Their united committees met in Hanover, a week after the June convention at Windsor, and prepared an address, or an ultimatum, to the Exeter Assembly, stating the conditions under which the disaffected towns would unite with New Hampshire. But the conditions of the war at that time made its presentation unadvisable, while the meeting of the Constitutional Convention at Windsor, July 2, came at the time of Burgoyne's advance. Many of the delegates were in the American army, and were at the convention

"on leave," so the business was hurriedly transacted at the village tavern, which was thereafter called "Constitution Hall," a part of which, it is said, still stands.

Being thus held almost amid the tumult, roar and clang of war, this convention was one of the most dramatic and exciting of the many enacted in that long period of warfare. The delegates met first in the meeting-house and listened to a sermon by Rev. Aaron Hutchinson, a learned and noted divine, then of Pomfret. The work of the convention had but just begun when there arrived an "express" from Col. Seth Warner, the "Colonel Warrington" of the "Green Mountain Boys," telling of the advance of Burgoyne on Ticonderoga. The regular business of the convention was stopped at once, and steps taken to send men and provisions for the defense. An express with a copy of Warner's message was also sent to the New Hampshire Assembly, then in session at Exeter, which also said, "Every prudent step should be taken to protect our friends at the front." Then the regular business of the convention went on again, as deliberately as before. The draft of the Constitution that had been prepared by the committee was considered, part by part, separately, for four days, when another excitement came, by the arrival of an express from General St. Clair, telling of the evacuation of Ticonderoga, the pursuit of the Americans by the British and their attack on Colonel Warner at Hubbardton. The line of the enemy lying along by the homes of many of the western town delegates caused them great anxiety and a desire to adjourn at once and go to their defense. But just as this might have been done, and probably would have been done, suddenly, almost as if God had become angry at some act or dereliction, an awe-inspiring thunder storm, typical of the storm of war menacing home and country a few miles away, broke over the place, compelling all to stay within. But it did not stay the work they were there to do, and amid the mingled roar of wind, plash of rain, peal of thunder and flash of lightning, they read again, as a whole, the Constitution and adopted it unanimously.

An election was ordered for the next December, when representatives were to be elected to the first General Assembly, to be held in Bennington in January. A committee was named to procure arms for the state, and a "council of safety" to administer affairs until the state could be duly set to work. And then, the storm still raging, they did one other distinguishing act, the first of the kind of all colonial conventions, assemblies or legislatures. While seeking their own liberties, which showed that they of that convention, contending for justice amid their own perils, were imbued with the instincts of justice for others and the establishment forever of the humanity of the Green Mountain Boys' democracy, they voted that "slavery should not exist within the new state."

The storm of the elements nearly over, the anger of God apparently appeased, the political work well and gloriously done, the convention adjourned and the members hastened to defend their homes, where the tempest of war was still raging.

The College party, after preparing its ultimatum to the Council at Exeter, was inactive till the summer of 1777 had passed and it met in October at Hanover and sent it to the Assembly then in session. In November the Assembly answered it, saying, "Though far from perfect, present conditions would do for present purposes, but as soon as conditions of the war would permit, the people, under equal representation, should convene and form a permanent system." But this did not suit the Dresden coterie.

When the Assembly met again, in December, it proposed that the towns might instruct their representatives to call a Constitutional Convention, to be chosen by a full and free vote, to form a "permanent government." This did not satisfy the Dresden folk and, though the force of their contention was a good deal weakened, they sent out again to the towns printed arguments full of all the arts of the scholar, to show the wisdom of all the grants on both sides of the river uniting under one government, either by



the east side towns joining the new state of Vermont, or the joining of the east and the west side towns in a new confederation, with its seat of government at Dresden, which then was the hub around which their political interests revolved. Then followed in the towns on both sides of the river moves and schemes, and counter-moves and schemes, causing much civic unrest. The Vermont Constitutional Convention met at Windsor, December 24, but, on account of conditions of the war, postponed the date of the election till March 1, 1778; and the first Assembly adjourned to March 12, and changed the place of meeting from Bennington to Windsor.

A month before the date of this Assembly at Windsor, the united committees of the College party met in Cornish, to start a new scheme of a union to the new state of Vermont of all New Hampshire towns twenty miles east of the river. To the eleven towns that originally had joined the united committees, five more had been added, three of them, Cornish, Piermont and Lyman (the writer's home town) being river towns.

When the Assembly met at Windsor, March 12, the united committees of the College party were in session in Cornish, just across the river, and as soon as the new state had been organized at Constitution Hall, sent over a committee, asking admission of their sixteen east-side towns and all others wishing such union. But a majority of the Assembly did not wish to receive them, whereupon some of the minority representatives threatened to withdraw from the new state and join the east side towns in forming another. It was then referred to a vote of the people, which, as reported at Bennington in June, showed that thirty-five towns favored the union, and twelve opposed it. June 16, 1778, the sixteen east-side towns were made a part of the then state of Vermont, and other towns were advised that they could be if they so desired.

(To be continued)

The Opening of the North

By CLARIBEL M. WEEKS

FROM the earliest settlement of New Hampshire, the White Mountains have been the state's great natural attraction. Their bald summits, white during eight or nine months of the year, are the first land sighted by home-coming ships; the last, seen as clouds on the horizon, by ships outward bound. Those who live near them find the same charm in their rugged and romantic scenery that a sailor finds in the sea.

The early settlers of New Hampshire, however, had little appreciation of the beauties of this range. They thought of these snow-crowned mountains only as a formidable barrier to the development of the northern part of the colony. The Indians regarded them with almost religious reverence, and could not be induced to ascend to their summits. They had a tradition relating to this mysterious region, somewhat resembling the Hebrew story of the flood. According to this legend, waters sent by the Great Spirit once covered the land, drowning all the inhabitants save one chief and his wife, who fled to the White Mountains for safety. From these two, the Indian world was re-peopled. Thus regarding these mountains as the birth-place of their race, the savages held them as a sacred region, from which they endeavored to debar all white men. They carefully guarded the secret of the passes which they used in going north to Canada, and not until a few years before the Revolution were these discovered by the colonists.

The first settlers of northern Coos used the Connecticut River as a highway. Rogers' Rangers, who returned from Saint Francis by way of this valley in 1759, brought wonderful reports of the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil. Soon after David Page, of Haverhill,

being dissatisfied with the division of land in his own town, obtained a large grant of forest land in what is now the town of Lancaster. In the following autumn, he sent his son and Emmons Stockwell to explore the tract and take possession. The next spring, several families came up from Haverhill.

Agriculture naturally became the leading industry in this new community. The soil near the river was so rich that for years enormous crops were raised without any use of fertilizers. At first the grain was ground by horse power, but this was only a slight improvement on the mortar and pestle still used by many. Afterwards three water-power mills were built in succession, and when each one in turn was destroyed by fire the people of Lancaster became despondent. Haverhill was still the nearest settlement to the south, and the river remained the only means of communication. Passing the "Fifteen-Mile falls" on rafts or in rude boats propelled by oars was a task of difficulty and danger. In winter ox-sleds were used on the ice at the constant risk of breaking through. As settlements increased up the Israel Valley, the need of a road through the mountains became more and more apparent.

In 1771 Timothy Nash, an old hunter who lived alone in the forest country near the Israel River, made a discovery which was destined to open up the whole north to travel and trade. One day, while moose hunting, he followed a trail up Cherry Mountain. The summit had never been explored by a white man before, so the hunter climbed a tall birch to gain an unobstructed view. Looking to the south, he saw a long, irregular defile stretching away between the mountains—the now famous White Mountain Notch. At once all thought of moose hunting passed from his mind. In scrambling down the tree, he lost one of his mittens, a circumstance from which he called the peak "Mitten Mountain," a name soon changed to Cherry, which it now bears. Steering with the unerring skill of an old woodsman, he made his way to the entrance of the

notch and explored it carefully. Every step confirmed his surmise,—that he had found the gateway of the mountains. He reported his discovery to Governor Wentworth, who rewarded him by a grant of land in the White Mountains, whose secret he had penetrated.

Meanwhile other settlements were made in the north country. A grant, comprising a large part of the Israel Valley, was bestowed on one John Goffe. In 1773, he sold his northern estate, which he had named Dartmouth, to Col. Joseph Whipple of Portsmouth. Colonel Whipple and his brother, both merchants of considerable influence, moved to the northern wilderness and founded the little township of Dartmouth, which now, under the name of Jefferson, bears the honor of being the highest point on the main road between Maine and Vermont, and commanding the most extensive view of the great peaks. The adjoining town of Whitefield, named for the famous Methodist divine, was organized in 1774. This was the last township granted under the crown in New Hampshire.

At this point, northern development was checked by the Revolutionary War. Even in the town of Lancaster, which had been established more than ten years, the people lost heart and many wished to abandon their farms and return to a safer home in the southern part of the state. When at length some of their numbers were captured and taken to Canada by the Indians, the townsmen met at the home of Emmons Stockwell to plan for their future course. The resolution of this one man saved the town from total desertion. "My family and I," he said, "will stay here." A few others followed his example, and Lancaster still remains.

At the close of the war, new roads were opened through the heart of the mountains, northern settlement took new vigor, and Coos became an important factor in the development of the state.

Few people who now make use of the railroad through the White Mountain Notch ever think of Timothy Nash



or the old Indian trail which first ran where the steel rails are now laid. The pioneers of the old days have passed away, and few of those who live on the very lands which they won from the wilderness know that they ever existed. The names of Joseph Whipple, Emmons Stockwell, Abel Crawford and a few others still stand out in the records of the past. The memory of the discovery of the notch was long kept alive by the term "Nash and Sawyer Location," applied to the tract of land granted to Nash and a fellow hunter on account of this very discovery. But this land is already cut up into farms, and soon the old name will be lost, and Timothy Nash will only be remembered in those stories of the past that are still handed down in families who are proud of their descent from the first settlers. Thus names perish and memories fade, but what these men did for their state will always stand, and the homes and industries made possible by their labors will remain their best memorial for ages yet to come.

Gypsying

By CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY

That time we went a-gypsying,
It was in budding May,
When saucy Cupid twanged his string
And sped his shaft to slay;—
That time we went a-gypsying,
I lost my heart for aye.

That time we went a-gypsying,
The skies were fair and blue,
And in our hearts the joy of spring
Went bounding through and through;—
That time we went a-gypsying,
I lost my heart to you.

Benjamin T. Newman

A Pen Sketch of a Famous Artist

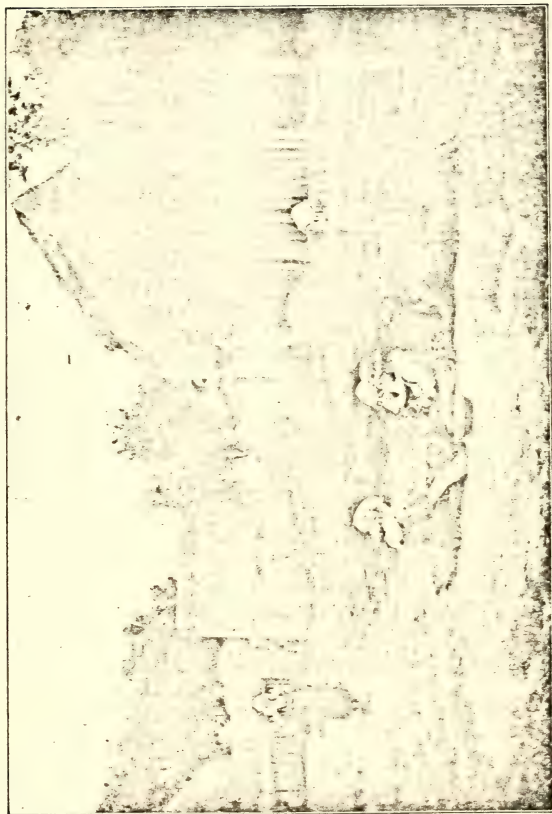
By GRAY FAIRLEE

THIS landscape painter in oil and water color has an art history which distinguishes him from most artists now living, and places him in the front rank of the gifted sons of the brush in the Pine Tree State. Not only has he studied with the most noted artists of this country, but he numbers among his teachers abroad some of the most illustrious in the old country. It was possibly at Julien's studio in Paris that he drew the highest realizations of his dreams. Here he found not merely a man of his temperament, but a critic capable of inspiring him with the highest conception of the art, though himself not meeting the high ideals he taught. Here Mr. Newman met Gustav Boulanger and Lefebvre. Douran, the great Parisian portrait painter one of his faithful critics, was also found here.

In Brittany, the land of sunrise so much admired by continental artists, he found those quaint people and picturesque scenes which so happily adorn his studio at Fryeburg, upon the storied Saco. Coming back to his native state—he was born in Bath, Me., the son of George E. Newman, the well-known publisher—Mr. Newman could not have chosen a happier spot for the accomplishment of his work. The approach to his studio, which is of itself the touch of an artist, is under the overhanging arms of lofty elms bordering the lane leading from the main street, and on the brink of the natural terrace upon which the historic village stands. To the north and west stretch the intervale across which the Saco winds its way, while



BENJAMIN T. NEWMAN



From Painting by B. T. NEWMAN

LUNCH A LA BRETAGNE

old Kearsarge looms like a sentinel just beyond, with the mountains of the Snowy Forehead forming the perspective in the distance.

The interior of his studio is fitted up plainly with soft-tinted steel walls, the exterior being shingled and stained in green. Our picture can give but a faint conception of the delightful results of the arrangement speaking in unmistakable language of the grace and happy conception of a mind trained in the lofty ideals of his work. Mr. Newman's "Lunch a la Bretagne in Bretagne," of which we are pleased to give a reproduction in half-tone, received admission at the Paris Salon of 1887. This oil painting is now in the Fryeburg library. It is painted in subdued atmospheric grays and browns, relieved here and there by the scarlet of some one's raiment and the play of the sunshine upon the scene. "The Soap-Makers," which we gave in our last number as the first of our series of Character Sketches, is another happy specimen of his work. It is the custom of Mr. Newman to centralize the interest of his painting upon some particular interest in his subject, and never has he done this more successfully than in the two paintings mentioned here. Among the specimens of his work in his studio is the painting of Mrs. Newman and their son, Max, since grown to man's estate.

Maine has reason to be proud of this artist, who has lived and painted in his chosen retreat among the hills of West Oxford county for twenty years or more. Starting with simple studies in charcoal and crayon, the man has reason to take pride in the accomplishments which have crowned his earnest efforts.

It is a sad reflection upon the tenor of the times that a man of his talents must pause in the midst of his work and say, "There is no money in it, and one must live." For five years he has been teaching art in the Fryeburg Academy, carrying into this field the enthusiasm and energy which has marked his whole career, and which still impells him to devote all of his available time to painting the scenic beauties of his environments.

The personal influence of Mr. Newman, primarily as a man and secondly as an artist of tact, enthusiasm and judgment to make him a successful teacher, is widely felt and is like the mountain streams from the hills beyond his studio, that start so quietly amid pure and lofty sources to slowly find their way down into the world of men beneficent in influence and of incalculable value. So, indeed, the lives touched by this man in his retreat upon the borders of two states in these late years have borne and will continue to bear the good fruit as evidence of his faithful work.

Chocorua on a July Night

By C. E. WHITON STONE

Heavy across thine unbared forehead lies
The lifeless air, and stars that o'er thee shine
Are dim with haze, that blurs the horizon line
Like smoke of unchecked fire:—Upon the skies
The full moon swoons, and every leaf and vine
Upon thine unstirred heart, seems worn as sign
Death has o'ertaken thee in sleep's disguise?—
Inscrutable thou liest wrapt in light;
And while the pines like tapers lit, I see
Shine on, unflickering through the breathless night
Beside thy massive couch, it seems to me
Who see beyond, how measureless the white
Earth, too, is dead, and lying in state with thee.

The Wrestling Match

An Old-Time Yarn

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS

GRANDFATHER in his last years had a peculiar habit of closing and opening his eyes when he was in deep thought, as if the light troubled them, but a merry twinkle would lighten them as if he became more deeply engrossed with his speculations, usually, as we boys came to know, when he was recalling some incident of his younger life. We were certain then that a story was upon his tongue, and it required no great skill to get him to tell it. We knew he had come to this state of mind when we overheard him exclaim:

"Never shall I forget it—never!"

"Forget what, grandfather?"

"How I lifted big Dan Danvers stiff heels. Didn't I ever tell you the story? Queer how fergitful I'm gitting to be. Why it seems only yesterday the Narrers folks got done talking about it. You fill my pipe, boys, and 'tween the whiffs I'll tell the yarn.

"You see there had been bad blood 'tween the Narrers boys and the Catamount boys for more'n a year, on account of a dispute as to who was best at lifting stiff heels. We had been at it, off and on, for two years without coming any nearer to a settlement than at first. We had choosed sides and paired to a man, but we always came out about six and half a dozen. Then, each party elected a man to be their champion, and I was voted in unanimously.

"They choose a long-legged shoemaker from Leathers-town and came up to the Narrers with him, but I lifted him two times out of three, and everybody claimed I would have done it again if the rabbit hadn't sprung, as we called



it. Soon after that the Danvers moved over to the Catamount neighborhood, when they said they had got a champion who would be too much for me.

"We soon learned that he was big Dan Danvers, who stood a whole head above me, but as big a lubber as ever climbed old Catamount; and this was the way affairs stood when Uncle Josh gave out word that he was going to have the boss husking bee of the season.

"Well, Josh put out his invites and the folks poured in from every direction till there wern't benches for them all sit down. 'Mong the rest was a crowd from Catamount, led by big Dan Danvers.

"How time flew off on wings! Red ears were plenty, and I see one red ear that didn't have any husks on it either, and that was when Suke Blake up and kissed Seth Porter kerslap on the side of the face. Seth, I'll warrant, had never been kissed before in his life.

"Now I could see all the time that Danvers was watching me, and sort of sizing me up in his mind. I heard him say to a friend near by:

"'Fudge! I can throw him over my head with one hand.'

"I weren't half as heavy as the big, hulking chap, but I was built right down to work, and three years in a blacksmith shop had given my arms ribs of steel. I had sized up my man, and I didn't lose time in doing it either.

"By half-past nine the corn was all husked out and the crowd started for the house, as merry as a minstrel band, the boys tripping each other up or chasing the girls.

"'Look here, Josh Hill,' said Rob Stevens, 'I reckon 'em air beans will keep a little longer, and I know we Catamount boys will be in better condition to do 'em justice if we see Dan here hist that little bantam crower of yourn off'n his back a few times. We air ready to put up our money on it.'

"I could see that Uncle Josh was touched by that term 'bantam crower' as much as I was, and he spoke up pretty sharp as he said:



"'Reckon I shan't be any the loser if you do get your appetites dulled a bit. That little bantam of ours is always ready to eat a man before supper and then have a good appetite left. Trot out your big Whitten calf.'

"The Catamount boys tried to laugh off this sally, but I could see that they were considerably riled, and big Dan said:

"'I stump your man, big or little, to try a bout with me, and if I don't hist him every time I'll eat him for my supper.'

"'Dunno 's 'em tarms are just what he'd agree to do by you,' replied Uncle Josh, 'but I'll guarantee he'll make jelly out'n you for some man-eating quadruped. Remember it is to be the best two in three. Come down to the lower side of the yard where the ground is level and clear.'

"Big Dan Danvers, swelling up so he looked twice his natural size, led the way, followed by the Catamount boys, and next to 'em went the Narrers boys, Uncle Josh leading and I in the rear. I tell you it was beginning to be an exciting time. Why, the women all come out of the house, every soul of them; and Aunt Belindy, she got so excited she let the big Injun puddin' burn at the bottom and one whole pot of beans was crisped to a cinder.

"'Pick out your place where you want to lay,' called big Dan Danvers to me, 'and then pick out another where you want to fall. Mind you it ain't too near, ye little bantam.'

"'One at a time,' says I, sort of cool, as if I weren't scared at his bluster. Then I stretched myself on the gronnd. When Dan Danvers stepped over me you could have heard a pin drop on the grass, it was so still. Big Dan pushed his hands under me, and I felt him give me a tremendous tug; when I suppose he expected to see me rise into the air like a toy balloon, but I managed to stick to the earth as if it was a big coat plaster stuck to my back. How he lifted and tugged and strained till his face was as

red as our old wagon shed. I could see by the lantern light his eyes bulge out so I could have hung my hat on one of 'em. But I didn't budge a hair, but laid there as if glued to the ground. My father had told me the trick, and I was a good pupil. At last, finding he couldn't wink me, big Dan give up. He was that winded he had to.

"How the Narrers boys hollered, while the Catamounters looked a glum as punkins.

"Bah!" sputtered Dan, as soon as he had got his breath. 'The game ain't over. He ain't lifted me yet.'

"Then the big hulk laid down on the ground, and I could see that he didn't have the knack of clinching to the dirt. I knew the Catamounters felt I had found more than my match, but the Narrers boys cheered me when I bent over the critter. Now you most naturally think I'm slow motioned, but when it comes to lifting stiff heels it's the quick, short snap that fixes the other fellow. And no sooner had I straddled that big Dan than I fetched that twist of mine which lifted him into the air as straight as a candle.

"It seemed as if everybody was too surprised to holler, and Jim Lock jest managed to say:

"What a s'prising knack Little John has at lifting stiff heels!"

"I stump you to do that again!" cried big Dan excitedly.

"Down with you,' says I.

"No sooner said than he dropped, and no sooner had he dropped than he riz like a mountain, when every soul at the Narrers yelled with joy.

"'Tweren't fair!" yelled Dan Danvers, as soon as he could make himself heard. 'A burdock bur got under me. It must be tried again.'

"Mebbe I weren't mad, for you see I had won the game fairly, but I didn't let on, just p'inted to the ground, as much as to say 'Lay down, you great lummux!'

"He did drop down kerflop, and stiffened in his clumsy way. But I didn't wait for any fancy work before I had

my hands under him. Then I gave one quick retch—a knack I had—when big Dan Danvers riz into the air like a hay-stack, and I sent him flying over a near-by fence into a hog-yard on the other side!

“‘Three times and out!’ yelled the boys. ‘Now are you Catamounters satisfied?’ and you never see such excitement as follered. Uncle Josh got so wild over the great victory that he run round the yard like a fox, stumping every one he met to a bout, while the boys shouted and the girls laughed nigh to killing. Them are the main p’int in the big lifting at stiff heels match, excepting that Dan Danvers and his crowd were so flustered that they went home without any supper.”

His story finished grandfather took his pipe, and crossing his legs, as he complacently took in the fumes of the tobacco, he pictured in the lazy wreaths of smoke that scene of triumph in the days long since fled, his time-travelled features relaxing and a look of joy dancing in his eyes, as the picture was vivified with life.

The Old Pioneer

By SAM WALTER FOSS

In summer I poke roun' out doors
An' kinder help to do the chores;
I try to be some little good
An' chop an' fetch the kindlin' wood;
I judge a man shall still be brave,
Long as he keeps outside the grave,
And do his work, however small,
An' poke about till he sinks down
An' darkness comes an' covers all—
An' so I poke an' putter roun'.

This tremblin' han', these shakin' bones
 Once cleared these fiel's er trees an' stoness:
 This han' it pressed my young bride's han'
 An' lead her through this unknown lan'.
 The wolf an' bear prowled roun' our door,
 But we wuz happy, young an' poor.
 But thet dear han' in simple trust
 No more in mine shall settle down,
 Long years thet han' hez mixed with dust—
 But still I poke an' putter roun'.

The woods is cleared, the swamps is sweet
 With wavin' fiel's of grass an' wheat.
 The lonesome woods hez all made room
 To let the pear and apple bloom.
 An' where wuz once the wild wolf's den
 Is happy homes er happy men.
 But the ol' man who led the way
 An' cut them dark ol' forests down,
 Now sundown shadders cloud his day,
 Can only poke an' putter roun'.

'Twas here we passed life's early morn,
 'Twas here our boys an' girls wuz born,
 She learned their baby feet to stray
 Through the rough forest's tangled way.
 The girls now fair as she was then,
 The boys growed up to strappin' men,
 Fergit the pathway to her grave,
 But I can keep the strong weeds down,
 An' flowers above her dust shall wave
 Wile I can poke an' putter roun'

The great worl' moves so fast, today,
 It leaves an ol' man by the way,
 Fergets the work that he has done
 An' all the toil beneath the sun;
 An' all its voices seem to say:
 "Stan' back ol' man, keep out the way."
 I hear the voices' cruel roar,
 I go; the night is settlin' down,
 An' p'raps they'll miss me w'en no more
 The ol' man pokes an' putters roun'

New Hampshire at Washington

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

A SHREWD observer has said that the smaller states of our union have sent stronger men to congress than those larger in area and population, and then cites as proof New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Delaware. Whether this statement will bear the light of investigation or not, it is certain that the Granite State has made a record of which her citizens may well feel proud. In the beginning, at the federal convention in 1787, which formulated a constitution for the new government, New Hampshire was ably represented by John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman. Both of these men were elected to the incoming congress, our first senators being John Langdon and Paine Wingate, while the first representatives were Nicholas Gilman, Samuel Livermore and Abiel Foster. Such men as these were succeeded by others as able all through the trying years of formative government.

In the Days of Jacksonian Democracy, through her able son Isaac Hill and his associates, New Hampshire held important sway with the powers at the national capital. During that exciting period and scenes that followed, the Granite State was represented in the administration at Washington by such natives, some of whom were then dwelling in other localities, as Lewis Cass, secretary of war, 1831 to 1833; Levi Woodbury, secretary of the navy, 1831-1833, and associate justice of the Superior Court in 1845; Amos Kendall, postmaster-general, 1835-1837; Nathan Clifford, attorney-general in 1846 and appointed to the supreme court in 1857; in congress during much of this stormy period were James Wilson, the matchless orator, and her greatest son, Daniel Webster. In the years of the

declining supremacy of the Democratic regime, New Hampshire gave each of the rival political factions a leader of national reputation and prestige, Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale.

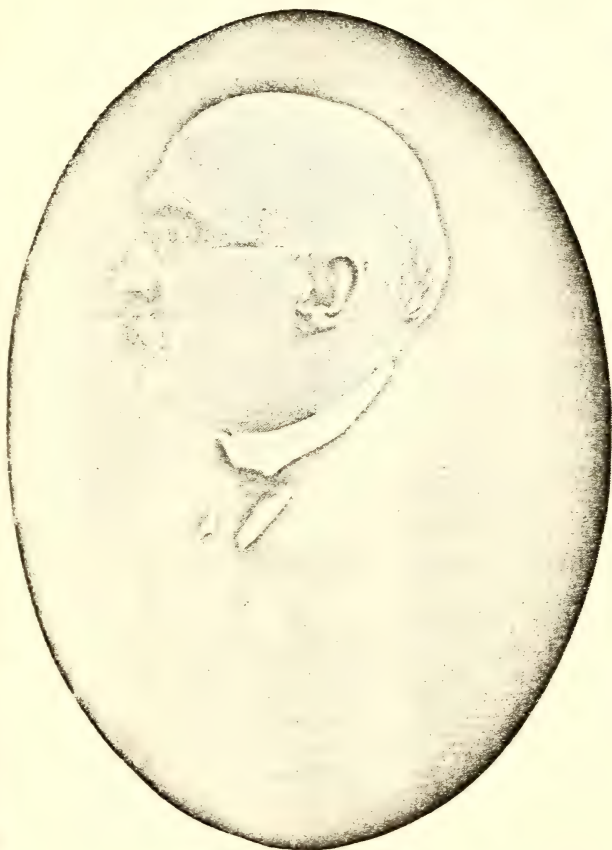
A glance along the political lines of these times shows that New Hampshire was scarcely less important a factor in president making than New York and Ohio have since become. For at least twelve years the little state "up north" may be said to have shaped the policy and given the leaders, while for as many years more she had a son at the head of the national ticket. First, in 1848, Lewis W. Cass was the nominee of the Democratic party and barely missed securing the high office. Daniel Webster came so near gaining the nomination that it was at first announced that he had been given the honor. Levi Woodbury was under serious consideration and probably would have received the nomination and the election but for his death a short time before the convention. John P. Hale was placed at the head of the Free Soil ticket at this time, 1852. It was left to another New Hampshire son, Gen. Franklin Pierce, to win the golden prize. This period brought to the front two others with presidential possibilities, Salmon P. Chase and Horace Greeley. The first of these barely missed gaining the prize in 1860, 1864, and again in 1868, and if he lost the temper of the movement in his favor was far-reaching and beneficial in its results. In 1872, another New Hampshire representative led the forlorn hope of the Independent Republicans, when it meant something to be independent, and the bewildered Democracy. Henry Wilson was another potent factor in presidential possibilities, when he was stopped in that direction by being made vice-president under Grant, and only his death made impossible the ultimate success of his ambition. The Chandlers, Zachariah and William E., both in the cabinet and as presidential-makers, deserve mention, while there are others, easily recalled, who have been among the foremost in political, financial and military matters at Washington.



JACOB H. GALLINGER

It is well to keep the fact in mind that no state in the Union has, all periods considered, exercised greater, if as great, influence and statesmanship at the national capital as New Hampshire. This proud distinction has been gained in spite of the custom of cutting short the careers of her men at Washington with two terms. Senator Chandler was the first to pass the limit, while our present senior senator, Jacob H. Gallinger, has been honored with three full terms, and our senior representative, Cyrus A. Sulloway, has been elected to the house for the fifth term. These facts speak in highest praise of the men and of the good judgment of their constituents. Other states, notably Maine and Massachusetts in New England, have thought it wise to continue their congressmen in office for long periods when they have been found useful and faithful. The experience of long service certainly gives a prestige and potency to the work of a legislator that he could not command in a limited time.

United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger was born in Cornwall, Ont., March 28, 1837, a descendant, on his paternal side, of a great-grandfather who emigrated from Holland to New York before the Revolutionary War, where his grandfather was born, but removed to Canada. His mother was of American ancestry. With the limited advantages he received at home, he persevered with untiring energy in whatever branch of education or vocation that he undertook, crowding into his life an abundance of hard work, which is the real secret of all success. As a youth he was a printer, editor and publisher, taking up the study of medicine while at the case. In 1858 he graduated at the head of his class from the Cincinnati Medical School. He then spent three years in study and travel abroad. After a brief practice of medicine in Keene, N. H., he settled in Concord, which he has made his legal residence ever since. As a physician, he displayed signal ability and soon built up a lucrative practice, but in the midst of this success he was attracted to political affairs and was elected



HENRY E. BURNHAM

to the state legislature in 1872-73, and in 1876 he was chosen to the constitutional convention. In 1891 he was again elected to the state legislature. He was a member of the state senate in 1878, 1879 and 1880, being president of that body the last two years. During these years he was surgeon-general of New Hampshire with the rank of brigadier-general. In 1885 he received honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College.

Elsewhere some of the political positions he has held have been briefly described, but we wish more particularly here to mention his service at Washington. He was elected to the forty-ninth and fiftieth congresses and declined a re-nomination to the fifty-first congress. He was elected United States senator to succeed Henry W. Blair, and took his seat March 4, 1891. At the expiration of this term in 1897, he was re-elected by a unanimous vote of the Republican members of the legislature and the votes of five Democratic members. In 1903 he was again re-elected to the senate by the unanimous vote of the Republicans and three Democratic members of the legislature, the first time in the history of the state that any one had been elected United States senator for three full terms.

As a member of the senate he has been particularly active and influential. He was chairman of the Merchant Marine Commission of 1904-1905, composed of five senators and five representatives in congress. He is chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia, an important office, and member of three other leading committees of the senate, Appropriations, Commerce and Naval Affairs. There has been no more faithful worker than Senator Gallinger, and his long career in congress has given him an honorable record. His term will expire March 3, 1909.

Of English ancestry, United States Senator Henry E. Burnham was born in Dunbarton, November 8, 1844, and his boyhood was passed upon his father's farm. His com-



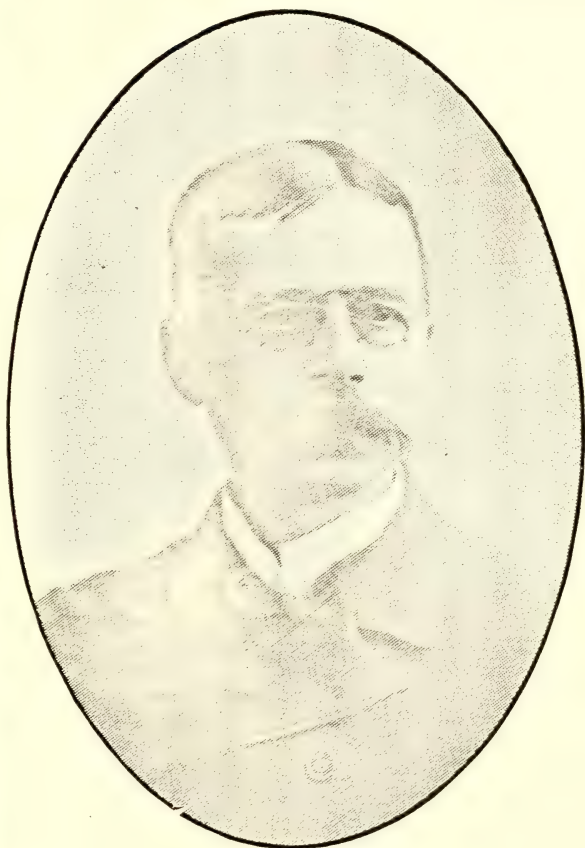
CYRUS A. SULLOWAY

mon school education was rounded out by a course at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, where he was fitted for college at the age of seventeen. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1865, already giving promise of the high forensic attainments he was to achieve. It was natural that a mind of his legal acumen should seek the law as his future field of action, and soon after leaving college he entered the office of Minot & Mugridge, at Concord, finishing his studies with Edward S. Cutter of Nashua and Judge Lewis W. Clark of Manchester. He was admitted to the bar in April, 1868, and soon after opened an office in Manchester.

He was successful in his chosen profession from the outset and, through close application to business, strict integrity to his clients, and sagacity as a lawyer, he soon acquired a wide clientage, which continued to grow year by year. In 1876 he was made judge of probate for Hillsborough county, but after holding this position for three years he resigned to give his entire time to his increasing private practice. He had already shown a deep interest in political affairs, and his ability as a speaker naturally called him among the active workers of his party. Recognition of his service here was given in 1873, when he was elected as a representative to the state legislature, and re-elected in 1874. In 1889 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1900 he was elected to the legislature. At this time his friends felt that he deserved a wider acknowledgment of his gifts as a lawyer, orator and legislator. He was placed in nomination as United States senator, though opposed by men older and more deeply versed in the artifices of the politician. He was elected and took his seat on the 4th of March, 1901, and he is now serving his second term.

He is chairman of the Committee on Cuban Relations and a member of five other committees: Agriculture and Forestry, Claims, Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game, Pensions, and Territories. In connection with





FRANK D. CURRIER

the last-named subject, his comprehensive speech in the senate, during the debate relative to the admission of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, was a masterly effort. It will be seen by the lists given that the senators from New Hampshire have been called upon to act on important committees, and their voices have ever been heard when the interests of their constituents demanded it.

Like the majority of our representative men, Cyrus A. Sulloway, United States representative, was a farmer's boy, and his boyhood days were passed at the old home-
'stead in Grafton, where he still finds greater pleasure in visiting at intervals than in the activities of his successful career as a lawyer, politician and congressman for the longest period that has fallen to the fortune of a United States representative from this state. Upon completing his academical course at New London, he began his life work in 1861, when he entered the law office of Pike & Barnard at Franklin. Two years later he was admitted to practice and immediately located himself in Manchester, where he believed the strongest inducements awaited the young lawyer. For ten years he was associated with Samuel D. Lord, and following the close of this term he entered into a successful partnership with F. M. Topliff, and the firm of Sulloway & Topliff soon became known as one of the strongest in the state.

His career as a politician of national reputation began in 1894, when he was placed in nomination for congress in the First District by the Republican party. Already a picturesque figure in politics, he won out by the handsome plurality of over six thousand. This was nearly doubled two years later. In 1900 he secured his third victory, over Edgar J. Knowlton, the popular nominee of the Democratic party. Since then he has met with no concerted opposition. This permanent fidelity of his constituents, coupled with his ability, honesty and earnest purpose has secured for him the confidence and praise that comes

from long and consistent effort. New Hampshire has frequently made the mistake of cutting short the national career of some worthy son, not only robbing him of the merited success that comes only seldom, except by successive terms to that office which leads to the heights of power by the way of experience, but has lessened her own power in national affairs. The state has made no mistake with Mr. Sulloway, and the result has showed that the trust was not betrayed. In him the country has found an industrious, intelligent worker. As chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, he has won the confidence and respect of all, while giving the soldier a friend at court that he has not found in another.

Frank Dunklee Currier, United States representative, Second District, was born in Canaan, October 30, 1853, and is consequently in the prime of an active and brilliant career. He was educated in the public schools of his native town and a graduate of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden. He began the study of law in the office of Pike & Blodgett at Franklin, but completed his course in 1874, under George W. Murray of Canaan, and was admitted to the Grafton county bar that year. He at once opened an office in Canaan, where he succeeded in building up a lucrative practice. But early in his legal career he evinced a keen interest and aptitude for political affairs, and in 1879 was elected to the state legislature. He was clerk of the senate in 1883, and in 1886 was elected to that body, being chosen president for the session of 1887. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1884, which nominated Benjamin Harrison for president. The latter appointed him naval officer of customs for the district of Boston and Charlestown, and he held that office from 1890 to 1894. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1891. He was elected to the house of representatives in 1904 and re-elected in 1906.

A graceful and eloquent speaker, a keen, incisive logician, showing marked ability and brilliant qualities as an

official and legislator not less than as a lawyer, his selection as representative to congress from the second district was amply merited, and he has shown himself worthy of the trust and honor. He is chairman of the Committee on Patents and a member of the Committee on Accounts. Mr. Currier is a Mason, a member of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter and of Sullivan Commandery, Knights Templar.

Sunset

By L. J. H. FROST

O the glory of the sunset
When the west is all aflame;
And the radiance on the hilltops
Seems to write Jehovah's name.
When the clouds of gold and purple
Appear to mortal eyes
Like a gleam of the effulgence
That illumines Paradise.

Then our longing spirits linger
At the glowing western bars,
Until evening drops her curtain,
And lights her brilliant stars.
Then the turmoil of our spirits
Is calmed to peaceful rest,
By the majestic radiance
That glorifies the west.

And we seem to see a vision
Of our home that is to be;
Within the nightless city,
Beside the crystal sea.
While we think we hear the echo
Of the angel's song of love,
Trembling through the distant vistas
From the great white throne above.



New Hampshire's Delegates to the Chicago Convention

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

IF WE are a democratic government, "of the people, by the people and for the people," it cannot be said that we hide our light under a bushel in the array of political forces and the sounding of the call to the contest of an election. It is evident that the people desire, to a considerable number—probably a majority—this noise, parade, confusion and bustle. Behind the partisan guns stand the yeomanry of the ballot that flatters itself it is greater than the power it has placed upon the throne. It may be wise not to dispel the illusion.

Beginning in the local ward room, where the budding politician receives his first lesson in the subtle work of supporting the principles of his partisan affiliation, the next stage of action is the state convention, where the flower of the particular party meeting at that time is certain to be found. In the little army of office-seekers and office-makers are to be met not only the youthful adherents of city and borough, but the gray-haired veterans of many campaigns, who feel themselves the rod of power slipping away into younger if not worthier hands. Here the manufacturer and the farmer, the lawyer and the business man, the shrewd party worker and the unsophisticated member, neither so wicked or innocent as he appears, meet and shake hands, to join in the efforts and interest of political harmony or prepare to engage in a sturdy fight for what is believed to be a principle.

The Republican State Convention, which convened at Concord, Tuesday, April 21, 1908, to choose delegates to

the Republican National Convention at Chicago, was no exception to this rule. To a considerable extent the plan of procedure that was carried out had been previously mapped. Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, chairman of the Republican State Committee, called the meeting to order, and Secretary L. Ashton Thorp read the call. Ex-Governor John McLane was made permanent chairman without opposition. In the course of his address, Chairman McLane voiced the sentiment of the convention when he said:

"We are to announce the principles and purposes of our party in a platform of resolutions, to select delegates who will voice our sentiments in the Republican National Convention to be held in Chicago next June. This is no place for dissensions, no forum for bickerings or domestic discord. The highest and greatest good for the party and the country should guide the judgment of every individual delegate and Republican and determine our concerted action."

At the close of Chairman McLane's eloquent address, the Committee on Credentials reported that of the 809 delegates entitled to seats in the convention 763 were present. A committee of five to nominate four alternates at large for the convention was selected, and then the platform was read by Col. Henry B. Quinby of Lakeport. Speech making was resumed, following which the platform was adopted. The convention chose by acclamation four delegates at large and four alternates, as follows: Delegates at large, Jacob H. Gallinger of Concord, Chester B. Jordan of Lancaster, Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, Edwin F. Jones of Manchester; alternates, George B. Leighton of Dublin, James L. Gibson of Conway, George H. Moses of Concord, W. Parker Straw of Manchester.

At the close of the State Convention, the Second District Convention was called to order and United States Representative Frank D. Currier was made permanent chairman. W. D. Baker of Rumney was secretary. Of



431 delegates entitled to seats, 424 were present. Lester F. Thurber of Nashua and Col. Seth M. Richards of Newport were chosen by acclamation as district delegates, and C. Gale Shedd of Keene and W. S. Thayer of Concord were chosen by acclamation as alternates. The platform adopted by the State Convention was ratified.

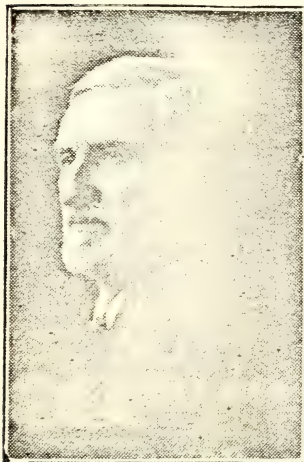


CHESTER B. JORDAN

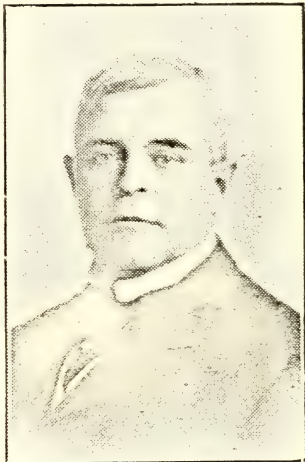
The First District Convention was held at the city hall, Manchester, Wednesday, April 22, and 313 of the 379 delegates entitled to vote were present. William F. Harrington of Manchester and Alfred F. Howard of Portsmouth were chosen delegates by acclamation, with Perry H. Dow of Manchester and Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover as alternates. This convention also re-affirmed the platform adopted by the State Convention. The three

conventions chose their delegates without instructions in regard to a choice for presidential nominee.

For a sketch of Hon. Jacob A. Gallinger, first of the delegates at large, the reader is referred to an article upon "New Hampshire at Washington." Senator Gallinger has been a prominent figure in the political life of this state since he entered the political arena in 1872 by being made



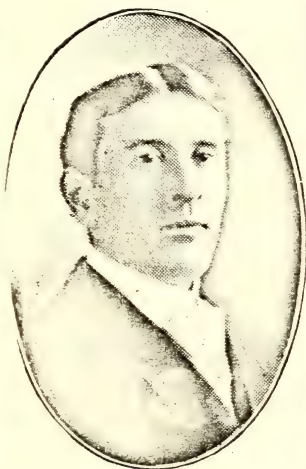
EDWIN G. EASTMAN



EDWIN F. JONES

a member of the state legislature. At this early stage he showed the natural tact and ability to lead that has so strongly marked his career. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee from 1882 to 1890, when he resigned the position but was again elected to the place in 1898, re-elected in 1900, 1902, 1904, 1906, thus holding the position at the present time. He has been chosen as delegate to four National Conventions: Chairman of the dele-

tion to Chicago in 1888, when he made a speech seconding the nomination of Benjamin Harrison for president; chairman of the delegation to Philadelphia in June, 1900, which convention nominated President McKinley; and headed the delegations from New Hampshire to Chicago in June, 1904, and June, 1908. He was for a time a member of the Republican National Committee. His selection as dele-



WILLIAM F. HARRINGTON



ALFRED F. HOWARD

gate at this time was eminently fitting to the party and a merited honor to him.

Hon. Chester B. Jordan, the second on the list of delegates, was born in Colebrook, October 15, 1839, and was educated in the local schools and worked his way through Colebrook Academy and Kimball Union Academy at Meriden. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar and for

many years has been recognized as an able member of one of the strongest law firms in the state, Drew, Jordan & Buckley. In 1880 he was elected to the legislature, and again in 1881, serving then as its speaker with marked ability. In 1896 he was chosen to the senate and served as president with the same dignity and honor. In 1900 he was elected as chief magistrate of the state, his adminis-



LESTER THURBER



SETH M. RICHARDS

tration as governor being a happy complement of his preparatory stages for that high office. Besides these, he has held many offices of trust and honor, always with the unswerving integrity and impartial action which has characterized his work, whether before the bar or in whatever position he has been called upon to fill. Acting upon the advice of his physician, who was fearful that the strain and

fatigue of the journey and convention might be too severe a tax upon his bodily strength, he did not attend the convention, George H. Moses of Concord voting in his place.

Attorney-General Edwin G. Eastman belongs to an old and distinguished family in New Hampshire. He was born in the town of Grantham, November 22, 1847, and his education in the common schools of his native town was continued by a course at Kimball Union Academy, following which he entered Dartmouth College, graduating in 1874. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and that year began the practice of law with Gen. Gilman Marston of Exeter. In 1876 he was elected as a representative from Grantham to the legislature. He was solicitor for Rockingham county from 1883 to 1887, and a member of the state senate in 1889. Upon the death of Daniel Barnard of Franklin, he was appointed attorney-general of the state, an office he still holds with sincere devotion to his duty and to the public. His selection as one of the "Big Four" at Chicago was an honest recognition of the long and well-merited honors

Edwin F. Jones was born in Manchester, April 19, 1859, the son of Edwin R. and Mary A. (Farnham) Jones. He was educated in the public schools of his native city, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1880. He studied law in the office of Judge David Cross, and was admitted to practice in 1883. He had already become prominent in politics, and in 1881 was made assistant clerk in the house of representatives, and promoted to the clerkship two years later.

William F. Harrington, delegate from District No. 1, is a native of Manchester, N. H., and was educated in its public schools, graduating from the high school of this city. He is treasurer and general manager of the Portsmouth Brewing Company, and is connected with various other business enterprises in and out of the state. He is a director of the Merchants' National Bank of this city, and is a strong type of our young business man. Believing

in the principles of the Republican party, he has been an active and earnest worker where and when honest work was most needed. Plain and unostentatious, he is a young man who is likely to be heard from frequently. He was placed upon the committee, by the convention at Chicago, to notify the presidential nominee officially of his nomination.

Col. Alfred F. Howard, second delegate from District No. 1, was born in Marlow, where he enjoyed the advantages of country schools, graduated from Kimball Union Academy and studied law, having been admitted to the Sullivan county bar. Removing to Portsmouth soon after, he immediately identified himself with the business interests of that city. For a number of years he has been secretary of the Granite State Fire Insurance Company, where he has shown a ready judgment and keen business foresight. He is a trustee in the Piscataqua Savings Bank, the Portsmouth Trust & Guarantee Company, and the New Hampshire National Bank of that city. He is also chairman of the police commission and a member of the school board. A public spirited man, he has shown unswerving interest and ability in whatever position he has been called upon to fill.

Lester F. Thurber, delegate from the Second District, is a native of Nashua and a thorough-going young business man. He is treasurer and business manager of the White Mountain Freezer Company, the largest enterprise of its kind in the world. The business starting in Laconia in 1872 by Thomas Sands, upon being burned out in 1883, it was removed to Nashua. It is now an incorporated company, with a paid-up capital of \$100,000, employs 250 hands, and has a monthly pay-roll of \$7,000. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Mr. Thurber is a busy, hustling business man, and that whatever time he gives to politics is with high motives and a spirit that assures success.

Col. Seth M. Richards, son of Hon. Dexter Richards, delegate from District No. 2, was born in Newport, N. H.,

June 6, 1850. He was educated in the schools of his native town and Kimball Union Academy, Meriden. He was in partnership with his father in the manufacture of flannels, and since the latter's decease has conducted the business alone. He has also business interests in Boston. He was town treasurer at the age of twenty-two; represented the town in the state legislature in 1885; on the staff of Governor Sawyer in 1887. Colonel Richards being unable to attend the convention, his place was filled by his alternate, Gen. W. F. Thayer.

The work of the convention at Chicago is too well known to need lengthy description here. The interest of the party was made predominant by the friends of the different aspirants for the high office at stake, and harmony prevailed through the deliberations. William H. Taft of Ohio was nominated upon the first ballot by a handsome majority, the result being as follows: Whole number of votes, 980; absent, 2; Roosevelt, 3; Foraker, 16; LaFollette, 25; Fairbanks, 40; Cannon, 61; Hughes, 63; Knox, 68; Taft, 702, and the nomination of the latter was made unanimous.

Wit of Matthew Thornton

By GRAY FAIRLEE

MATTHEW THORNTON was not only a ready speaker in debate, but he had a native wit that seldom failed him in case of an emergency. He was a physician of good repute, and also early became interested in public affairs. Settling in Londonderry in, or about, the year 1740, he represented that town in the Provincial Court in 1758-1760, and again in 1776. He was president of the Provincial Convention, which met May 17, 1775, and when the convention met on December 21, of

the same year, and that body of patriots resolved itself into a house of representatives, he was a member. This body, the following September, chose him as a delegate to represent New Hampshire in congress, in which capacity he later signed that immortal document, the American Declaration of Independence. Twenty years later, while attending a session of the legislature at Amherst, he chanced to meet an old acquaintance, who was a representative from Londonderry, and was very glad to see him. During the conversation, this man, with apparent confidence in his own ability, said:

"Don't you think, Judge, the General Court has reached a higher standard than it had at the time you attended? You know then there were not more than five or six who could talk, while now all we farmers can make speeches."

Judge Thornton smiled and, with that merry twinkle to be seen in his blue eye when he said anything that carried an undercurrent of meaning, replied:

"Let me tell you a story about a farmer who lived a short distance from my father's home in Ireland. He was an exemplary man in his observance of religious duties, and made it a constant practice to read a portion of the Scriptures every morning before asking the daily blessing. One morning he was reading the account of Samson's catching three hundred foxes, when he was interrupted by his wife, who said, 'John, I am sure that canna be true. Our Isaac is as good a fox hunter as there is in the country, and he has na caught over twenty in a morning hunt.' 'Hoot, my gude woman, ye may ne'er take the Scripture just as it reads. It ne'er stands to reason, I 'low mesilf, that Samson caught the whole of three hundred foxes that morning, but we are to take the 'count in a gineral sinse. In th' three hundred critters he caught there may hev been eighteen or e'en twenty real foxes, whilst th' rist were no doubt skunks an' woodchucks.'"

Judge Thornton's friend hastened to change the topic.



Historic Hudson

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

MANY of our smaller towns, which figure infrequently in the affairs of public moment, have histories worthy of greater space in the written pages of our state than are accorded to them. Among these numbers the historic little hamlet of Hudson, overlooking the Merrimack, along one of the most delightful sections of this romantic river.

Hudson comprises an area of about 18,000 acres of land, and is eight miles in length by three and one-half miles in width. The portion bordering upon the river is a verdant slope rising towards the middle of the town to rocky and rugged hills, with here and there productive soil. If the hillsides are somewhat difficult to cultivate, there are many excellent farms in the fertile valleys and the meadows fringing the east bank of the river. Fortunately Nature has made a wise provision for her unproductive acres and clothed them with forests quite as profitable as the richer regions. In fact, it would seem as if these sections were intended for such purposes, and to reserve them from the encroachments of men.

The highest elevation of land in the town is Barrett's Hill, rising a little less than five hundred feet above the sea. Near the base of this hill lies Little Massabesic Pond, which covers about one hundred acres. Its outlet is a tributary of Beaver Brook, which rises in Derry and empties into the Merrimack River. Another body of water that deserves special mention is Otterneck, or "Tarnic," containing about forty acres of water, which finally reaches the Merrimack below Taylor's bridge by the brook of the same name. This stream has the credit

of furnishing the power for the first mill built within the limits of the town, as early as 1710, or a little over eight years before the Scotch-Irish came to Nutfield, or the adventurous Horner penetrated into the solitude overhanging the primeval shores of Lake Massabesic in what is now Auburn. Musquash Pond, another Indian name and another pond deserving mention, completes the extent of water surface in Hudson. Its water power is thus limited, and no extensive manufacturing has added to the growth and wealth of the township. But if not favored itself directly in this direction, it has the good fortune to be in close proximity to two enterprising manufacturing cities, Nashua just across the Merrimack and Lowell five miles below its southern boundary. Hudson in its gifts and its attractions is an agricultural town. The pioneers who penetrated its fastnesses sought to make homes for themselves and their posterity. They were mainly of English ancestry, a sturdy, hardy race, whose progenitors had not long been in this country. As early as 1710, the year the first saw-mill was built upon the Otterneck, Nathaniel and Henry Hills, brothers, settled upon what has since become known as the "Joseph Hills Farm." Here they raised the first garrison in this vicinity, and for twenty years the most northern outpost between the Massachusetts settlements and the French outposts on the north. This garrison stood about twenty-five rods east of the Litchfield road, according to Mr. Kimball Webster, the historian of the town, upon land now owned by a descendant of the original builder. It was here Capt. John Lovewell and his men passed the first night after leaving home, when upon his memorable march to the region of the Sokokis Indians, at whose hands he suffered so fearfully.

Another early comer was Joseph Blodgett, who built a second garrison a little over two miles below the mouth of the Nashua River, and on the farm now owned by Philip J. Connell. The Blodgetts were of English descent, the first of that name having come over in the ship "Increase,"

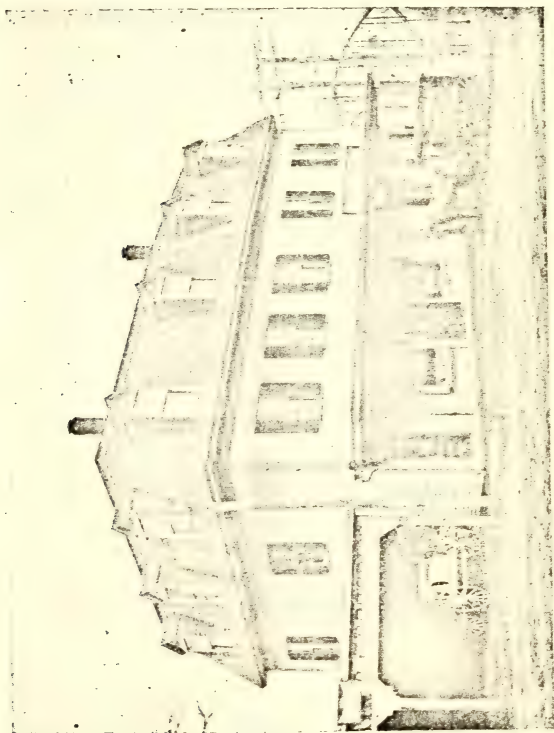
in 1635. There are descendants of the family living in town.

A third settler by the name of John Taylor erected another garrison standing between the Litchfield and Derry roads, and upon the Spalding farm. Among the settlers were the Fletchers, Perhams, Colburns, Spaldings, Butterfields, Richardsons, Snows, Cummings, Lovewells, Crosses, Adamses, Butlers, Underwoods, Moores, Hamblets, Winns, Hassells, Proctors, Walkers, Harwoods, Baldwins, Wrights, and others, many of whom are represented to-day by descendants.

Like all of the lower towns in New Hampshire, Hudson became mixed up in the boundary disputes, it being claimed by Londonderry grantees and those rival settlers in old Dunstable. January 4, 1733, it received its initial recognition as a township under the charter of "Nottingham," which included "all the lands on the easterly side of Merrimack River belonging to the town of Dunstable," and extended about seventeen miles up the river. It held nearly all of the present town of Hudson, all of Tyngsboro on the east side of the Merrimack, one-third of Pelham and nearly all of Litchfield. To distinguish this township from another by the same name granted by New Hampshire, it was called "Nottingham-West." The boundary dispute being settled in 1741, the town was divided so that a part of it was in Massachusetts and the rest in New Hampshire. A charter was granted on July 5, 1746, under the latter name, and the first town meeting under this charter was held at the house of Samuel Greeley, July 17, 1746, Zaccheus Lovewell acting as moderator.

December 26, 1733, it was voted to build a meeting-house, the building located after considerable discussion and calculation "on land of Thomas Colburn, at a heap of stones this day laid up, not far from Colburn's southerly dam." Mr. Kimball Webster, to whom I am indebted for most of my information, says the "exact location of this

meeting-house is not known, but it stood on the east side of the road, as then travelled, north of Musquash Brook, probably it stood between the house of Nathaniel Merrill



BAKER BROTHERS' STORE

and the stream." What was known as the Hills Farm meeting-house, which stood near the southern boundary of Litchfield, was built about 1748.

It was not until July 12, 1818, that a post-office was

established at the Centre, and Reuben Greeley was made postmaster. Previous to that time mail matter directed to Nottingham West was sent to Litchfield. The name of this office was changed to Hudson June 9, 1831, but September 21, 1868, the name was permanently affixed to the office which had been established at Taylor's bridge, and the first office became styled Hudson Centre. This was officially sanctioned November 1, 1876.



HIRAM CUMMINGS

Until 1827 there had been no bridge across the Merrimack above Lowell and below Amoskeag, but the year before a charter was granted to the citizens of Nottingham West and Nashua for a toll bridge across the the river, known as the Taylor's Falls Bridge. This was completed and opened in 1827. Before this people had been obliged to cross and recross the river by ferrys, there having been



three in town: Kelly's Ferry, later known as Dutton's and then as Hamblet's, at the point where the new bridge was built; Hill's Ferry, about two miles above this, and Hardy's Ferry, three miles below. Toll continued to be charged at Taylor's Falls bridge until 1855, when a county road was laid out over it and it was made free.

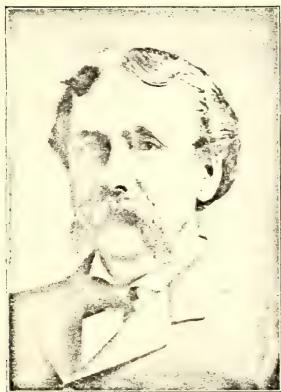
The church record compares favorably with that of other towns, the ordination of the first minister, Nathaniel



KIMBALL WEBSTER

Merrill, taking place as early as November 30, 1737. He seems to have been in active service for nearly sixty years. He was a graduate of Harvard College in 1732, and died in 1796. He built a house near the meeting-house, where he lived, and it is said that an aged elm is standing now that was planted by him. A considerable number of Presbyterians who had settled in that part of the town at

one time belonging to Londonderry organized a church of that denomination, probably about 1769 or 1770, the records having been lost. These people objected to paying the minister's tax, as voted by the town, to help the Congregational church, which occasioned some friction and later bitter animosities. It became more and more difficult to collect the taxes voted by the town, until finally the church and state were separated. Besides the Congrega-



JAMES P. HOWE



PHILIP J. CONNELL

tional and Presbyterian denominations already mentioned, the Baptists and Methodists have both been active in promoting the religious welfare of the churches.

Descendants of the men who fought under the Tyngs and Lovewells of pioneer days, the inhabitants of Hudson have ever been faithful to the cause of their country. Not less than twenty served in the French and Indian War, and when it came to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, every man in town, with one exception, subscribed to the following test oath:

We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risque of our lives and fortunes, with *arms* oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleets and armies against the United American Colonies.

Capt. Joseph Kelley, inn-keeper and owner of the ferry across the Merrimack at Taylor's Falls, refused to sign the paper, and consequently was soon after obliged to leave town. He removed to Wentworth, where it is said he died a pauper.



DANIEL M. GREELEY



GEORGE F. BLOOD

The patriotism displayed at the outset continued to the close of the long and sanguinary struggle, Hudson having soldiers in the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington, Trenton, Princeton, Saratoga, and others. The provincial census of 1775 credited Nottingham West with having twenty-two men in the American army.

The repeated calls for men during the Civil War were answered promptly. The whole number of enlistments credited to the town was one hundred and thirty-five, and it was claimed that the town furnished twenty-one men

more than had been called for. So all in all Hudson has a military history of which it should feel justly proud.

As already stated and shown in its description, the chief occupation of the inhabitants of Hudson has been agriculture, and like all agricultural towns, its growth has been slow. The first census, taken in 1767, gave the population as 583, with two slaves; that of 1900 showed 1,261 souls. It contained its greatest number of people in 1810,



GEORGE W. CLYDE

when there were 1,376 persons in town. The business and industrial scope is represented by Cummings Brothers and E. A. Martin, carriages; C. Melendy, boxes; three stores at the Bridge and one at the Centre.

One steam railroad, the Nashua & Rochester Division of the Portland & Worcester Railroad, passes through the town from Nashua, crossing the Merrimack about fifty-five rods below Taylor's Falls bridge. There is a station at

Hudson Centre. Three lines of electric roads run through the town: The Manchester & Nashua; the Hudson, Pelham & Salem, connecting with Haverhill, Mass.; and the Nashua & Lowell.

There are three churches of the following denominations: Baptist, Congregational and Methodist. Societies are represented by the Hudson Grange, P. of H.; Hudson Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Echo Rebekah Lodge; Hudson Commandery, U. O. G. C.

The present officers comprise John J. Baker, clerk and treasurer; James P. Howe, Philip J. Connell, George F. Blood, selectmen; George H. Abbott, representative.

James P. Howe, chairman of the selectmen, was born in Bedford, N. H., October 6, 1844, the son of Thomas and Catherine (Bullock) Howe. After a brief residence each in Bedford, Londonderry and Litchfield, attracted to a railroad life, he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad as switchman, and he changed his residence to Nashua. After a few years' service in this capacity, he was made conductor of a "shifter," which position he held for fifteen years, when he was appointed yardmaster, which position he still holds. Thus he will have served, if he lives until next February, for forty-five consecutive years, a long and honorable career in one field.

A few years since he moved to Hudson, and the towns-people recognized his sterling qualities by electing him to the board of selectmen in 1880-83, and re-elected in 1902, where he has held the position of chairman since. In politics he is an earnest Democrat of the Jacksonian type.

He is a member of St. George Commandery, Knights Templar, having been identified with this organization for twenty-five years.

Mr. Howe was married July 12, 1869, to Esther P. Belknap, daughter of Andrew J. Belknap of Nashua. Three children have blessed this union: Andrew E., James G. and Esther Isabel, all of whom are living. The sons

have followed the vocation of their father, both holding responsible positions in the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Philip J. Connell, the second member of the board of selectmen, is one of the best-known citizens in town. He lives on the "Old Pollard Farm," located upon the historic site of the second garrison in that vicinity, on the road leading to Lowell. It is a picturesque spot and bears every evidence of thrift and prosperity. Mr. Connell first served on the board in 1892 and 1893. In 1894 he was road commissioner. In 1901 he was again elected to the office of selectman and has continued in service ever since. He represented the town in the state legislature of 1903-1904, serving upon the Committee on State College. This institution owes many of its excellent improvements to the committee of which Mr. Connell was an active member.

He was born in Hudson, December 1, 1852, the son of Tobias and Mary (Hoffman) Connell. He was educated in the local schools, and upon leaving these began work in Lowell as a carpenter. He was married May 20, 1872, to Hannah E. Hardy of Hudson. They have three boys, Orrin H., Frank A., Harry J. Mr. Connell is highly respected by his townsmen.

George Francis Blood, another of the board of selectmen, is a native of Lyndeborough, N. H., the son of George H. and Helen M. (Burton) Blood. He was born March 22, 1860, and when he was five years old his parents moved to Wilton, where he was educated in the town schools, to graduate from Phillips Exeter Academy in the class of '79. Mr. Blood moved to Nashua the year following his graduation, where he entered the employ of Gregg & Son, as clerk, and is still in their employ as paymaster. He was in the city council in 1890, 1891, and 1892, and was elected to the state legislature in 1894 for the term of 1895-96.

In 1900 Mr. Blood moved to Hudson, and in 1903 he was chosen to the board of selectmen, which position

he has held ever since, this being his sixth year in that capacity, with his associates for the same period, Messrs. Howe and Connell. The popularity of this board of officers is proven by the fact that they have been retained in this office year after year in a community that is strongly Republican while they are all ardent, though not partisan, Democrats. There are few instances of this kind to be found.

He was married November 17, 1887, to Miss Dora P. Day of Essex, Vt. They have two children, boys, Perley Francis, a student at Brown's University, and Lester Anson. The family is most pleasantly situated in a happy home.

Mr. Blood's only fraternal affiliation is with the Masons, he being a member of the Ancient York Lodge of Nashua, No. 89, Meridian Sun Royal Arch Chapter, and Israel Hunt Council. He also belongs to the New Hampshire Consistory, 32d grade.

Bakers Bros., John J. and William W., proprietors of the grocery and general store at the Bridge village, are natives of Pembroke, who came to Hudson about twenty years ago. John J. was postmaster under the Cleveland administration, and has been town clerk eleven years, first for a period of three years and since for a term of eight years, still holding the office. Courteous and conscientious in his duties, we trust he will continue in this position for many years to come.

Daniels & Gilbert, located in the corner grocery, where the post-office is now kept, are young men in the business, with an eye open to the welfare of their customers.

The Greeley Public Library of Hudson has over three thousand volumes and is well patronized. It is to be hoped some public-spirited citizen or native of the town will build a home for this auxiliary to its educational advantages. Ina V. Martin is the present librarian

Hudson has its police court, presided over by Judge George W. Clyde, a native of Dracut, Mass., the son of Samuel W. and Hannah (Boles) Clyde. The Clydes were

among the first families in Windham, this state, and were active and respected members of colonial society.

Judge Clyde was born October 23, 1865, and received his education from attendance at the Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., two years at Tufts College, and the Law School of Boston University, from which he graduated in 1894. He soon after opened a law office in Nashua, where he has a good clientage, but from the time he cast his first ballot in his adopted town he has evinced a lively interest in its welfare. He was active and untiring in his efforts to secure the charter and building of the Manchester & Nashua Electric Railway, and he was one of the incorporators of the Manchester & Derry Railway. Interested in educational matters, and made a member of the board of education, Judge Clyde has done much for the schools of Hudson. He has worked zealously for the Webster and Smith graded school buildings, and the educational question has always found in him an earnest and sagacious leader. He is president of the local Republican club. He was married February 19, 1902, to Miss Anna Bertha Wells of Manchester, formerly of Vermont. They have three children, Wilson W., Margaret E. and Priscilla E.

Hudson has many citizens in public and private life who deserve special recognition did our space permit. Among these is Mr. Hiram Cummings, a descendant of one of the original pioneers of the town. With the exception of about a dozen years that he lived in Lowell, he has resided in Hudson. He has been a successful contractor and builder, and it was only a short time since that he shingled the business building of his sons, which, considering his age, was a remarkable feat.

Mr. Cummings was married February 11, 1849, to Miss Abbie Clark, daughter of Jonathan Clark. Four children were born to them, Willis and Charles E., who now conduct a prosperous business in Hudson, Anna M. and Helen A. Mr. Cummings has been a member of the Baptist church for many years, and has been its deacon for a



long period. He has always had good health and been temperate in his habits.

Another "Gentleman of the old school" is Mr. Daniel Merrill Greeley, the son of Reuben Greeley, and a descendant of one of the old families at the Centre. He was born the same year as Mr. Hiram Cummings, 1821, October 12, so he is only two weeks younger than the other. Mr. Greeley followed railroading for several years, after which he retired to his farm in Hudson. He was a member of the state legislature in 1869, and served upon the committee of "The Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution."

He married Miss Jane Kenniston, who was born in 1846, and died in May, 1905. One daughter blessed this union, and she married Mr. Nathaniel Wentworth, the well-known chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, whose beautiful home is located close by. Mr. Greeley's maternal grandfather was Daniel Merrill, a soldier in the Revolutionary War, for whom he was named.

An air of restfulness and contentedness for work well done pervades the atmosphere of the little hamlet of Hudson Centre, but once we have entered into the presence of life here we find there are active workers. One of these is most certainly that man of many places of trust, Mr. H. C. Brown, postmaster, station agent on the Worcester & Rochester Railroad, telephone manager, deputy sheriff. Mr. Brown was born in Delton, Wis., though his paternal ancestors were from this state, a great-great-grandfather having been among the grantees of Dartmouth. He was educated in the common schools of Michigan, and came to Nashua in the spring of 1882, to begin work for the Worcester & Nashua Railroad. He removed from Nashua to Hudson in 1896, when he received the appointment of station agent and postmaster, both of which positions he still holds. He was appointed deputy sheriff in 1904. Besides the offices mentioned, he has been tax collector and selectman.

He was married in 1883 to Miss Clara J. Bryant, Irasburg, Vt., and this worthy couple have one daughter, Ina



L., who married Howard A. Andrews and lives in Lancaster, Mass.

No sketch of Hudson's representative citizens, however brief, would be complete without mention of its Nestor of local history, Mr. Kimball Webster, though not a native of the town. He was born in Pelham, N. H., November 2, 1828, the son of John and Hannah (Cummings) Webster, and was educated in the schools of that town and Hudson. Catching the "gold fever," when the wild stories of the discovery of that precious ore in California swept over New England, he started for the far land of the setting sun, making the trip overland in six months. His experience was similar to many others of that famous body of gold-seekers, "The Forty-Niners." After two years in the Sacramento Valley, in mining and various pursuits, he went to Oregon, where he was deputy-surveyor for the government. He returned east in the fall of 1854, though the next year he was in the employ of a railroad in Missouri. Since 1858 he has lived in Hudson upon the ancestral land of his great-grandfather, Eleazer Cummings, who settled there in 1728.

Mr. Webster married, in 1857, Miss Abiah Cutter, daughter of Seth and Deborah (Gage) Cutter of Pelham. Their surviving children are six daughters: Lizzie Jane (Mrs. Horace A. Martin), Ella Frances (Mrs. Frank A. Walch), Eliza Ball (Mrs. Charles C. Leslie), Julia Ann and Mary Newton.

Mr. Webster has been a stanch Democrat in politics, and though a leader in his party, has not been an office-seeker. He has been selectman for four years, and a justice of the peace for almost half a century. He is a member of Rising Sun Lodge, F. and A. M., Hudson Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross, and Patrons of Husbandry. In the latter order he has been very active, having been a charter member of the Hudson Grange, closely identified with the work of the county and state granges. He has ever shown marked interest in historical



matters, and has prepared a large amount of material relating to the history of Hudson and vicinity. The town needs a history written before it is too late to preserve much valuable data that will soon have passed away with its older citizens. Among its inhabitants, Mr. Webster is the one particularly adapted to the task, and I trust he will be secured to do the work while he is yet able to do it.

In conclusion there is much more I would like to say of this grand old historic town, but space forbids. It has had an honorable record in the past, and with the bright and promising youth of the coming generation, upon whose shoulders will soon fall the mantle of its future, there seems every reason to think it will remain true to the exalted purpose of its founders. While it has no great water privileges, which have been the source of growth in many sections, still no one can say that its prospects are not bright. With its wise and conservative system of home government, its exceptional railroad facilities, its excellent supply of pure water, its beautiful panorama of surrounding country, its sunny slopes, its green-clad hills, its restful valleys, its thousand and one quiet charms that call hither the busy worker in his hours of surcease from toil, what Greenwich has been and is to New York, in proportion to the size of the situation, should Hudson be to Nashua and Lowell in the years that are to come.

Is It Worth While?

By JOAQUIN MILLER

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

The Editor's Window

Thorvald's Grave at Boar's Head

The following brief resume of a subject treated more fully in this magazine a few months since, "Norsemen in New Hampshire," is taken from an old number of *The Portsmouth Times*, and seems worthy of preservation here, as it concerns a matter that should be more carefully considered than it has been by students of our early history.—*Editor*.

In 1892 the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus was celebrated. But what about the discovery of America in the eleventh century, or five hundred years earlier, by the Norsemen, Leif and Thorvald? If these Norsemen discovered the coast of New England in the eleventh century, Christopher Columbus was not the original discoverer of America. It is said that the Norse Thorvald was buried near Boar's Head, in this state, and a sculptured stone has been found in that vicinity, which is supposed to mark the site of his grave. He was buried in 1004, he having died from the effects of a wound received in a conflict with the Indians. Boar's Head was at that time covered with a forest. Thorvald's voyage to this coast was four years after that of Leif, who was the original discoverer of this continent. Even Cape Cod was then a dense forest and not a sandy desert, as it is now, as barren and herbless as Sahara.

Doubtless America was reached occasionally by wandering Phenician and Greek mariners, thousands of years before the Norsemen voyaged hither, but no record is preserved of such voyages. In fact, Leif's discovery of this continent is the first historic discovery. But in the eleventh century Europe was in no condition to avail itself of the discovery of a new world. The old Greek and German civilization was then dead and the people of

northern and western Europe were in a state of feudal barbarism. But the fifteenth century was the century of the renaissance, or the re-awakening of the human mind from the stupor of feudal superstition and ignorance. The European nations then began to feel the impulse of enterprise and an enlightened curiosity, so the Genoese navigator's voyage had immediate results in the colonization of the new world, which he only re-discovered. But Columbus is a sublime character, and he is fully entitled to the grand place which he occupies in history. He was an unworldly enthusiast. The finest tribute to his memory is the life written by Irving. But it is a curious fact that the dust of one of the original discoverers of this continent probably lies buried on the coast of New Hampshire.

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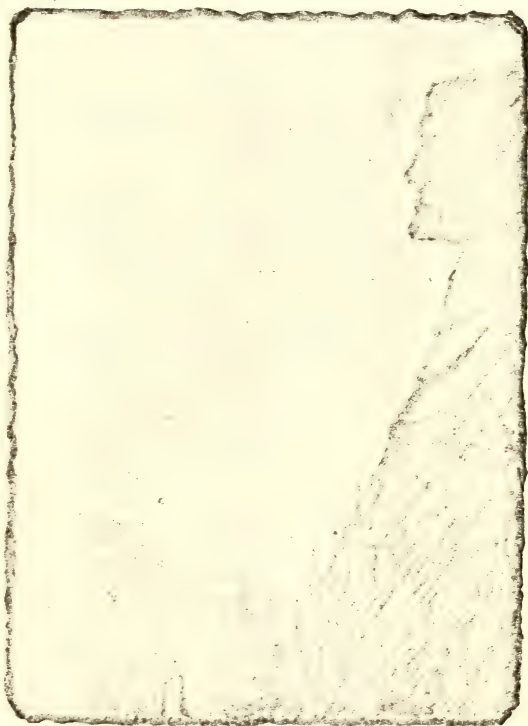
A Pioneer Trait

A writer in "Willey's Book of Nutfield" relates the following incidents to illustrate the fact that thrift and sorrow did not seem to be necessarily incompatible in the days of the pioneers:

"Among the early settlers of Nutfield was a very industrious woman, and her natural bent of character was shown at her husband's funeral. While the corpse was awaiting the rites of burial, she called out, impatient of delay: 'Hand me the spinning wheel, and I will draw a thread while the crowd are gathering.' Just as philosophical as she was Old Melloes, who lived north of the cemetery, on Graveyard Hill. His wife had gone on a visit to Beverly, and on returning in a rickety old chaise she was thrown out and her neck broken. At the funeral, two days later, the afflicted husband remarked that had it not been 'for the little delay at Beverly, Betsey would be with us on this great occasion.'"

GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



VOL. V JULY--SEPTEMBER, 1908

No.

Of unusual interest to book-sellers and book buyers alike is the announcement by the publishers of Louisa M. Alcott's works of a special edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of her most beloved story, "Little Women," at a popular price. This story was never more popular than it is to-day. In spite of the innumerable books for the young, "Little Women" remains the favorite story of real child life. During the life of the author, Frank T. Merrill, one of the best known of book illustrators, made over two hundred drawings for the book, which depict truthfully the scenes and incidents of the story. These illustrations appeared, together with a picture of the home of the "Little Women," in a handsome edition originally published at \$5, and it is this edition which Little, Brown & Company will reissue early in July, with an attractive new cover design, at a low price.

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Granite State Magazine

A Quarterly Publication

[Copyrighted, 1908.]

VOL. V

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 3

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

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To Authors.—The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

No. 64 Hanover Street,

Manchester, N. H.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Printed by THE RUEMELY PRESS,  143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

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Literary Leaves

REMINISCENCES OF WHITTIER

These popular articles by Prof. J. Warren Thyng are now issued in pamphlet form, and ready for delivery. No more beautiful publication relating to him who, if not a native, deserves much of the Granite State, has been published. Only a limited number has been printed. Sent postpaid for fifty cents.

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MENOTOMY. A Romance of 1776. By Margaret L. Sears. Cloth, attractive cover design; 12mo., 276 pages. Price, \$1.50. Badger, Publisher, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Arlington in Massachusetts is the scene of her story, but under the old Revolutionary name of Menotomy. It takes up in detail the early events during the Revolutionary War, such as Concord, Lexington and the Battle of Bunker Hill. Do not think, however, that this is a long drawn tale of history, for while it is an important book from this point of view, it contains an admirably told love story. We understand Mrs. Sears has been a resident of Arlington for many years, and she is thus able to write of a country of which she has full knowledge.

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Judge Shute wrote "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," and it was a success. We think his "The Country Band" will be a far greater one. If you are looking for something irresistibly funny, buy it.

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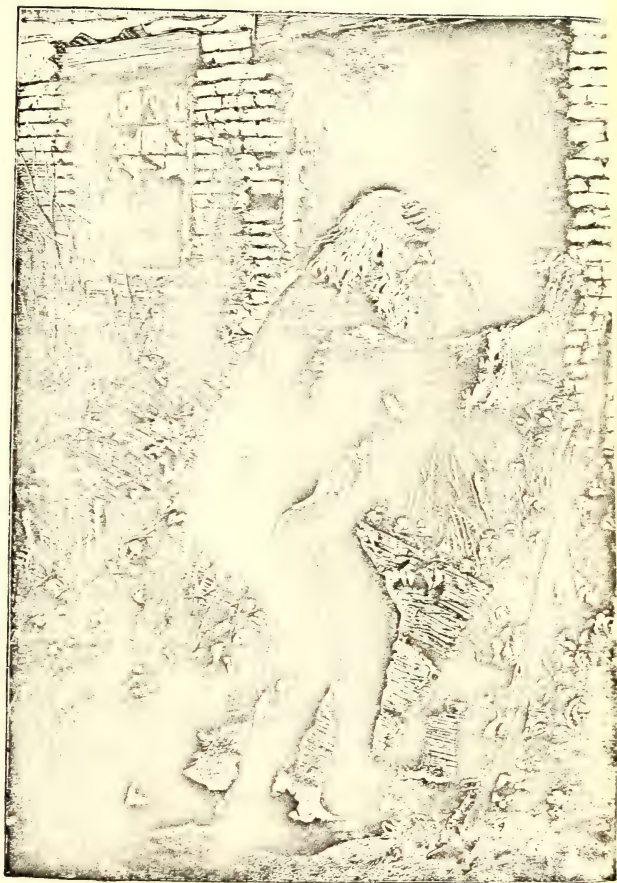
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CHARACTER SKETCHES

No. III

“RIP VAN WINKLE”



RIP VAN WINKLE



Character Sketches

III

"Rip Van Winkle"



IN THE quaint story of Rip Van Winkle, we meet with a character that has become a classic in every language. It has probably been told by the firesides of more people than any other tale.

We are familiar with its picturesque hero in the immortal narrative told by America's most charming writer, Washington Irving. He drew his inspiration for the droll shiftlessness of Rip from the fatherland of the Dutch, and the account of the goatherd, simple Peter Klaus, who had fallen under the influence of the mystical spell which lay upon a beautiful vale whither he had been led by a boy. Twelve knights were playing at ninepins, not one of them speaking. While they played on in absolute silence, Peter was induced to set up the ninepins, and finally, growing tired of his task, he drank from a goblet near by. He then fell asleep, and when he awoke he was startled to find everything changed. The knights had disappeared, the skeleton of his dog lay beside mute yet ghastly, proof of its faithfulness to him. His goats had vanished---in short, such changes had come over all as only the lapse of many years could bring.

Other legends of long sleepers are told, varying only so far as to adapt themselves to the surroundings and beliefs of the race in whose folklore they live perennial lives. The Greeks told the story of the youth, Endymion, who slept for one hundred years on Mount Latimus, retaining his youth and beauty by Diana, the moon, that bathed him every night in her white light. The Romans delighted in the story of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. The cave where they slept the long years away is a shrine to this day. In Wales, a young boy,



who loved to listen to the songs of the birds, fell asleep under the sweet influence of their notes, and when he awoke he was amazed to find that tall trees had grown up about him. Stranger yet, the tree under which he had sat had not only grown to be a mighty monarch of the forest, but it had decayed and fallen away. He found his home in ruins and, when he asked for his father, an old man told him that his great-grandfather had told him a son had become fairy-tied and the spell would not be broken until the sap in the sycamore under which he sat had been dried up. In Denmark, Ogier, the Dane, still sleeps. Once he half awoke, when some young men found him with his long beard grown through the rocky wall.

"Is there manhood still left in Denmark?" he asked. One of the young men offered a bar of iron. Thinking it was the arm of the youth, he was contented, and immediately resumed his sleep.

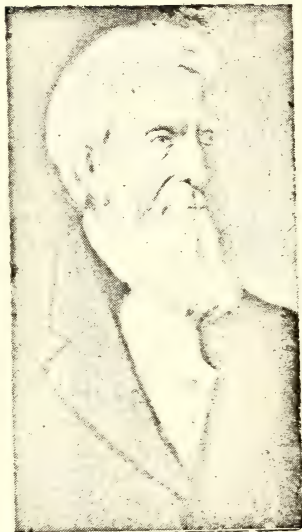
In Japan there is a pretty legend of a young fisherman who meets a beautiful maid upon the seashore. She falls in love with him, and to keep him with her puts him to sleep--- a sleep that lasts a hundred years. When he awoke and begged to return to his parents, whom he felt must be worried over his absence, she gave him permission, placing in his hands a golden casket as a token of her love, warning him not to open it if he valued his peace of mind. He then went back to the place of his old home, to find such changes as a century brings. In his grief and disappointment, he forgot his promise to the goddess and opened the wonder-box, with a vague hope that it might afford a key to the mystery of his surroundings. He immediately began to feel the effect of the years, and he soon was overcome by age.

So we might describe a hundred just such romantic tales of love to fellow-beings and fidelity to religion did we have the space. But among them all we find none more picturesque than our own quaint, shiftless, ne'er-do-well, yet honest Dutchman, Rip Van Winkle.





GEN. JOSEPH CILLEY



COL. JOSEPH CILLEY

General Joseph Cilley

His Ancestors

By JOHN SCALES, A. B., A. M.

JOSEPH CILLEY, commonly known as Gen. Joseph Cilley, was born in Nottingham, N. H., in 1734, and died in that town August 25, 1799. He was the son of Capt. Joseph Cilley and Alice Rollins or Rawlins, who were married in 1724-25. Captain Cilley was born in Hampton October 6, 1701, and died in Nottingham in 1786. Alice (Rawlins) Cilley was born in 1701 and died in Nottingham in 1801, aged a full hundred years. Captain Cilley was the son of Thomas and Ann (Stanyan) Cilley. Ann Stanyan was the daughter of John and Mary (Bradbury) Stanyan of Salisbury, Mass. John Stanyan was the son of Anthony Stanyan, who was born in England about 1611 and came to New England in 1635 in "The Planter." He lived in Boston and Salisbury. His wife's name was Mary. Captain Cilley's grandmother, Mary Bradbury, was the daughter of Capt. Thomas and Mary (Perkins) Bradbury of Salisbury. Captain Bradbury was one of the ablest men in Massachusetts during his period of active life, 1640-1680.

General Cilley showed his love and respect for this ancestor by naming his eldest son Bradbury. Mary Perkins (Bradbury) was the daughter of John and Judith Perkins of Ipswich, Mass. He was born in England in 1590 and came over in the ship "Lyon" with Roger Williams in 1631. He lived in Boston two years and settled in Ipswich in 1633. He owned "Perkins Island" in Ipswich River. He held various town offices and was representative in the General Court in 1636 and later. He died in 1654.

So much for the ancestors of General Cilley in lines other than the Cilley; all first-class Puritan stock.

General Cilley's grandfather, Capt. Thomas Cilley (Seally), was a sea captain, whose residence was at Hampton, N. H., where his children were born. Later in life he resided at Andover with his son Thomas. He died in Nottingham while there on a visit to his son, Capt. Joseph Cilley, the date of which is not known. He appears to have been a successful sea captain, a good citizen, and not given to office holding or participating in public affairs. He was a gallant old sea dog.

Richard Cilley (Sealy), his father, was a magistrate of the Isles of Shoals for several years, who finally removed to Hampton, where he died; his wife's name is not known; he seems to have been at the Shoals from 1650 to 1660, engaged in the fishing business, at which time and long after the islands were a great fishing station.

He was son of Captain Robert (Seely) Cilley of Watertown, Mass, who came there from England in 1630; his wife's name was Mary who had administration of his estate October 19, 1668. He had three sons, John, William and Richard, whose residence for a number of years was on the Isles of Shoals, where there was then a large settlement. They were all sea-captains and were men of enterprise in various ways.

Such were the ancestors of Captain Joseph Cilley, who with his wife and family removed from Hampton to Nottingham about 1727, and settled on Rattlesnake Hill, so called, on the south easterly side of The Square. He first erected a log cabin in which he deposited his household goods, all of which effects of every description he brought with him on the back of one horse, himself and family accompanying on foot, a distance of about 20 miles they had to travel, much of the way through forests. A clearing was soon effected, with what preliminary work he had done, and good crops were raised the first year. He was industrious, economical and enterprising; his means



increased and in a few years replaced the log cabin with a large frame house; a monument by the road side, from Nottingham Square to Epping Corner, marks the spot where his first log house stood. He purchased other land; built other houses; engaged in lumbering and farming, and became noted for his enterprise and his possessions among the dwellers in Nottingham and the towns around. He earned his title as Captain by service in command of the Provincial Militia, having received his commission from Governor Wentworth. All of his Cilley ancestors were Captains, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. He was of medium height, compact frame, active temperament, with great powers of endurance and quickness of perception with an almost unerring judgment. He combined great cheerfulness and generous hospitality with a remarkable fearlessness in danger and hopefulness under discouragements. He was born October 6, 1701, and lived to be 85 years old, vigorous almost to the end of life.

Alice (or Elsie) Rawlins (or Rollins) was granddaughter of James Rawlins (or Rollins) who emigrated to America in 1632 with the settlers of Ipswich, Mass., and whose wife was Hannah. They were the ancestors of the distinguished Rollins family of New Hampshire. She was born in 1701 and died in 1801. It was said of her that she was a large, strong, vigorous woman quick of step, strong of will and very methodical in conducting her household affairs. Her home, whether a log cabin or a house two stories high with "gable windows" was a model of neatness and order. She drank neither tea or coffee, nor tasted of the intoxicating bowl, nor smoked or took snuff, which latter was a very fashionable custom in her day. The Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Nottingham is named for her, and they have marked her grave in the General Cilley burying ground on The Square with an immense boulder and bronze tablet.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

In the earliest records the name is variously spelled as Seely, Seeley, Sealy, Sealey, Seelye, Sillea, Ceely; spelling in those days was not a fixed art; it was a sort of spell as you please period; the first of the race to spell in the present way was Captain Joseph Cilley of Nottingham; he so spells his name in his Will and on various documents, and he appears to have been very well educated for a man of that period.

In Froude's History of England, Vol. VIII, page 452, it is recorded that in the year 1563 the following petition was addressed to the Lords of Elizabeth's Council: "In most lamentable wise showeth unto your honors, your humble Orator Dorothy Seely, of the city of Bristol, wife to Thomas Seely, of the Queen's Majesty's guard, that where her said husband upon most vile, slanderous, spiteful, malicious and most villainous words spoken against the Queen's Majesty's own person by a certain subject of the King of Spain—here not to be uttered—not being able to suffer the same did flee upon the same slanderous person, and gave him a blow—so it is, most honorable Lords, that here upon my said husband, no other offence in respect of their religion then committed, was secretly accused to the Inquisition of the Holy House, and so committed to most vile prison, and there hath remained now three whole years in miserable state and cruel torments."

In the list of captains who accompanied Drake to the West Indies in his famous voyage 1585-86, appears the name of Captain Thomas Seeley in command of the "Minion"; he was probably a son of the Thomas above mentioned; his mother had trained him up to manhood in deadly hatred of the Spanish race.

Burke states:—The family was of Norman extraction; that John Sealey, Esq., said to have been of the family of Sealy of Bridgewater, went to the sister isle in the time of Charles II. He was the father of Robert Sealy, Esq., of

Bardon, who married Miss Marsh, sister of General Marsh, and had issue, Robert, Armiger, George, Baldwin, Eliza, Bridget and Jane. From Burke it also appears that Charles Seeley, Esq., was a member of Parliament from Nottingham. "Ollyver Ceely" appears as Major of the militia in Plymouth in 1660. The name of Ceely occurs in the list of emigrants from Essex County, England.

Robert Seely of Watertown probably came to America in the fleet with Winthrop, as the registry of his desire to become a freeman was October 19, 1630; and as "Robte Seely" took the oath of freeman May 18, 1631, at Watertown, Mass.

This Robert Seeley rendered valuable military service in the Indian wars and came to be an officer with the rank of Lieutenant. He was second in command under Captain Mason in the Pequot War. This service called his attention to the lands in Rhode Island and Connecticut and he finally settled in the latter colony. He had then risen to the dignity of Captain, and was chosen "Commissioner for ye Town of Huntington and sworn in Court May 14, 1663." Captain Seeley seems to have died in New York in 1668.

While Captain Seeley was engaged in fighting the Indians, his sons appear to have come down to the Isles of Shoals and engaged in fishing, which was then a very flourishing and profitable business there. One of the settlers there at that time was John Cutting, and probably his daughter or grand daughter married Captain Joseph Cilley's grandfather Richard Cilley (Sealy); hence it came that Capt. Joseph named one of his sons "Cutting," for the boy's great-grandmother, Mary Cutting. This son became Capt. Cutting Cilley in the Revolutionary Army and did valliant service for the patriot cause.

"A History of Cailly in Normdie," recently published in pamphlet form says: "Guillaume de Cailly accompanied in 1066 Guillaume The Conqueror, in England and valiantly fought at Hastings, preferring to die than to fail to



the faith that he owed to his Duke." It is claimed, and perhaps truthfully, that this soldier is the founder of the family in England and established the name. In this History the name is spelled de Cailly, de Caly, and de Saily previous to 1399 when it was spelled de Sealy and de Cely. Later the "de" was dropped and it appears as Cailly, Cely and Sealy, but all from that same old warrior who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror in 1066.

HIS EARLY MANHOOD AND HIS FAMILY

General Cilley's ancestors, paternal and maternal, were all English; he was a thoroughbred Englishman on American soil; not of a lineage counted great, but of fishers and choppers and ploughmen, who constituted New England's yeomanry. For forty years he was a loyal subject of the king of Great Britain, and he would no doubt have remained so all his life if King George had behaved himself and treated his subjects justly and honorably, as King Edward of to-day conducts the affairs of state in Great Britain. The story of General Cilley's dealings with King George will be told later. Let us look at the first two score years of his life.

Joseph Cilley was born in Nottingham, in 1734; he had three sisters older, one of whom, Alice, married Enoch Page; and one sister and a brother younger. That younger sister was Abigail, who married Capt. Zephaniah Butler, an officer in the Revolutionary Army; they were the grand-parents of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of the Civil War. She was the woman who taught her grandson his A, B, C's and instilled into his mind the spirit of independence and free thought which she had inherited and imbibed during the great struggle of the Revolution, in which her brothers Joseph and Cutting were such prominent actors. The younger son was born in 1738, married Martha Morrill in 1761 and died in 1825, aged 87 years. He resided in Nottingham and was a captain in the Revo-

lutionary Army during the war. He held various town offices in Nottingham. His last days were passed in Northfield, where he died at the residence of his son John. They had twelve children, nine boys and three girls, all but one of whom were married and left descendants. Several of the sons lived to great age and have honorable records.

Gen. Joseph Cilley was a farmer; his farm and family residence were on The Square, about a mile above the residence of his father at the Ledge Farm, where he was born. Previous to the Revolution he held some town offices, but his chief attention was given to farming, lumbering and business affairs in general, such as occupied the attention and energies of business men in that period. He was united in marriage with Sarah Longfellow, November 4, 1756. He was then 22 years old; she was 17. They had ten children, three daughters and seven sons. He died August 25, 1799, aged 65. She died May 23, 1811.

Sarah Longfellow was the daughter of Judge Jonathan and Mercy (Clark) Longfellow, who settled in Nottingham about the same time, or a little after Capt. Joseph Cilley settled there. For further information in regard to Judge Longfellow and his wife, the reader is referred to a previous number of THE GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE. Sarah Longfellow Cilley was a woman of superior intelligence and strong personality. At the opening of the Revolution she was only 37 years old. When her husband went to the war she resolutely took up the burden of managing the farm, the family of eight children and household affairs in general. Her eldest daughter had been married two years; her eldest son, Bradbury, was 15 years old. Those were strenuous times, but Mrs. Cilley was equal to the demand, and with the loyal help of her young sons, whom she trained in ways of industry, she kept the farm and all the family affairs in a prosperous condition until her gallant husband sheathed his sword and returned from the warpaths to the paths of peace. What the woman did at home was equally as patriotic as what the man did in the field of war. After the war Mrs. Cilley was a conspicuous and leading lady in the

numerous social functions which the brilliant career of her husband demanded of them to participate in. Sarah Longfellow Cilley was a model Colonial Dame of the opening years of the American Republic.

The children of Gen. Joseph and Sarah (Longfellow) Cilley were as follows:

1. Sarah, born October 16, 1757; married, August 19, 1773, Judge Thomas Bartlett of Nottingham, who was one of the leading patriots in New Hampshire, and a descendant of the distinguished Bartlett family of Old Newbury, Mass. He was one of the leading men in town affairs of Nottingham for forty years. He was captain of a company at Winter Hill in 1775-76; lieutenant-colonel in Colonel Gilman's Regiment in 1776, and same in Colonel Evans' Regiment in Rhode Island, 1778. He was colonel of one of the regiments New Hampshire raised for the defense of West Point in 1780, where he was stationed when General Arnold played the traitor. He was a member of the Committee of Safety from May 28, 1778, to January 5, 1779. After the war he was major-general of the New Hampshire militia, succeeding his father-in-law, Gen. Joseph Cilley. During the last ten years of his life he was judge in the Court of Common Pleas, holding that office at the time of his death, in 1805.

2. Bradbury, born February 1, 1760; married, November 19, 1792, Martha, daughter of Gen. Enoch Poor. This son was not much in public life, but was a man of great business ability, much of which was due to the training his mother gave him during the Revolutionary period. He was elected representative in Congress in 1813 and served one term. He was colonel on Governor Gilman's staff in 1814-15, doing active duty in the fall of 1814. In 1817 he was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire. He acquitted himself honorably in all of those offices, but his great ability was manifested in business affairs. He always resided on Nottingham Square; he died there December 17, 1831, in his seventy-second year.

(To be continued)





SUMMER IN THE WILDS

The Vermont Grants

New Hampshire's Interest in Them

By OVANDO D. CLOUGH

PART III

(Continued from the April-June number)

THEN the College party began to hold the reins and guide the course of the state. Dartmouth College then was in the state of Vermont. Eleazer Wheelock was made a justice of the peace, and Bezaleel Woodward judge of the Superior Court to "banish tories, etc." The College party then adjourned the Assembly to meet in October at Windsor. Then the united committees met at the house of Colonel Murray at Orford, and sent out notices to the east-side towns, then a part of Varmont, to obey all military laws of Vermont, but to co-operate with New Hampshire militia for the common defense.

President Weare also was notified of the separation of the towns, with an expressed hope of a "friendship and union between the two states." But the Exeter people were angry, not only towards the College party but the new state, and President Weare sent a letter to New Hampshire delegates in congress urging Congress to interfere. He also wrote to Governor Chittenden of Vermont, protesting against said actions.

Governor Chittenden at once convened the Council, and at the solicitation of the Bennington body sent Ethan Allen to Philadelphia to see in what light Congress viewed the actions. Allen soon found the New Hampshire and New York delegates united to crush the new state. But he soon won over the New Hampshire delegates by prom-

ising to use his influence to dissolve the union with the east-side towns, and to get recognition of the state west of the river, and then hastened home.

The Assembly convened at Windsor in October, according to adjournment, with ten representatives from the east-side towns, and the College men in full power. Allen put in his report and added his belief that unless the state receded from its action in regard to the east-side towns, the whole power of the United States would unite and annihilate Vermont, and that Congress would admit it without them. The powers at Dresden fought to retain the debatable towns; the Bennington to dissolve the union with them. The first, being in the majority, proposed to the Exeter party to join in making the boundary between Vermont and New Hampshire twenty miles east of the river. Up to this time the Bennington force had been beaten at every point, but on October 21 it succeeded in a movement that gave it the advantage. It defeated the College party's project to form all the east-side towns into a county by themselves, thus depriving those towns of the privileges and powers of the other towns, whereupon the representatives of these towns and ten of the west side bolted, leaving the Assembly with just a quorum and in the control of the Bennington men. The seceding members "protested" to Congress, and Governor Chittenden and Allen sent letters to President Weare. Allen having fulfilled his promise to the New Hampshire delegates hoped they would now fulfill theirs, and agree to Vermont's independence. Chittenden's and Allen's letters to Weare were conveyed to him by Ira Allen and those of the protesting members by John Wheelock as their agent.

On the 24th of October, the few members still in the Assembly made provisions to obtain the will of the people on the subject and adjourned to meet in Bennington, February, 1779. On the same day the seceding or protesting members planned to organize, under the way of the united committees, and assemble a convention at Cornish Decem-

ber 9, 1778, composed of delegates of all the New Hampshire grants. Another of the schemes of the College party to form a new state of towns on both sides of the river, with Dresden as its center, and thus to destroy Vermont, was a new and elaborate address sent out called "A public defense of the rights of the New Hampshire grants, on both sides of the river, to associate together and form an 'Independent State.'" In this was discussed, learnedly and ably, all sides and phases of the controversy.

When the convention met at Cornish, twenty-two towns were represented, eight of them on the west side of the river. The convention rejected the river boundary as set by the King in 1764; it annulled the Vermont Assembly of October 21, on the county matter; ignored the Windsor Constitution, and dissolved the Vermont confederation of towns. It also requested towns not represented in that convention to join it to procure the line between Vermont and New Hampshire at what was known as the "Mason line," at twenty miles east of the river. If the east-side towns did not agree to this, then New Hampshire would be asked to claim jurisdiction over all the grants, and provide a plan of government to suit all the people.

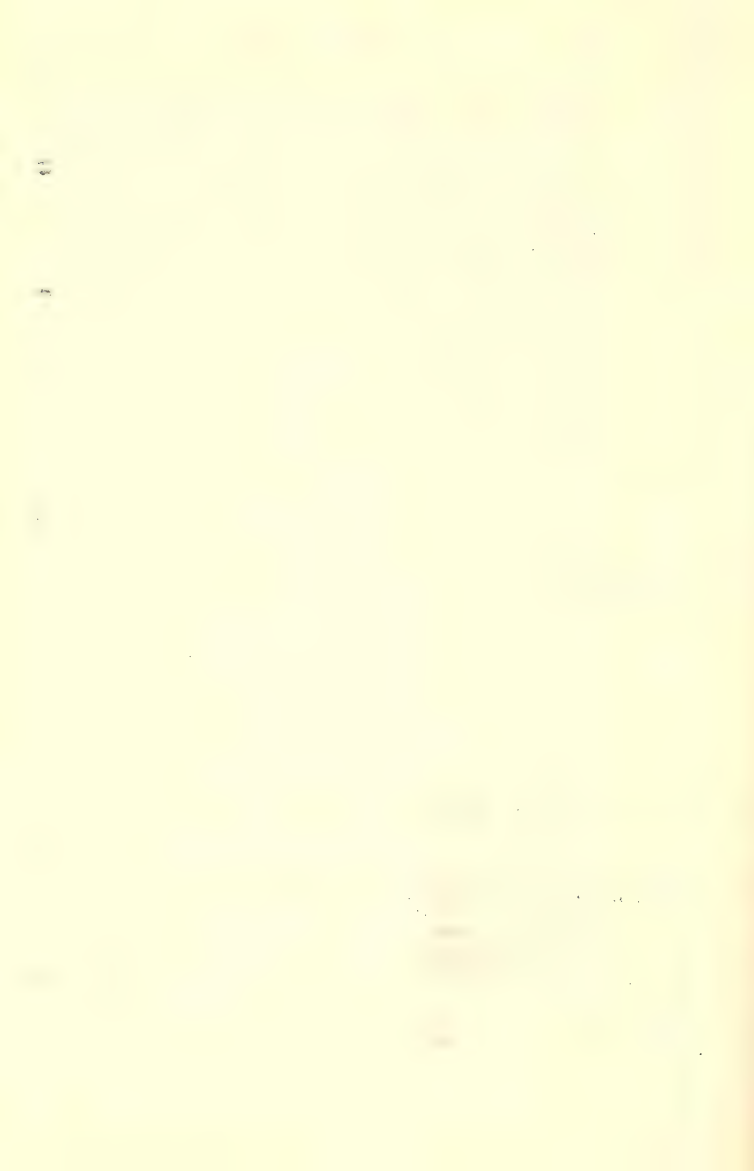
Meanwhile, till one of these conditions obtained, the "United town," as they styled themselves, would "trust in Providence and defend themselves." But the Bennington party was not idle and moved to counteract these schemes. Ira Allen, who was at the Cornish Convention, wrote to President Weare that the incoming Assembly of Vermont would not encroach on New Hampshire's territory, nor would it allow any encroachment on Vermont territory. He also sent an address to the west-side towns to adhere to Vermont as then constituted.

Thus the parties waged their political war. Neither side rested. But when the Assembly met at Bennington, February 11, 1779, the Bennington Association had a clear majority instructed to vote to recede from the union of the sixteen east-side towns, and the Assembly voted to

dissolve the union and to make it totally void, null and extinct. This action caused the Cornish Convention to ask New Hampshire to assert its old jurisdiction over all the grants, as before the royal decree of 1764, and thus wipe out Vermont. This proposition was received with much favor, and in March a General Bailey and a Captain Phelps of Newbury put in a well-drawn petition to the Exeter government to that end. Later, Ira Allen, with Governor Chittenden's report of the dissolution, appeared at Exeter and found the proposition rapidly gaining favor, which strong efforts failed to head off. But it was agreed that if Congress would permit Vermont to be a state, as then formed, New Hampshire would agree to it and, pending this decision, New Hampshire was to exercise jurisdiction only to the west bank of the river. Action on this was deferred till the next session in June, and the Cornish Convention was ordered to collect the sentiment of towns west of the river, which was done by letters and handbills sent out from Dresden. These acts added anger to the already angry Bennington party, and put it to still greater work to head off the schemes.

Then there came another peril. Massachusetts joined the opponents of Vermont with a claim to a portion of her territory. Then another complication arose. In some of the river towns there was a minority of men of means and influence, who had resisted the authority of Vermont and remained loyal to New York. They formed their own committees of safety and in 1779 a military company, officered by Governor Clinton of New York, and when Vermont's board of war levied men to defend the frontier, these New York adherents refused to furnish their quota. Then the so-called "Yorkers" and Vermont's officers clashed and the former sent appeals to New York for "protection of person and property."

Vermont answered by sending Ethan Allen with Green Mountain Boys to assist the sheriff in serving warrants, signed by Ira Allen, against the Yorkers for oppo-



ing the authority of Vermont. The leaders were taken and confined in a rough jail at Westminster, some of them militia officers commissioned by New York. When their trials came off at Westminster court house, which was tavern, jail and court house all in one, they were condemned as "rioters" and fined. To those who petitioned to New York Governor Clinton replied that in no case should Vermont be acknowledged, and wrote also to Congress that it only could prevent trouble. Congress appointed a committee to visit the grants and try to make amicable settlement; which committee came, but conferences availed nothing.

Such were the conditions in June, when the New Hampshire Assembly met at Exeter, where also was found Ira Allen again, in the interest of Vermont, and Bezaleel Woodward, for the Cornish committee, whose work among the people had come to little. The proposition to claim all grants against New York seemed to favor Vermont, but the Benningtonians looked at it suspiciously. The College party, seemingly taking it as its defeat, still continued to play its cards. In September Congress advised the three claimants, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York, to authorize Congress to settle the whole disputes and invited the people to send to Philadelphia for a hearing.

New York and New Hampshire at once gave Congress the power to settle, but Massachusetts refused, while Vermont sent a committee to look to her rights. The College party then tried another of its schemes. Although the invitation of Congress to the people to send agents to a hearing was intended only for the people of Vermont, they claimed it included them and sent Woodward and Colonel Olcott, of Norwich, to attend the hearing as agents of the united towns, which they claimed included most of the grants in the north portions, on both sides of the river. At this time the College party would have joined New York in putting the boundary at the mountains, still hoping and still scheming for a state within the valley, with Dresden the capital.



February 1, 1780, at Philadelphia, all parties interested were presented, but for want of a quorum the subject was not moved till September, when it was taken up. Vermont, still denying the authority of Congress in the matter, sent out an appeal to the "Candid and impartial world," and announced her purpose "not to surrender her liberties to any man, or body of men, under heaven." Ira Allen and Stephen R. Bradley of Westminster, author of the appeal, were there, as also were Woodward and Olcott, while Luke Knowlton of Newfane looked to the interests of New York. Woodward and Olcott, however, were not admitted to full recognition, but were allowed to put in a written argument. The hearing continued for a week and then, without stated or evident reason, abruptly ended. On the last day, the agents of Vermont, seeing the controversy between New Hampshire and New York put in jeopardy Vermont's very existence and did not consider her as an interested party, withdrew and filed a written remonstrance, saying they "would no longer sit as idle spectators to the intrigues to baffle a brave and meritorious people out of their rights."

After their withdrawal, General Sullivan, agent for New Hampshire, stated that the grants were all within that state, and so had no right to withdraw and become a separate state. But a disagreement in the New Hampshire delegation over their instructions from Exeter suddenly ended the hearing. Sullivan really was in favor, as was the College party, of fixing the boundary at the mountains.

(To be continued)

Greatness

To whom the lowest birth is given,
In Fame's pursuit oft leads the rest;
The bird that highest soars blue heaven
On earth the lowest hath its nest.

The Passing of the Bashaba

By MARTHA H. P. ABBOTT

The Indians of New England gave the name of Bashaba to a few of their chieftains who were noted for great wisdom. Passaconnaway, of the Penacooks, was one of these.—*Author.*

The wigwam fire was burning low;
Now here, now there, its light
Leaped up in strange, fantastic shapes,
Then died into the night.

Stretched out upon his bear-skin mat,
All unattended, lay
The chieftain of the Penacooks,
Great Passaconnaway.

Without, strange orgies filled the air,
Feasts smoked, and torchlights burned;
The young men from a war-path far,
Victorious had returned.

Unheeded fell the sounds, upon
The ears of the Bashaba,
For, like the wigwam fire, his life
Was ebbing fast away.

The curtains parted, and there stood,
In war-paint and with bow,
Unheralded, beside his chief,
The brave Unkankano.

Abundant life coursed through his veins,
Its wild, untrammelled strength
Flashed in his eyes, and thrilled his limbs,
Through their dark, sinewy length.

Strange was the meeting of the two,
Life sharply close to Death,
The red blood pulsing hot and quick,
And the slow, labored breath.



"Great Chief," the warrior said, "we know
The time is nearing, when
A long, long journey thou must go,
To come not back again.

"Deep secrets, hidden in thy breast,
Have made thee great and wise;
Think not to bear them to that Land,
Toward which thy journey lies.

"Speak them to me, before thy soul
Goes out to the Unknown,
That still our tribe may keep the power,
Held now by thee alone.

"That he is worthy who asks this
His many scalp-locks show,
And never yet was foe but feared
The brave, Unkankano."

He stood expectant, and the chief,
His old eyes dimming fast,
Saw, as it were, his own bright youth,
Come from the vanished past.

But mournfully he shook his head.
"My lips," he said, "are sealed;
To him alone who pays the price
Are Wisdom's truths revealed.

"In ways he would not he must go,
Must watch while others sleep,
Must scale the heights in weariness,
Must search the boundless deep.

"Nor is this all. Nay, life itself
But lightly held must be.
Wilt pay the price? For so alone
My mantle falls on thee."

A silence fell. Each wrestled with
A strong but unseen foe,
And each was conquered. Humbled was
The brave Unkankano.

He drew the curtain's folds apart,
And sadly went his way,
And never has the Penacooks
Another Bashaba.



From a drawing by N. A. ORTON

A FEATHERED SHAFT WHISTLED PAST HIS HEAD

In Pioneer Days

By the AUTHOR OF THE WOODRANGER TALES

FOREWORD

The patriotism of a people is measured largely by the respect shown to the memory of their ancestors. The noblest of Greece and Rome realized this and through their inspired writers the exploits of Jason, Hercules and Romulus, glorified by tradition, were made to shine forth on the historic pages as deeds affording inspiration for the sons of men. In many respects this ancient pride and veneration has descended from race to race, and from generation to generation, until the sons of America share in this ancestral patriotism. Nor is there a people who have better reason to feel a pride in their forefathers. No sturdier cast of character figures in history than the pioneers who builded the foundation for our pillars of government. If we have no Hercules like the Greeks, no Romulus like the Romans, no Tell like the Swiss, no Olaf like the Norse, no Wallace like the Scots, we have our Lovewell and his Snow-Shoe Scouts, Rogers and his Wood Rangers, Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, Marion and his Merry Men, Crockett and his Alamo.

There is no section of the country that has greater reason to be proud of her pioneers than New England, whose first settlers were men of strong arms and undaunted will, accompanied by wives as brave and energetic as they, fit companions for these heroes of the frontier. Not only were these men and women inured to bear without murmuring the perils and privations belonging to the founding of homes in the wilderness of a primeval country, but they became skilled in the arts and stratagems of Indian war-

fare, the worst of all forms of combat. Their very positions made this imperative.

In the following chapters I have endeavored, as faithfully as I could, to depict a series of incidents connected with certain personal experiences accounts of which have fallen into my hands. In obtaining these facts I have not depended upon the histories of the times, which are too often meager of those minor matters which give us the lights and shades of every day existence; but I have depended upon fragments of personal narratives, journals kept by those who passed through the stirring scenes depicted, historic allusions here and there to the leading adventures, to all of which tradition has lent a storied interest.

Before we begin our historic tale, let us glance at the general situation of the colonies in New England and New France, so that we may the better appreciate the condition of our characters. Indian warfare in the Eastern Colonies consisted of an almost continuous series of outbreaks lasting for over a hundred years, and generally connected with affairs in Europe, as the motherlands of the colonists were almost constantly at war with each other. The exception to the rule was that purely colonial struggle known as "King Philip's War," which really opened in 1662 and ended in 1678. Ten years later this was followed by "King William's War," sometimes called "St. Castin's War," as that French leader had aroused the English colonists by his steady encroachments on British territory. The Governor of Canada, or New France, as that country was then generally known, had begun to systematically organize the so-called Christian Indians and encourage them in making attacks upon the English. Unfortunately for the latter, they were experiencing the rule of an unpopular governor, so were not united to meet their stubborn and aggressive foes. But they did rally enough to make that unsuccessful attack upon the stronghold of the North, Quebec. The Peace of Ryswick, September 20, 1697,



ended this war without making any material change in the situation.

Less than five years of restless peace followed, when England, May 4, 1702, declared war against France and Spain, and what was known in Europe as the "War of the Spanish Succession" ensued. In America this struggle was styled "Queen Anne's War," and lasted until the Peace of Utrecht, in April, 1713. While the former war had not added a foot of territory to the British domains in this country, by the terms of this settlement Great Britain obtained Newfoundland, Acadia and Hudson Bay.

If the European powers had succeeded in closing the drama of arms for a time, the colonies continued to wage a predatory warfare. New forts were built by the French, and renewed attacks upon the English pioneers were carried on by the Indians. Driven to frenzy by these repeated cruelties, the inhabitants of New England retaliated by marching upon that stronghold of priestly government at Norridgewock, and not only routed the savages, but slew their dark-robed leader. This crushing blow, followed by Lovewell's memorable fight, in which nearly an entire family of red men were exterminated, brought about the Peace of Boston, signed by the Abenaki chiefs, and giving to the colonists the longest interval of peace enjoyed by them.

Another war between Great Britain and France followed, known as the "War of the Austrian Succession," which was quickly transplanted to the provinces, to be called here "King George's War," or "Governor Shirley's War." This broke out in 1744, and its fruit, as far as the colonies were concerned, was the capture of the French fortress on Cape Breton Isle, Louisburg, by a body of raw New England recruits. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, provided for the restoration of such conquests as the rivals had made, and accomplished merely the foundation upon which to build the real contest for American supremacy soon to follow.

It was during this brief interval of so-called peace that the English colonists began to unite as they had not previously done, and the French to increase and strengthen their fortifications. The period was an interval of watching and working, seven years of suspense, when the war-whoop of the race that never slept held the hearts of New England spellbound, and the tomahawk, ever whetted for battle, dripped with the gore of its hapless victims. In fact, the recent struggle had served to awaken the activity and bitterness of men rather than to bring with its peace that rest which usually comes to the overtried. In the midst of this trying time were enacted the startling scenes connected with the adventures I am about to relate. Nearly all of those who figure here afterwards acted important parts in the Seven Years' War, then already foreseen by the more sagacious, gaining through the experiences of these years the skill and wisdom that were to enable them to cope so successfully with their enemies at last.

CHAPTER I

"THERE'S ANE A-WANTIN' "

"There's a man out'n th' woods waitin' to sae me, Jeannette," said Craig, simply, taking down his long-barrelled firearm from its accustomed pegs over the stone fireplace, and wiping its rusty surface on his greasy jacket sleeve. He was a tall, angular man, with a mass of unkempt hair, a straggling beard, and small, sharp eyes, forever seeming to be looking in every direction at once. His long experience on the frontier of old New England—a life that was calculated to bring out the more stubborn and inflammable elements of a person—had wrought him into the nature of a pitch-pine knot, tough, scarred, gnarled, quick to ignite at the touch of a spark, but slow to expire.

"Has he been waitin' lang, Christie?" asked his wife, who seemed a fit companion for such a man, stopping her wheel, while a worried expression came swiftly over her care-worn features.

"Since yisterday, I s'spect, though 'tweren't my failin' tha' I dinna know o' his comin'."

"I thought ye said he'd staid his comin'? An' how did he fin' ye here, Christie?"

"I dinna can tell. Ye'll see tha' th' calf is got hame to-night, 'cos th' wolves might worrit th' creetur', an' it has ta'en a foolish notion o' late o' runnin' awa'."

A new light came into her eye, and her faded countenance brightened as she asked:

"Canna ye put awa' this meetin' him till another day, Christie? I had planned to pull th' flax soon."

"Ha' to let it stan' a leetle longer. He canna be put awa'."

While speaking he had taken down his gun and, allowing it to rest in the hollow of his left arm, slung a powder-horn and bullet-pouch over his shoulders. With these means of warfare, casting a nervous glance at her and then at the childish form curled up on the bear skin robe in the corner, he moved out of the cabin and across the clearing in front with that peculiar shuffling gait which seemed so much a part of him. She followed him to the door and, shading her eyes from the slanting rays of the westering sun, watched him as he continued to approach the primeval forest stretching for miles in every direction, like a huge tent showing a window here and there, made by some adventurous pioneer's clearing. She watched him in silence until the brown of his buckskin suit had mingled with the shadows of the wilderness and he was lost to her view.

"I'm sorry he has come," she said, half aloud, as she reluctantly returned to her wheel, stopping on her way to gaze upon her babe, fast asleep.

Out where the pines threw their shadowy arms over the edge of the clearing Craig soon came in sight of a man seated on a fallen tree taking his gun to pieces, using an old broken-bladed knife for a screw-driver. This person, like himself, was tall, angular of figure and irregular of feature, though these last were nearly concealed behind a dense growth of beard, whose uneven surface showed that it had been trimmed with some dull instrument so it looked like a patch of young growth in which deer had been browsing. He merely glanced up at the appearance of Craig, while he kept on busily with his work. The latter crossed over to where he could look down upon him, and propping the butt of his gun upon the ground and folding his arms over its muzzle he stood for several minutes in silence. Finally he said:

"Rusty?"

The reply was equally curt:

"Broken."



Again silence settled over the strange twain, lasting while the shadows crept out over the opening several feet. It was broken then by a snap of the hammer of the weapon falling on the empty pan, as the workman stopped to test what he had done. His countenance now lighted somewhat, as if he was pleased with what he had done.

"'Pears to hold," remarked Craig.

"Good for one shot," replied the stranger, beginning to pour a charge of powder down the long, battered iron throat. This he followed with a buckskin wad. He then dropped a bullet upon this, and followed with another wad, tamping it all down to his satisfaction. His task completed, he turned resolutely toward his companion, saying in a slow tone, as if he was weighing every word:

"There be ane a-wantin' at hame."

Craig nodded to this, as if speech was not demanded, asking, after a brief pause, during which the other had primed his weapon:

"Now?"

The stranger followed his example of reply by nodding.

"Here?"

"Suit me."

"Mebbe there's no need to beat 'round th' bush," said Craig, reflectively. "Ye hev been a lang time comin', but mebbe 'tis better so. Th' flax, th' auld woman tells me, needs pullin' bad, but I can spare ye sich a matter 's ten minutes. If it be fer langer, then the auld woman 'll hev to find another mon to pull th' flax."

Then the two, as if understanding perfectly the situation, each turned his way and walked at a deliberate gait thirty paces. So evenly did they measure this distance that the twain turned about at the same moment, calmly facing one the other, standing sixty yards apart. A spectator must have been puzzled to understand what this conduct meant, though there was evidently a deadly purpose underlying this peaceful exterior. Craig pointed

with his left hand to where the westering sun sent a shaft of light through a rift in the tree-tops like a bar of silver or, better yet, for there was life in it, a serpent in silver foil creeping toward a small boulder in its pathway. It lacked less than a hand's span of reaching its goal, and the look on the pioneer's countenance seemed to say:

"When it shall reach that rock."

The other was saved the effort of nodding by the shrill cry of a catbird, when a happier thought entered his sluggish brain, and he said:

"Next."

Craig nodded. Then the couple, so strangely met, waited and listened, each prepared at the quickest rate possible to throw back the hammer of his firearm and, taking aim at his rival, send the leaden messenger on its terrible errand at the signal of the innocent songster. But the bird, as if understanding the fate hanging upon its note, remained silent, while the listeners grew tired of that expectant attitude. The silver serpent crawled slowly to the rock, and then as silently began to climb the barrier in its path, losing its brightness as it advanced, until it vanished in the shadows beyond. Still the two maintained their steady positions, neither looking back nor to the right or left. When it looked as if they would have to abandon their waiting, the silence of the scene was suddenly broken by the ominous note they had listened for so long. It was short, sharp, decisive and freighted with uncommon significance.

Simultaneously the duellists drew back the hammers of their weapons and brought the deadly instruments to a horizontal position, pressing the stock firmly against the shoulder. At least Craig completed this action. His enemy stopped abruptly in the midst of his movements and allowed the butt of his firearm to drop to the ground instead of bringing it to his shoulder. Folding his arms over its top he coolly watched the action of Craig. A snap inside the stock, as he had pulled the hammer back,

had warned him that the repaired spring had failed to hold and that his gun was useless. In proof of this the hammer had dropped downward with a click.

The sound reached the keen ears of Craig, and he realized that his foe was at his mercy. This thought flashed through his mind as his eye ran along the barrel, and his finger sought the trigger of his gun. But neither finger nor eye completed its work. Instead the gun was slowly lowered.

"'Pears to me th' man who boasts o' his cunnin' needn't take all day to finish a job like yer's," muttered the stranger, as if dissatisfied at the unexpected delay and anxious to end the scene.

"Gun no good?" asked Craig.

"'Tain't my fault," replied the other. I'd lined ye 's sure 's gum 'f th' auld gun hadn't gone back on me. But that ain't here nor yon; pull."

"'Drat me 'f I do. Th' Craigs ain't 'em to fergit er wrong, nor to shoot er man without any show. Wait till I can go down to th' house."

"Nuther gun?"

Craig nodded but hastened to say as if in extenuation of his conduct:

"I fergot to kiss th' childer."

As he started toward his home at his peculiar loping gait, the other followed him to the spot where he had been first seen, moving like a double upon his track. In fact, the couple appeared enough alike to be twins. Craig had a singular twitch to his right ankle, and this the stranger also possessed. Upon reaching again the place where first discovered by his rival he stopped and, taking out his broken-bladed knife, resumed work upon his gun. The wild bird was now making the welkin ring with its song, as if rejoicing at the outcome of the recent affair in which it had acted such an innocent and yet important part. But its merriment ceased with a thrill of terror at the very height of its outburst of song.

Meanwhile Craig, without looking to the right or left, and apparently heedless of the action of his enemy, kept on toward his humble home. As he came in sight of his cabin he saw Mrs. Craig anxiously looking in that direction. At sight of him her countenance took on an uncommon brightness.

"I did not hear any shootin'," she said, without trying to conceal her agitation.

Craig shook his head, walking past her into the cabin. Stooping first to kiss the sleeping child, he next took down a second gun from its pegs behind the skin door.

"'Tain't quite 's heavy 's mine," he mused, "but it mus' do. It bein' a strange weep on, his takin' mine will offset me takin' this."

Without further words, merely nodding to his wife, he repassed her and started to retrace his steps to the woods. He had not gone a rod, and she had barely reached the entrance to the cabin, when a feathered shaft whistled past his head and, missing it by a hair's breadth, plunged its point into the wall of the cabin, close to the door. A moment later a warwhoop that was calculated to carry terror to the heart of the hapless family of pioneers rang on the still afternoon air, until it seemed as if all the demons of the infernal regions had been suddenly turned loose upon the earth. Craig caught sight of half a dozen Indians at that moment coming out of the rim of undergrowth of alders bordering the meadow below the cabin. At the same time he was even more surprised at discovering a woman running toward his home from a point a little higher up the valley. She was bare-headed, her long hair streaming in the wind, while her countenance, even from that distance and the hasty view he had obtained, showed great excitement and fear. She had not seen him until now, when, as if the sight of a possible friend had relieved the fearful strain upon her mental and physical being, she came to a partial pause, and throwing up her arms in supplication, called loudly for help. Understanding that to

falter then would be fatal, Craig shouted for her to keep on to the cabin, toward which he ran at the top of his speed. They reached the door at the same moment, where they were greeted by the terrified Mrs. Craig with the words:

"Mercy me? We shall be killed and scalped by the Injuns."

"Into the cabin!" cried Craig, fairly pushing the women before him, closing the door as he followed them. He had barely accomplished this act before a shower of lead rained against the wall of the dwelling, more than twenty-five bullets lodging in the door. The reports of the firearms had not died away before the Indians gave utterance to another wild alarum, but instead of rushing forward altogether, as they had first threatened to do, the majority remained under cover of the woods.

CHAPTER II

THE PIONEER'S DEFENSE

It will be remembered that Craig carried in his hands the two guns with which he had started out to meet the man waiting for him in the woods. As soon as he had closed the door and slipped the stout crossbar that held it firmly in place into its socket, without stopping to speak to his frightened companions, he sprang to the nearest loop-hole in order to get a shot at one of his dusky foes. Though they were working under cover of the growth, he was quick enough to draw bead upon a tall chief, and the report of his gun was swiftly followed by the death-cry of the red man, who staggered backward and dropped to the earth. With a rapidity of action gained only after long practice with the weapon, the pioneer exchanged his smoking gun for the other, brought the latter in a direct line with another savage, who had paused momentarily to note the fate of his comrade. So close upon the report of the second gun that it seemed simultaneous, this warrior uttered a yell of pain and fell prone beside his lifeless companion.

Possibly thinking from the rapid firing that the cabin held more than one marksman, the other Indians quickened their steps, and a moment later nothing was to be seen or heard of them.

Without speaking, Craig handed his own weapon to his wife, and began to reload the other gun. As if understanding by his action what was wanted of her, Mrs. Craig began to recharge the empty firearm, but her hand trembled so some of the powder fell to the floor. The newcomer, who was a young woman of comely appearance, was wringing her hands and sobbing with mingled grief and fright. As soon as he had loaded and primed his weapon,

the whole process occupying less time than I have taken to speak of it, Craig looked cautiously out of the porthole, in order to satisfy himself in regard to the contemporary movement of his enemies.

"They're takin' a rest," he said simply. "Come fur, lass?" he asked of the new-comer, who was a stranger to him.

"From the meadows of the Long River. Oh, sir! I have seen such dreadful things. The Indians are on the war-path, and I know not if we shall be able to escape with our lives."

Craig spoke reassuringly to her in his abrupt though not unkindly way, concluding by saying:

"The reds seem to be hatchin' out new deviltry. They are still down by the edge of th' woods. While I watch, ye can talk."

"As I have said, I lived over on the big meadows, father's cabin being about a mile above the garrison house. Occasionally an Indian has been seen at the settlement, but always in apparent friendship, and no one dreamed of trouble until a few days ago. Two men by the name of Flint and Twitchell, from Walpole, went back into the hills to get some highland ash to make oars of. A young man stopping at our home, by the name of Eden Harwood, followed them the next day for the same purpose, discovered their dead bodies, horribly mutilated, where the Indians had surprised and killed them. He came back to our house as quickly as he could to warn us of our danger, and then left to go down the river by boat to the fort, while he set out to spread the news to other families that the Indians were again on the war-path.

"We took such things with us as we could carry, and reached the bank of the river in safety. Just then I remembered a little keepsake that I prized highly, as it belonged to my little brother who was killed by the Indians during one of their raids several years ago. It was a little wooden ladle that father had whittled out for him to stir

the maple syrup with as it boiled in the big kettle. I had one like it, but lost it in the wild scene which took place as the red men surprised us during a few minutes that father had left us at camp alone. From that day to this we have never seen or heard a word of poor little brother, and I have always kept the ladle as a memento of a most unhappy day.

"So, telling father I would be back by the time he had got the boat freed from its fastening, I ran to our cabin, without dreaming of ill-fortune. I found the ladle readily, but as I turned to leave the cabin I was met in the doorway by three savages in warpaint and armed with guns and tomahawks. I screamed once as loudly as I could, partly from fright, but hoping that father and mother would hear me and know that the Indians were about.

"Before I could repeat my outcry, I was seized and made a captive in spite of my struggles. Then, appearing in great haste to get away, my captors dragged me off into the woods, though I was very glad to have them go in a direction opposite from the river. I do not know if they, or any of their party, found father and mother. I hope not, and that thought alone gives me courage.

"With the memory of the awful fate of little brother Benny in my mind, I resolved that I would go no farther with the Indians than I was obliged to go, even if I lost my life in trying to get away from them. There were seven of them in number, and that was yesterday. Last night, watching my chance while they slept, I slipped free of my bonds and stole away without arousing them. I have been hiding from them all day, but a little while ago they found me, when I was compelled to flee for my life, expecting to be retaken. You can imagine with what joy I saw your cabin, but I am sorry I have brought this trouble upon you. I can see now it would have been better to let them retake me, as by so doing I might have spared you this suffering."

"They seem to be holdin' a talkin' bee," remarked

Craig, without replying to her story. "I b'lieve they want'r get me inter th' talk."

The following romantic incident seems to have been the origin and reason leading up to this Indian attack upon the families living upon Great Meadows, of which we get a vivid idea from the fugitive's hstory:

In their eagerness to worry the English settlers the French at Montreal, in the autumn of 1747, sent out an expedition consisting of Indians under the command of the young cadet, Pierre Riambault St. Blein, a grandson of the governor-general of Montreal. Soon after entering the Pocumtuck Valley in western Massachusetts, this unwary leader was surprised and captured by the English, and his followers routed. The illustrious captive was taken to Boston, where he was retained for a considerable time, until he could be exchanged for two English captives held by the French.

Sieur St. Blein proved to be a very observing man, and on his way back to Canada under the escort of the English he noticed the weak condition of the frontier settlements, particularly those in the vicinity of Great Meadows, from whence for the succeeding stage of his journey it is recorded that our hero, John Stark, was a guide across the then trackless wilderness of what is now the state of Vermont. The return party was led by Sergeant Hawks, a noted frontier scout, and the journey was made over the water-shed in Mount Holly, down a branch of Otter Creek to the main river, thence through Clarendon, Rutland, Pittsfield to Brandon, reaching the shore of Lake Champlain nearly opposite Ticonderoga, when they moved down the lake to Sorel River, reaching Montreal in midwinter. The journey was made on snow-shoes, and under cover of the white flag.

The cadet lived about midway between Montreal and Quebec, where he was received with great rejoicing by his relatives and friends, he having two brothers who were extreme partisans. In a spirit of retaliation for his defeat,

and encouraged by the intelligence he brought of the weakness of the English settlements, the expedition was planned and carried out which resulted so disastrously to the families concerned in this narrative.

But to return to the beleagured cabin.

As Craig finished speaking one of the Indians was seen to emerge boldly from the cover of the woods, and carrying a strip of birch bark fastened to the end of a short stick, approach with steady steps. He had left behind him his gun and tomahawk; only his painted cheeks and tall plume, which rose and fell with a gentle movement as he advanced, hinted at his warlike purpose. The natural silence of the forest had been restored, but it was a suppressed stillness which foreboded evil rather than peace. The furtive gaze of Craig missed no movement of the dusky messenger, though he did not betray any emotion. A low cry from the child served to change if not check the suspense of Mrs. Craig, and she quickly lifted the little one into her arms. A moment later the shrill voice of the watchful pioneer commanded the approaching Indian to stop. The latter instantly obeyed, saying in broken English:

"Cris know Manesquo?"

"Did," replied Craig, laconically, recognizing the speaker supposed to be friendly to the whites and who had called upon him several times during the summer.

"Manesquo want to talk to white brother."

"Talk," was the terse reply.

"The war-torch is lighted. Indians come for Cris and his squaws. If go still-mouthed not harm much."

"Go yerself," retorted Craig, "Is that all?"

"Cris not know all. Many Indians in woods; palefaces only one—two—three; one—two squaws, one man."

"Go an' learn to count before you talk with me. My supper is ready; ye had better look arter yours."

Giving expression to a grunt of dissatisfaction, if not contempt, the Indian withdrew.

(To be continued)





THE BRIDE OF THE WHITE CANOE



Indian Traditions and Folklore

II

THE BRIDE OF THE WHITE CANOE

A LEGEND OF AMOSKEAG FALLS

By LACONICA

YOU may never have heard this legend of the Bride of the White Canoe; it may never have been told. In the storied past it lingers, and somewhere and sometime it will be told as I tell it. The imagery of the snow-white bark and its dusky occupants, pictured in the midst of the waterfall as if the real objects had been caught by some mysterious power and held there in defiance of natural law, is not to be seen now. Peradventure, it vanished with the appearance of that new light which dispelled the brightness of the old. Darker shadows have fled from our forests and rivers with the hosts of yesterday, and the old settler, gray with the gloom of the wilderness, assured me that he had seen it. With the silver of the harvest moon shimmering upon the transparent waters, he had seen and wondered if some fairy yet lived amid these scenes, if some daring canoeist of the race that had vanished had risked his life in a wild ride over the brink and been punished for his folly by being caught upon the rocks, or was it—a noiseless step by his side brought to him a brown-hued tale-bearer, who, as the daylight deepened into twilight and the vision disappeared, told him this story of the long ago:

It was when Cyclonac was the great sachem of the Penacooks. Then their sun shone with noonday brightness. The pines on the hills overlooking the long window

of Broken Waters* were not thicker than their wigwams on the bluffs of Namaske. Then their warriors defied the sons of the West; their hunters never returned from the chase empty-handed. Their burnt clearings reached far and wide, and their women tilled great patches of maize and melons. No feasts were as bountiful as theirs. There was no prophet as renowned as Cyclonac; no princess as fair as Winneona of the White Canoe.

If the dark corners of the forest had their charms, so did the open heart of *Kakaashadi* call to the hunter and the warrior when their day's wild work was over. In the dusky twilight they came to spear the fish that sported so abundantly for them in the foam-fringed flood. Grown weary of the common place, they would set afloat their fire-raft on an autumn night, that the piercing rays of their hundred torches might burn bright pathways into the hidden caverns of the forest to lure from their sleep into the range of their bows the wondering denizens of the wild-wood. Or it might be under the moonlight the restless pines, flinging their thousand fingers out over the dreamy waters, beckoned them forth for one of those canoe races for which they were noted as far as their wampums had been carried, east and west, north and south. Should the evening be fair and 'twere whispered that Winneona, the Maid of the White Canoe, was to mingle in the pastime, then the water would be dotted with canoe-men and the bank thronged with spectators.

Bind the grace of the lily to the sweetness of the rose; the brightness of the evening star to the softness of the southern breeze whispering its secrets to the poplar, and you have found the sources of the many charms of Winneona. A maid so fair and gentle should have many lovers, and Winneona had hers. One by one she gave them the answer that leaves the heart a fugitive of hope, until it

*Indian name for the Merrimack, expressed in their tongue by the word *Kaskaashadi*.—*Author*.



came to choosing between Kohass the Pine and Aurayet the Sunbright. Dark as the pine for which he was named, Kohass was known as a brave hunter, whose nimble foot had climbed the Great Hill,* and he had hurled, empty-handed, from the brow of Annabesett† the big, brown bear that had killed six warriors in one foray, and he boasted of having defied the bitter tempest which overpowered three stout braves in a single night. Aurayet was like a ray of sunshine, and there was no day so dark that he could not see the sunshine, no storm so biting that he felt the arrow of selfishness piercing his heart. He had fought alone the big war party of Mohawks under Uncanoonucs' shadows, coming out of the fray with glory enough for one warrior.

If Winneona felt any choice between these-lovers, she did not own it. On dark days, when the flowers closed their bright faces and the sun hid its brightness, she must have felt the warm passion of her light-hearted suitor. But when the sunshiny days displayed with happy effect the darker traits of Kohass, then she admired if she did not love him. At other times she feared him, so Kohass was ever with her in spirit. Fear and love are often kin. So I think she loved Aurayet and feared Kohass. It was this fear which made her slow in giving her reply to this twain.

In this not uncommon situation for a maid, she chose upon a plan which should decide their fate and hers. She would become the bride of him who could outmatch the fleetness of her canoe. Many times had she flown like a wildbird over the playground of the Merrimack, flinging back to her lovers merry taunts of victory over them. It is true Aurayet had once sent back the laugh against her, but this fact did not lessen her hopes or check her from giving forth her bold challenge. 'Twere no serious fear to defy such a daring lover.

*Probably Kearsarge Mountain.—*Author*.

†The bluff overlooking the falls at Hooksett.—*Author*.



So the message went abroad, and merry excitement ran over the lodgment. 'Twere seldom if ever such a challenge had been given, and not only did Kohass and Aurayet hasten to accept the challenge, but others asked and gained permission to join in the race for so fair a prize. So five were added to the twain mentioned.

The trial was to take place upon the favorite race track of the Merrimack, above the thundering falls, and the time selected was the harvest moon, then near at hand. And, while the rivals began to prepare for the great ordeal, the women of the tribe began to get in readiness the feast that was to follow the race and the marriage. Hunters began to search the game lands for the best they could offer. From the forest were brought long trains of evergreen and the frost flowers of the river bank with which to deck the bridal train and the rich viands of the festival.

Ay, little can you penetrate the meaning of this canoe race. It promised to overleap all other trials of the kind, and there had been many in the moons gone away. Once rival chiefs had raced for life and death and, what was dearer, honor, the vanquished yielding himself up, without a murmur, to the victor. Once a Mohawk brave rowed here against Nolka, the Penacook giant, with the promise of his freedom if he overcame him. Never did Nolka of the "Magic Paddle" fly over the water as he did on that day. He won, too. But it was only because at the last moment the paddle in the hand of the Mohawk snapped like poorly seasoned wood. Then Nolka showed that the bravest are the most generous, for he plead so earnestly for the brave from the West that the other was spared his life.

So upon the eve of the harvest moon, while the mistress of light climbed in silence the pathless hills of the sky, old and young gathered upon the bank of Kaskaas-hadi to witness the coming canoe race, until such a crowd had never been seen upon the river side. As the time drew near for the race to begin, one after another of the

rival lovers took his position. Then Kohass was seen to sweep his canoe into the center of the water-way, he alone looking confident of victory. Well he might, for he alone of all those present knew that Aurayet, the most dreaded rival, lay among the alders and willows of Annabeset, silent and motionless. Scarcely two hours since had he tracked him down and sent the arrow that had laid him low. Arrows are silent messengers, but their messages are winged with death.

Having no thought of this, Winneona, as the time drew near for the opening of the race, glided into position, casting anxious glances hither and thither as she looked in vain for Aurayet. She was to have a path down the center, with those who were to race with her ranged on either side according to the plan of the one in charge of the trial. Kohass came nearest upon her left, while a track had been left for Aurayet upon her right. Only he was lacking to make the arrangements complete. And now all began to wonder why he came not.

The moon had no waiting spell for tardy lovers. If they came or went she sped her starry flight, making brighter and brighter the pathway of the rival canoeists. All save Winneona were impatient to start. But she, looking more beautiful than ever it seemed, sitting like a princess in her snow-white canoe, made of the summer bark of the birch, and as transparent as the moonbeams. She fain would have had the race postponed until he should come or word of him be told. But the great chief, bribed no doubt by Kohass, said he had had time to come, and unless he did at the moment set he must be counted out of the race. Casting a furtive glance toward her dark lover, Winneona saw a wicked smile lurking about his mouth. Then the boastful warrior whispered across the water:

“Winneona to-night becomes the bride of Kohass.”

Before she could reply, if she would, the great chief raised over his head the dry pine stick whose breaking was to be the signal for the canoeists to start. Then the sharp

crack of the breaking wood had not fairly rung on the still air when six canoes shot forward like arrows from well-strung bows. Kohass led the way. Winneona hesitated, as if loath to start without Aurayet there with a chance to win. The cry which began with the spectators suddenly ceased when it was seen that she was likely to forfeit the race.

At that moment, too, though only a few heard the message, Arrowleaf, the Fleet-Footed, appeared upon the scene with the startling word that Aurayet, the Sunbright, had been slain as the wolf falls. This awoke a yell of horror.

Possibly mistaking the meaning of this outburst for one of derision at her failure to do her part, Winneona was brought back to a realization of her situation. Should she allow Kohass to win the race without an effort on her part, it would be done to her life-long shame. Like a flash of light her white canoe shot over the moon-tinted waters. In the twinkling of a star, it seemed, half of the rival canoeists were overtaken and were swiftly left behind.

The bank of the Merrimack rang with the wild cheering of the onlookers. Every eye was now fixed upon that noble race—the grandest Penacook had ever looked upon. Never did the moon gaze down upon so fair a picture of life and endeavor. Other waters may have mirrored her image with clearer beauty lines of silver and gold; other forests may have thrown darker shadows across her pathway; but never had she looked upon such a vision of light and shade mingled; of human effort to win heart and honor. The brown deer, slaking his thirst by the riverside, beheld the canoeists with awe, and while he watched and waited forgot his thirst. The prowling wolf, looking down from the distant crag, checked his howl of rage and looked on in silence. The vast throng of people watching and fearing, gazed upon the beautiful sight spellbound.

If Aurayet had failed to keep his pledge, it only made Winneona more earnest to win. Kohass' evil smile had

kindled the fear of her heart into hatred. Sooner than keep his wigwam would she become the death-bride of Namaske. With this stern thought in her mind she gave all her skill, all her strength, all her will, to winning the race. Her white canoe flew over the water like a wild bird, the paddles, lighter than feathers in her hands, lending it wings. Now the first, then the second, the third, fourth, fifth of the champions were passed, and only Kohass, the Pine led, fighting the great battle of his life, throwing all of the skill of his hands, energy of his arms and ambition of his heart into this grand struggle with the Maid of the White Canoe. Side by side the twain, maid and warrior, sped down the moonlit way.

Soon it was seen by the anxious watchers that Winneona was beginning to gain upon her rival. The difference was yet slight—so slight that the onlookers dared not cheer.

In the midst of the great silence, which hung like invisible curtains over the scene, Winneona gained a hand's span upon her dark rival. The onlookers saw this with wild joy, and their delight was beginning to find expression in shouts of gladness, when suddenly the entire aspect of the race was changed. Sweeping down the course like the white-winged winds of winter, a canoeist sped upon the pathway of the fleeing maid and warrior. The throng of people on the river bank saw him, and the murmur of joy upon their lips changed to a wild outburst of wonder and exultation,—a thunderous applause that rang above the roar of old Namaske, a prolonged cry that was heard that night a deer flight away. Never, it is said, not even when Connepokum won his matchless victory over the Tarratines did the river and forest ring with such cries. They were so mighty and overpowering that the canoeists glanced back to see what was meant.

Winneona saw with pulsing heart Aurayet coming swiftly upon her path and a wild feeling of gladness came into her soul.



Kohass saw the rival lover that he had slain sitting erect in his boat, his hands grasping his strong paddle without dipping or raising it, while he was carried on by some strange power with the fleetness of the wind. Knowing that it was the spirit of Aurayet that had joined in the race, he uttered a cry of terror and toppled back into the water, leaving his canoe to be caught a moment later in the gathering eddys of the waterfall.

If Winneona saw the sudden fate of Kohass no one knew. She was seen to hesitate for a moment in her earnest work, though the thunder of the falls was beginning to ring in her ears. And then, while all the others looked on with wonder rising to horror, the phantom canoeist glided alongside of the white canoe with its amazed occupant; he reached out an arm and lifted her into his canoe. And, holding her close-locked in his embrace, they were borne on toward the brink of the broken waters. The warning cry the onlookers would fain have uttered froze upon their lips. Speechless, motionless, helpless to save them, they saw the twain carried nearer and nearer the brink until they disappeared in the mist and foam of the raging waters. And as this startling action was going on the notes of a war-song rose above the thunder of the river—the paean so often sung in the hey-day of his victories by Aurayet the Dauntless.

So the wedding feast was never touched, and with anxious forebodings the Penacooks waited until daylight that they might look for the mangled bodies of the lovers. These were never found, and it was known that Winneona had gone to spiritland to live evermore with her faithful Aurayet. It was said in after years that, with the harvest moon shining clear in the sky, upon that particular hour of night, the outlines of the falling canoe and its passengers, as they shot over the brink, could be seen pictured in the swinging spray of the falling waters. That is all that has been told of the Bride of the White Canoe.

Fifty Years of Textile Industry in New England

I

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

THAT country alone is great whose manufacturing advantages are allied with the cunning of the brain and the skill of the human hand. It is true that agriculture is the oldest employment of man and its accomplishment the foundation of his upbuilding, but it never lifts a timber above the sills of his superstruction. "Homeward the plowman plods his weary way" empty-handed. The barbarian may be, and often is, an agriculturist, but his feet are earth-bound. The shepherd, tending his flocks on the sunny slopes of some Iverness, may fill an idyllic life, but he is only a dreamer. The range of the Arab is as far-reaching as the ring of his fleet-footed steed; the roof of his tent is as wide as the blue-arched dome of the Persian sky, and his freedom undoubted; but his legacy to posterity is as barren as the sands of Sahara. It is not until man begins to exercise his fertile mind in the invention and making of those things which shall enable him to broaden the scope of his labors that he starts on his upward course.

Even in this stage of progress, his capacity to do and attempt is helpless until he calls to his assistance the latent powers of nature. Then the river becomes his most potent ally. As an agricultural territory New Hampshire could never have become to any extent a noticeable factor in the march of progress or power. But with her

excellent water privileges, in proportion to her area, she is in the ranks of the progressive states. And the Merrimack, "the busiest river in the world," is the source of her greatness. Not only does this "river of broken waters" afford the power for the majority—the most—of her manufacturing industries, but it has given the impetus to the progress and growth of four prominent cities of the Bay State, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and Amesbury. Passing by this quartet of industrial centers, of which we hope to speak later, we will in this number sketch the development of those gigantic manufacturing interests made possible by the falls of Amoskeag.

This rugged waterfall has a descent of forty-five feet, carrying over its dam, when the water has a depth of one foot above its rim, 3,700 to 3,800 cubic feet every second during the working hours of the machinery that it turns. The current of the river is so slight that a flowage is accomplished which reaches back to the falls of Annabesit.* or Hooksett, a distance of eight miles. The area covered is 443 acres, and the average rise obtained upon October 1, 1908, was 3.325 inches. The river above Pawtucket Falls at Lowell has a flowage of eighteen miles. These, with other water privileges of note, help to make the Merrimack the river remarkable for its power.

It was as noted to the aboriginal inhabitants in its pristine glory for its fisheries as it is to-day for its manufacturing industries. Amoskeag Falls was especially well-known among the early pioneers, who little realized the possibilities lurking under the lash of its foaming current, as a "horrible cataract." Hither came the good Parson McGregor, as early as the summer of 1719, one of the very first of the white settlers in this vicinity, to gaze with awe and pious veneration upon the falls. The first recorded evidence that we have of the place was given by

*This is an Indian term signifying "little place for fish," in comparison to Namaske, or Amoskeag, "great place for fish."—*Author*.

Capt. William Tyng in December, 1703, when that doughty pioneer led his band of snow-shoe men upon their memorable wintry march into the "North Country" in search of Indian prey.

The first man to express his belief in the possibilities of this water power was Judge Samuel Blodget. But his mind and means were engrossed in the subtle undertaking of setting at defiance the waterfalls by building his canals. He came upon the scene of action too early to lead the way in this enterprise, as he certainly would have done had he been born a few years later. Thus it was left to a worthy pioneer in New England manufactories, Mr. Benjamin Prichard, to harness the legions of an idle river to the looms of industry. He had served his apprenticeship at Ipswich, where the first cotton mill had been erected in New Hampshire in 1803. After working here six years, this ambitious young man, in conjunction with three brothers named Ephraim, David and Robert Stevens, came to Amoskeag, then a part of the town of Goffstown, and built their mill, the first cotton mill on the Merrimack above Pawtucket Falls.

The business grew so rapidly that it was soon thought necessary to form a stock company, which was christened "The Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Factory." This name was changed the following June to "The Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Company." The first board of directors consisted of James Parker, Samuel P. Kidder, John Stark, Jr., David McQuestion and Benjamin Prichard. The first-named was chosen president and Jotham Gillis was made clerk and selling agent. He was succeeded in order by Philemon Walcott, John G. Moor and Frederick Stark. Compared with the mills of to-day, this was a primitive affair, having neither picker nor loom, and it made but slow, though deserving, progress along its untrodden way. No small meed of praise belongs to those sanguine leaders in the industrial world.

The factory was about forty feet square and two stories high, situated midway between the head and foot of



the falls, directly below the west end of Amoskeag bridge. The cotton used was parcelled out to the families living in the neighborhood, to be ginned at four cents a pound. The yarn was woven by hand by women who had looms in their homes. The Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace said in one of his discourses:

I have examined the accounts kept in the beautiful round hand of Judge Stark for the month of October, 1813, and for fifteen days in succession. During the month there were manufactured, at Amoskeag, three hundred and fifty-eight skeins per day of cotton yarn. This was about the average amount: the three hundred and fifty-eight skeins at factory price were worth twenty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents.

After some changes in its management and increased knowledge and capital, in 1826, the old original mill was enlarged and a new one was built upon the river bank, with another upon an island,* which was burned May 14, 1840. The second structure raised on the bank was known as "The Bell Mill," from the fact that a bell there called the operatives to work. Shirtings, sheetings and tickings were now manufactured, the latter commodity winning a wide reputation as the "A. C. A." tickings. Both of the mills upon the bank were consumed by fire March 28, 1848.

Until July 13, 1831, the manufacturing was carried on as a private enterprise with varying success according to

*This island was reached by a bridge that spanned the rapids from the west bank, near where the P. C. Cheney Paper Mills were afterwards built. The fire which destroyed the island mill seems to have been the first fire of special mention in Manchester. A local writer, Mr. E. F. Roper, in the *Observant Citizen's* column in the *Union*, says that in 1846 there were several buildings on the island, namely: a machine shop, foundry, dry house and a large house occupied by three families. Cyrus Baldwin, who afterwards invented the seamless bag loom, was boss of the shops. Among the hands were two who deserve especial notice: S. H. Roper, the builder of the first successful steam carriage, and G. A. Rollins, who later built steam engines at Nashua. The other cotton mills were nearer the village, which it was then believed was to become the heart of the coming city. This was in the days when Farmer owned the old hotel or tavern, a noted resort, and John Allison kept the village grocery.—*Author*.

the capital and exprience given it. Upon July 1 of this year, the state legislature authorized the formation of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company with a capital limited to a million dollars, a great sum for that day. The incorporators were Oliver Dean, Ira Gay, Willard Sayles, Larned Pitcher, Lyman Tiffany and Samuel Slater. At the first meeting Mr Tiffany was chosen president; Mr. Gay was made clerk, and Oliver Dean agent and treasurer.

This was the most important meeting ever held in the interest of the company, inasmuch as its counsels and acts laid the foundation of the future of the manufacturing interests of the Merrimack at this place. It was unanimously agreed that the property of the old firm should be taken for stock in the new company, and it was decided that the new organization should acquire possession by purchase the title to the land on both sides of the river, though it was settled that henceforth the main mills should be located upon the east bank, where the engineers declared it was most feasible to build canals and to utilize the water power. The company, in 1835, acquired the property of the Isle of Hooksett Canal Company, the Bow Canal Company and the Union Locks and Company, located at different points along the river. The following year the Hooksett Manufacturing Company, which had a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, was merged with the Amoskeag. About this time the first brick mill upon the Merrimack was built in Hooksett from brick made near at hand. The falls here have a perpendicular descent of sixteen feet and are capable of carrying one hundred thousand spindles. The Amoskeag Company operated this privilege until 1865, when it sold the franchise to a new corporation with a capital stock of one million dollars, authorized by the legislature. In 1837 the Concord Manufacturing Company became a part of the Amoskeag.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company not only obtained a control of the water power of the Merrimack from Concord to Manchester, but purchased large tracts

of land, fifteen hundred acres on the east side, joining upon the river und reaching back into what was then wild country. In 1837 the company made a plan of the future city of Manchester, and laid out the site of a town, with the main street running parallel with the river, and in 1838 it sold land divided into lots for building and business privileges. This movement not only brought into the market much land to become valuable in the following years, increasing as time passed by, but it opened the way to the coming city. This wise foresight is seen to-day in the well-arranged streets and commons that are such a blessing to our city, making it one of the best-regulated in New England.

In the meantime the company had been active in its own direct business. The wooden dam across the river, built a few years before, was repaired in 1836, and the following year the construction of a wing dam of stone, with guard locks, was begun on the east side. This was completed in 1840. In 1838 the rights, site and water privileges, for a new company, incorporated as the Stark Mills, were sold which corporation exists to-day. The first building erected on the east side was the Stark Mills counting room, a part of which was used for a time by the land and water power department of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. The first mills built on the east side were Nos. 1 and 2 of the Stark Corporation, and were erected in 1838 and 1839, respectively.

After the burning of the Island Mill in 1840, the Amoskeag Company built two new ones just below the Stark Mills, and added to these as their demands increased. A machine shop was built in 1840 and in 1842 a foundry to meet the requirements of the increasing business. In 1845 they sold land for a new corporation, known as the Manchester Print Works, and erected mills for the new company. This corporation, after over fifty years of successful operation, in 1905 was absorbed by the Amoskeag Company and its mills are to-day a part of the property

and business of that company. In 1859 the manufacture of the famous Amoskeag steam fire engines was begun.

During this period of constant growth of its industry the original idea of the development of a city was ever prominent in the purposes of the company. Tenements and boarding-houses for their operatives and those working for the other corporations were erected, and land sold for business sites and dwelling houses. In the matter of public buildings a generous and beneficial policy was carried out, land being given for sites of churches and public buildings.

These founders of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and incidentally the founders of Manchester, deserve a large meed of credit for their sagacity and enterprise. It must be remembered, when an account of their work is taken into consideration, that their undertaking was entirely along an unmarked path. The manufacture of the goods they purposed to put on the market was in the infancy of its growth even in England, then in the lead of the manufactures of the world. There were no practical mechanics in the country to accomplish any design they might invent. It was only a short time before their organization that it had been found expedient to manufacture raw cotton into finished cloth in the same mill, and thus two distinct branches had been carried on to accomplish one result. The power loom was the means to revolutionize the outcome and it has been claimed, with what seems good authority, that Phinehas Adams, Sr., was the first man in America to successfully run the power loom. No prouder monument to their success is needed than the great industry and prosperous city which has sprung up on the unsightly sandbanks overlooking the scene of their labors.

This, in brief, is the story of the rise and progress of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, giving employment to over 15,000 persons and having an annual output of about 200,000,000 yards of cotton cloth and 20,000,000 yards of worsted cloth. The mills have a floor space of

110 acres and have 600,000 spindles with 19,000 looms. The weekly pay-roll is \$112,000 and the amount of capital invested is \$5,760,900. What is termed as the quick capital is at \$10,412,521.19, which represents the assets. The land and water power is valued at \$400,000; the mills and machinery, \$2,550,000; reserve, \$10,000; bag mill, \$40,000; plant, \$3,000,000. The report of the treasurer at a recent meeting of the stockholders showed that during the past year the company has spent \$500,000 in the purchase of new machinery, and that the profit and loss is placed at \$1,924,993.44. The cotton goods on hand June 30, 1907, were valued at \$512,911.41; cost of manufacture, \$14,969,932.94; interest, \$13,265.04; guarantee, \$52,648.46; profit for twelve months, \$1,250,655.49; total, \$16,799,413.34; goods sold, \$16,109,124.75; goods on hand June 30, 1908, \$690,288.59; total, \$16,799,413.34. In the worsted goods department there were on hand a year ago, dyed and finished, 980,253 yards, while there has been finished during the year, 12,301,687½ yards; total, 13,281,940 yards.

This company at least has avoided the common mistake made by Americans in many lines of industries, where a person is allowed to come to the front poorly equipped for the responsibility that he has to fill. The Amoskeag Company believes that no man, however keen in his perception, can master a trade in a short time, and this is at least one place where skill is fostered and experience counts above a passing claim to utility. The result is evident to the most casual beholder. Employing a high grade of labor and having a management conducted upon principles of integrity and fair dealing, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company has moved steadily and smoothly on in the industrial sphere whether the tide of business ebbed or flowed.

Herman F. Straw is the present clerk of the corporation, and the board of directors elected are T. Jefferson Coolidge, George A. Gardner, George Dexter, Charles W. Amory, George Von Meyer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr.,

George Wigglesworth, F. C. Dumaine, and Frank P. Carpenter. F. C. Dumaine, Boston, is treasurer of the company, C. L. Bausher & Co., New York, are the selling agents; Herman F. Straw, agent; Charles H. Manning, superintendent; Perry H. Dow, engineer.

Not all of the power is now furnished by the river, as other means have been found necessary to keep the mighty round of machinery revolving at all times they are needed. The following statistics, taken from the company's own table, show the situation in this respect:

STATISTICS OF AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Number of steam turbines.....	1
Number of horse power furnished by turbine.....	2,000
Number of turbine water wheels	34
Amount of horse power furnished by wheels.....	16,488
Number of steam engines.....	14
Amount of horse power furnished by engines.....	20,900
Number of generators.....	5
Amount of horse power furnished by generators.....	6,700
Number of electric motors.....	96
Amount of horse power furnished by motors.....	7,000
Number of boilers.....	146
Nominal horse power furnished by boilers.....	22,000
Number of tons of coal consumed per annum.....	100,000
Number gallons oil consumed per annum.....	60,000

Aime E. Boisvert

AIME EDWARD BOISVERT, the solicitor of Hillsborough county, whose first term in office proved so satisfactory to the people that he was renominated by the largest vote given to any candidate by the county convention, September 24, was born in Pierreville, P. Q., July 8, 1863. He came to Manchester with his parents when two years of age, and has since resided in this city. He was educated in the public schools and St. Joseph's High Schools, finishing with a business course in New Hampshire Business College. When he was ten years old, his father died, and from that time he earned his own way in life. Mr. Boisvert was married to Alexina A. Jeanelle, in May, 1893, and has six children, three boys and three girls, whose ages are between three and fourteen years.

May 2, 1889, he was appointed special agent of the general land office, by President Harrison, and served until April, 1893, which office took him all over the western states in the inspection of local land offices, land titles and facts relating to contests for cancellation of fraudulent land entries and disputes between Indians and white settlers. The duties of this office placed him in constant relations with the United States district attorneys in the different states and territories where he worked. These relations and the nature of the work of his office suggested to him the study of law.

On his return to Manchester, he entered the law office of Hon. Edwin F. Jones, completing his course there save a few months spent with Judge Robert J. Peaslee, now of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar June 25, 1895, and has been successful at the bar from the first. He has a well-merited reputation for square dealing in politics, as well as in business, and the better he is known the more highly he is esteemed.

Mr. Boisvert has for many years been chairman of the Republican committee in his ward, is a member of the Republican City Committee of Manchester, as well as a member of the State Republican Committee. He was a member of the New Hampshire house of Representatives in 1907. He has been an active, efficient, constant party worker on and off the stump since his twenty-first year. He is thoroughly American, having lived practically all his life in Manchester, and yet he may be considered the advanced representative of the French-Canadian-American in politics and in law.

Mr. Boisvert has carried on his work in court and grand jury very expeditiously, always having matters so well in hand as to allow no waste of time. This in addition to the saving to the county, brought about by several rulings he was called upon to make on accounts which were heretofore passed without question, has contributed largely to a reduction in the county tax.



Reunion of the Twelfth Regiment

By MARY H. WHEELER

Written for the forty-second annual reunion of the Twelfth Regiment,
New Hampshire Volunteers, at Pittsfield, N. H., September 27, 1907.

The world is but a camping-ground,
Tented by the years,
And all the people soldiers,
But not all volunteers.

Some were drafted, idlers some,
And grumblers not a few;
And rare, indeed, we find them—
The loyal men and true.

Though many a battle has been fought,
The war continues long,
Recruits still falling into line—
The right against the wrong.

The world is but a camping-ground,
Tented by the years;
Each morning with the reveille
God calls for volunteers.

* * * * *

It was forty-five years ago, boys, forty-five years to-day.
We remember the camp on Concord Plains and the Twelfth, as it
marched away,
Down the dell by the watering-trough, the "Toll bridge road" to the street;
The high bridge over the Merrimack was swayed by their marching feet.

Their uniforms were immaculate, their muskets clean and bright,
And the crowds of people shouted and they cheered, as well they might.
For never a finer regiment had marched through Concord street—
New Hampshire's stalwart mountaineers equipped and all complete;

And the ladies thronged the station and their favors fell in showers,
 While handkerchiefs were waving and the air was full of flowers.
 And all that blessed day, boys, was one triumphant round.
 Do you mind the dinner at Worcester and the night upon the Sound?

Forty-five years ago, boys, do you really think it true?
 Why, at the mention of that day, we are living it anew,—
 The sorrow at departure, the hand-clasps and good-byes,
 A father's lips are trembling; there are tears in mother's eyes.

Father and mother and sweetheart, where are they all to-day?
 Was that a pre-existence, or a dream that passed away?
 And where is that fine regiment? We look for the boys in vain.
 Has Chancellorsville been repeated or Gettysburg fought again?

There are vacant bunks in the barracks, and at roll-call responses are low,
 And the songs and stories falter as we sit by the camp-fire's glow.
 We listen for well-known voices, when the jest and the joke go round.
 But too often, alas! too often, there is silence instead of sound.

These boys from New Hampshire's hillsides, to home life and freedom
 inured,
 We read with just indignation of the hardships which they endured.
 When we think of the dangers encountered, we tremble and are dismayed.
 How bravely they fought on the battlefield! How loyally they obeyed.
 Obeyed when they saw others falter, when weary and short of breath!
 Obeyed in the supreme moment, when obedience meant but death!
 Let the drums beat loud for our heroes! The flag which they fought to
 save,
 A battle for every stripe thereon, let it wave! let it wave! let it wave!

* * * * *

The world is but a camping-ground,
 Tented by the years,
 Each morning with the reveille
 God calls for volunteers.





AIME E. BOISVERT

GRANITE STATE MAGAZIN

DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



VOL. V

OCT.---DEC., 1908

No. 4

Amoskeag Manufacturing Company

MANCHESTER, N. H.
INCORPORATED 1831

CAPITAL = = = \$6,000,000

F. C. DUMAINE, Treasurer Ames Building, Boston
C. L. BAUSER & CO., 34 Thomas St., New York, Selling Agts.
HERMAN F. STRAW, Agent Manchester, N. H.
CHARLES H. MANNING Superintendent
PERRY H. DOW Engineer



*This company control and manage the Water Power
of the Merrimack River at Manchester, N. H.,
and also carry on the works for
the manufacture of*

Cotton and Worsted Goods

COMPRISING

***Tickings, Denims, Stripes, Gingham, Cotton
Flannels and Worsted Dress Goods***

Number of Mills	22	Gallons Oil used per annum	60,000
Number of Spindles	525,000	Pounds Starch used per annum	
Number of Looms	18,000	—600 tons	3,000,000
Number of Females employed	8,000	Drugs used per annum (value)	\$650,000
Number of Males employed	6,000	Water Wheels used: 6 eight feet, 19 six feet turbines; aggregate horse power about	12,000
Pounds of Cotton consumed per week	1,000,000	Steam Power—horse power	15,000
Pounds of Cloth made per week	800,000	Monthly Pay Roll	\$500,000
Yards of Cloth made per week	4,000,000	Pay every fortnight	
Tons Coal used per annum	100,000		



CHARACTER SKETCHES

No. IV

"THE COUNTRY PHILOSOPHER"

Granite State Magazine

A Monthly Publication

[Copyrighted, 1908.]

VOL. V

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1908

No. 4-6

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50

Single Copy15

To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., INC.,

No. 64 Hanover Street,

Manchester, N. H.

Entered as second-class matter, December 21, 1905, at the post office at Manchester, New Hampshire, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Printed by THE RUEMELY PRESS  143 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.

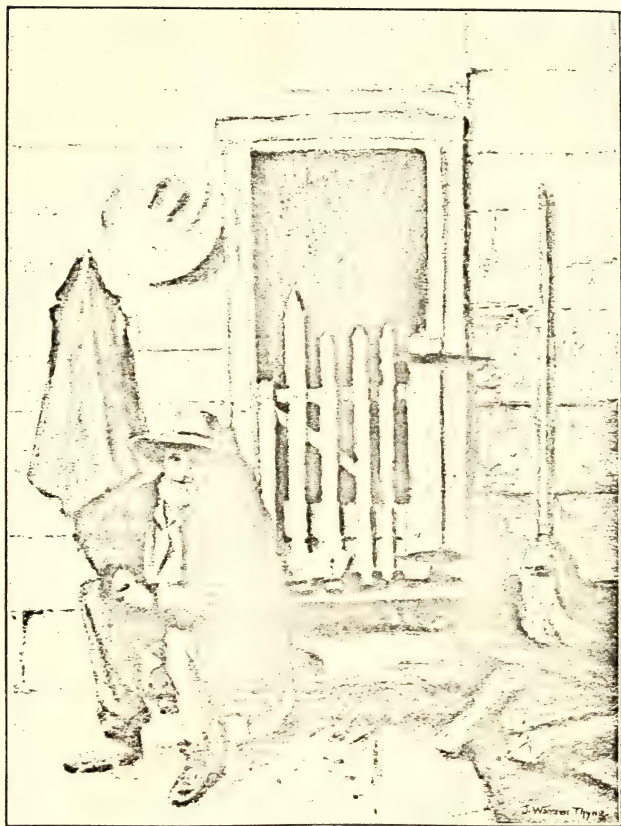
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Literary Leaves

MRS. JOHN VERNON. A Study of a Social Situation. By Julia De Wolfe Addison. Frontispiece and cover design by Charles Dana Gibson. Decorated cloth, gilt top, 12mo. Price, \$1.50. Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston.

At times art and fiction are very closely allied, as in the case of Julia DeWolf Addison's new book, Mrs. John Vernon. As a writer on various art subjects, Mrs. Addison has a well-established reputation. Taking Boston as the scene of her novel, she deals with the narrow conventions of old Beacon Hill and the livelier spirits of the younger set with remarkable knowledge of her subject. The heroine, a woman of rather low New England parentage, is connected with a very wealthy family, by which considerable scandal is caused. She being in a position, after her husband's death, to enter society, creates quite a hit. The scandal, however, leaks out, and she leaves this life for one of the stage, where she becomes a very successful actress. Before doing so, however, her child, who was born some time before her marriage, dies.



From a Charcoal Sketch by J. WARREN THYNG

THE COUNTRY PHILOSOPHER

Character Sketches

IV

"The Country Philosopher"



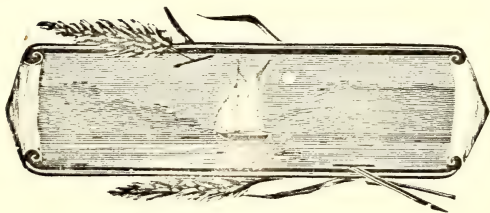
OUR ARTIST, Prof. J. Warren Thyng, has found inspiration for the magic of his pencil in a phase of rural life that does not need the aid of imagination to bring before the mind's eye his subject.

He gives us a speaking likeness of character that many, who live under the shadows of the Franconia Mountains, will readily recognize. We have forgotten his name, but that does not matter. The genial, rugged countenance and the hopeful, good-natured expression that lights it like the sunbeams on a wintry morn, speak to us in unmistakable language of days gone by. How those deep-set blue eyes kindled as the artist worked, and with what admiration he looked upon his handiwork. Alas! those eyes have been robbed of their light, and though the body lingers on the borderland of light and darkness the sun has set for them, until they shall glory in the new life.

If you and I never had the good fortune to meet him, we have seen his prototype, for he belongs to a class found in every hamlet of New England. One of the first recollections that come to me of my early boyhood was his brother sitting in the doorway as care-free as if this old world had no trouble, anxiety or sorrow. His was a sturdy figure, his countenance rugged yet lacking firmness, which loss was recompensed by an exuberance of kindliness. He witnessed the fall of the sparrow with a start of alarm, and suffered, with the innocent, the pain of its wound. He would not harm a fly, and his foot never knowingly crushed a worm.

He never murmured against fate. If it rained and the field was strewn with the new-mown hay ready for the

housing he did not fret. If the board was scant of its offerings he did not grumble, so long as his corn-cob pipe was filled and there was a red coal upon the hearth with which to kindle the fragrant weed. He watched the scroll of the heavens and was the weatherwise of the neighborhood. He felt the pulse of passing events and was the prophet. He turned a deaf ear to strife, and lived and died at peace with all mankind. If he left no niche in the world to be filled, if he left only a memory of an indolent life, peace to his ashes, long life to his memory! We knew him; we loved him; we revere his memory.







HON. JONATHAN CILLEY

General Joseph Cilley

II

By JOHN SCALES. A. B., A. M.

JONATHAN, third child, born March 8, 1762; married, July 5, 1786, Dorcas Butler, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Butler, pastor of Nottingham for many years. He was with his father, then a colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment, in 1777, a boy of fifteen years. When the sudden march from Ticonderoga took place, Jonathan was taken prisoner. His captor, on learning who he was, took him to General Burgoyne, who ordered that he should be treated kindly, and later he was provided with a pass to join his father in the American army. General Burgoyne also permitted the boy to select from the captured baggage, which was immense, any article of clothing he might desire. Jonathan took the best looking coat he could find. This proved to have belonged to Major Hull, afterwards the celebrated General Hull. He was also provided with an old horse and a pair of saddlebags, filled with Burgoyne's proclamations, to convey to his father. On reaching the regiment, he found it on parade, with his father in front. Colonel Cilley seized one of the proclamations and read it aloud to his men; then, ordering all the papers to be torn to pieces, he said:

"Thus may the British army be scattered."

Early in 1782, when he was twenty years old, Jonathan was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, which position he held to the close of the war. He married, July 5, 1786, Dorcas, daughter of Rev. Benjamin and Dorcas (Abbott) Butler, and they resided in Nottingham until 1804, when he removed with his family to Ohio and settled at Colerain, near Cincinnati. In Nottingham he held vari-

ous town offices, was justice of the peace, inspector and brigade major of the Third Regiment of New Hampshire Militia, assistant treasurer of the Order of Cincinnati from 1794 to 1799, and vice-president from 1799 to 1802. In Ohio he became a large land-owner, and was prominent in business and military affairs. They had six sons and five daughters, most of whom married and have descendants in the West.

4. Joseph, born November 19, 1764; died December 3, 1779.

5. Greenleaf, born March 5, 1767; married May 22, 1788, Jennie Nealley; he died February 25, 1808; she died March 26, 1866, aged ninety-four years. She was a daughter of Joseph and Susannah (Bowdoin) Nealley of Nottingham. Her father was an officer in the Revolutionary Army and participated in the Siege of Boston. He was in the army at Saratoga when Burgoyne surrendered and at Yorktown when Cornwallis capitulated, besides being in other battles. Mrs. Cilley was a remarkable woman, handsome in personal appearance, brilliant in intellect, and retaining all of her faculties and vigor of mind to the end of life. Her husband was a farmer in Nottingham; he held various town offices and was major in one of the regiments of the state militia. They had three sons and four daughters. Two of the sons had notable careers: Joseph, who was born January 4, 1791, and Jonathan who was born July 2, 1802.

The elder son was known as Col. Joseph Cilley, his grandfather was General Joseph, and his great-grandfather was Capt. Joseph Cilley. It is well to keep these titles in mind in considering the various persons bearing the name Joseph Cilley. They have sometimes been confused.

Col. Joseph Cilley was educated at Atkinson Academy. He was commissioned as ensign in the First Company of the Eighteenth Regiment, by Gov. John Langdon, October 17, 1811. On March 12, 1812, he was appointed an ensign in the United States army and ordered

for duty in Capt. John McClary's company, Eleventh Regiment, United States Infantry, then commanded by Col. Isaac Clark of Vermont. He was promoted to lieutenant March 17, 1814, and transferred to the Twenty-First United States Infantry, commanded by Colonel Miller, and was in the battle of Chippewa. In the battle of Brandywater, or "Lundy's Lane," he was badly wounded by a musket ball, producing a compound fracture of the thigh bone. Soon afterwards he was brevetted captain for his gallantry in that battle.

The action of the Twenty-First Regiment in this engagement deserves mention. The enemy after the repulse at Chippewa, July 4, 1814, on the 25th of July appeared in force at Queenstown, and his fleet arrived and lay near Fort Niagara. General Scott, with the First Brigade, Towson Artillery and all the dragoons and cavalry, was ordered to march towards Queenstown, to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance if necessary. Scott pushed on his command with vigor, and upon his arrival at the Falls found the enemy, under General Riall, directly in front, behind a narrow strip of woods, and in line of battle up Lundy's Lane, a ridge of land nearly at right angles with the Niagara, and about a mile below the Falls. General Scott sent information to General Brown, and his advance commenced skirmishing about 5.30 P. M., but the action did not commence in earnest until 7 P. M., The British were in much larger force, hence were able to extend their lines much farther and to make flank movements. To counteract this advantage, our troops fought in detachments and charged in columns, each upon their own responsibility, until General Brown came up with the remainder of the forces. Major Jessup, taking advantage of a wood between a road parallel to the river and the river, through which he led his regiment, turned the enemy's left, took General Riall and some of his principal officers prisoners, and, charging back, regained his position in gallant style. Meanwhile, the enemy moved a battalion

to the rear of our right flank, but were promptly met by Major McNeil with the Eleventh, and driven back with great slaughter. Thus the contest raged for an hour; the British infantry driven back at each point by turns, but holding their position through a powerful battery of two twenty-fours, four sixes, and three howitzers, planted upon a rising ground and commanding the field, and keeping up a destructive and incessant fire.

Now came Ripley's brigade, containing Lieutenant Cilley's regiment, to the front, enveloped in smoke and mad with excitement, greeted with cheer after cheer by the combatants. While forming for evening parade, the booming of cannon and the rattling of small arms announced that Scott had found the enemy. They moved immediately, and at the double quick, actually running three miles betwixt the camp and the battlefield. Porter's brigade followed them. Both were soon deployed and hurled against the enemy, but the battery upon the hill made sad havoc among our troops. It became evident to General Brown that the British battery must be carried to insure success. He turned to gallant Miller of the Twenty-First, and ordered him to storm the battery. "I'll try, sir," was the laconic reply. The contest that followed is well described in a letter written by Colonel Miller.

"I had short of 300 men with me, as my regiment had been weakened by numerous details made from it during the day. I however, immediately obeyed the order. We could see all their slow matches and port fires burning and ready. I did not know what side had the most favorable approach, but happened to hit upon a very favorable place, notwithstanding we advanced upon the mouths of their pieces. There was an old rail fence on the side where we approached, undiscovered by the enemy, with a small growth of shrubbery by the fence, and in within less than two rods of the cannon's mouth. I then very cautiously ordered my men to rest across the fence, take good aim, fire and rush; which was done in style. Not a man at the

cannon was left to put fire to them. We got into the center of their park before they had time to oppose us. A British line was formed and placed in line to protect their artillery; the moment we got to the center they opened a most destructive flank fire on us; killed many and attempted to charge with their bayonets. We returned the fire so warmly they were compelled to stand. We fought hand to hand for some time, so close that the blaze of our guns crossed each other; but we compelled them to abandon their whole artillery, ammunition wagons and all; amounting to seven pieces of brass cannon, one of which was a twenty-four pounder, with eight horses and harnesses, though some of the horses were killed. The British made two more attempts to charge us at close quarters, both of which were repulsed before I was re-enforced by the First and Twenty-Third Regiments; and even after that the British charged with their whole line three several times, and after getting within half pistol shot of us were compelled to give way. I took with my regiment between thirty and forty prisoners."

This charge took place about 10 o'clock at night, in moonlight. Colonel Miller's regiment lost in killed, wounded and missing, one hundred and twenty-six, nearly one-half his strength. Lieutenant-Colonel Cilley's company led in the charge on the cannon, and every commissioned and every non-commissioned officer present with the company was either killed or wounded. This was one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, and the gallant act of Colonel Miller and the noble Twenty-First won the admiration of all.

Lieutenant Cilley was afterwards brevetted captain for his gallantry in that battle, and was retained in the United States army on the peace establishment until he resigned his commission in July, 1816. An explosion of cartridges at Detroit, Mich., caused the loss of his right eye. On the 21st of June, 1817, he was commissioned as quartermaster on the staff of the first division, New Hampshire militia,

and in 1821 as division inspector; in 1827 he was appointed aide on the staff of Gov. Benjamin Pierce, with the rank of colonel, by which title he was known the rest of his life. In 1846, Colonel Cilley was elected by the legislature to the United States senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon Levi Woodbury. Upon the close of his senatorial term, Colonel Cilley retired to his farm in Nottingham.

HON. JONATHAN CILLEY

Hon. Jonathan Cilley, a younger brother of Colonel Joseph, born July 2, 1802, prepared for college at Atkinson Academy, graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, the class which had many members who became distinguished, among the number being Longfellow and Hawthorne; he studied law with United States Senator John Ruggles at Thomaston, Me.; being admitted to the bar, he entered into practice of his profession at that place. He not only became a successful lawyer, but also became interested in political affairs soon after entering upon his practice of law; he edited the "Thomaston Register" from 1829 to 1831; he was elected representative from Thomaston to the legislature in 1831-33-34-35 and served as speaker of the house the latter year. In 1832 he was elected presidential elector; in 1836 he was elected to congress, being the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in that congressional district, although only thirty-four years old. His career as congressman was cut short by a duel with Congressman William J. Graves of Kentucky, February 24, 1838, in which he was shot dead on the field at Bladensburg, Md. That duel is historic, as it caused the end of duelling by congressmen. A brief of the story of the duel is as follows:

On January 23, 1838, in the house of representatives, Henry A. Wise, representative from Virginia, who later was governor of Virginia from 1856 to 1860, in which his last act was hanging John Brown at Harper's Ferry,



opposed the appropriation bill before the house for the expenses of the Seminole War, in which he indulged in one of his most bitter tirades and a general attack upon the administration.

Mr. Cilley answered him in calm language, delivering one of the most admirable speeches ever heard in that ancient hall of congress. In this he brought to bear upon the unworthy factiousness from which the opposition to the bill evidently sprung, a power of reasoning, a broad, philosophic elevation of views, and a moral power of sincerity and patriotism perfectly overwhelming, but Henry A. Wise was one of those "Hotspurs" who make all the more fuss the more they are "overwhelmed."

The next step towards the duel arose from a Washington letter, published by the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, signed, "A Spy in Washington," in which some unnamed member of congress was charged with corruption and bribery, and the charge was backed editorially by Col. James Watson Webb, a man who was as much of a "Hotspur" as Henry A. Wise, who introduced a resolution of inquiry in regard to the charge. A lively debate occurred on that resolution, in which Mr. Cilley took part and opposed the adoption of the resolution on the ground that the anonymous obscurity of the source from which the charge came placed it entirely beneath the dignity of the house to entertain it, especially as the charge was without specification, individuality, oath, or direct responsibility, the writer being unknown, and the member accused being not named, the writer being vouched for by the editor of a newspaper, of which paper he said:

"He knew nothing of the editor, but if it was the same editor who had once made grave charges against an institution of the country and afterwards was said to have received facilities to the amount of some fifty-two thousand dollars from the same institution and gave it his hearty support, he did not think his charges were entitled to much credit in an American congress."

This led to a letter from Webb, demanding that Mr. Cilley should apologize or fight a duel. Mr. Cilley positively declined to have anything to do with Webb, or to be called to account for words spoken in debate on the floor of the house. Webb's challenge was carried to Mr. Cilley by Congressman William J. Graves of Kentucky and, as the challenge was declined, Graves took it upon himself to make Mr. Cilley apologize in some way and say that he had not "any personal objection to Colonel Webb as a gentleman." Mr. Cilley replied that he would not be drawn into any controversy with Webb, and he would neither affirm nor deny that Webb was a "gentleman" and a "man of honor," and at the same time he assured Mr. Graves that he intended no disrespect for him (Graves) in refusing to have anything to do with Webb.

An extended correspondence then followed in regard to the challenge by Graves and arranging for the duel, Henry A. Wise acting as "second" to Graves, and George W. Jones acting as "second" to Mr. Cilley. Mr. Jones was congressman from Michigan. The duel was fought on the famous duelling ground at Bladensburg, just outside of Washington; time about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, February 24; the weapons, rifles; distance apart, 80 yards; three shots were fired and Cilley fell on the third, shot dead.


The affair caused a tremendous commotion in Washington, which spread throughout the country, the general public branding Graves as a murderer and Wise and Jones as *particeps criminis*. All three were terribly frightened, fearing prosecution and severe punishment. Jones and Wise published a statement, trying to justify their connection with the affair and calm the excitement which had arisen, but their statement failed to accomplish anything of the kind.

(To be continued)

Sunset

By MRS. LUCY J. H. FROST

The following beautiful tribute is taken from a selection of verses written by this author under the title of "Fireside Reveries."—*Editor.*

 UNSET far across the plain,
Sending back its golden rain
To the maiden at the door,
Whose bare feet press the sanded floor.

With her hand above her eyes
She the lowing herd espies;
Coming slowly one by one,
As they oft before have done.

In the marsh the merry frogs
Sing upon half-buried logs;
While the insects on the hill
Pipe their music loud and shrill.

But the twilight now has come,
And the herds are gathered home;
While the maiden, pail in hand,
Goes to meet the waiting band.

SUNSET

Brightly beams the evening star
In the firmament afar;
While the songs of nightingales
Echo through the verdant vales.

Soon o'er meadow, vale, and hill,
Over mists so white and chill,
Night will let her curtain fall
Like a blessing over all.





The Vermont Grants

New Hampshire's Interest in Them

By OVANDO D. CLOUGH

PART IV

(Concluded from the July-September number)

ALTHOUGH this abrupt ending of the hearing without any effect again disconcerted the College party, it came to the valley just as full of schemes as ever for new combinations. The Bennington party, angered at the acts of the states that claimed Vermont's territory, and hopeless of being recognized, adopted a policy to convince the claiming states of the wisdom of not pressing too far their power and denial of justice. It indicated in part that secret negotiations were then going on to detach Vermont from the "United States" and join her to Canada,—a shrewd scheme to force recognition by the states.

So the war of politics, as well as the War of Independence, raged. Parties shifted and schemed anew, sometimes the College party held the reins and whip, and sometimes the others, but almost always, in the end, the honest and politic yeomanry.

Then came another bold move by the College party: the original scheme of 1776, to make a state of all territory lying between twenty miles east of the river and the mountains, in which they were joined by the Yorkers, or former adherents of New York, now tired of their experiences. The first move to this end was made in October, when a convention met in Brattleborough and named delegates to join others west of the river, and the Grafton county towns on the east side.

Two weeks later, three counties, with Cheshire county in New Hampshire, met at Walpole and called a convention to meet at Charlestown in January, 1781. This Charlestown Convention was the largest yet held in the valley in which politics was played by the boldest and shrewdest actors of all parties. On the 16th of January, delegates from forty-seven towns, on both sides of the river, met at the Charlestown meeting house, with the College party holding the advantage.

The College party, the Exeter party and the New York party were well represented and were essentially one party in their wish and intent to make a state bounded on the east, twenty miles east of the Connecticut River and on the west by the Green Mountains.

Vermont, as then formed, was not at first represented nor seemingly considered an interested party, but on the second day of the convention Ira Allen, with "carte blanche" from the governor and council of Vermont, and credentials as a member from one of the towns appeared at the convention. He did not take his seat nor put in his credentials, but went to work at once as a lobbyist, to undo what had already been done, and to shape the affairs yet to be done.

A committee had already reported for a union with New Hampshire, which had been adopted by a large majority. Allen, through his aids, secured a recommitment of it "over night for verbal corrections fitting for the press."

But the next morning found Vermont on the driver's seat, reins and whip also in hand. The report of committee, instead of providing for a union with New Hampshire, now provided for a union to Vermont of all territory west of twenty miles east of the river, which, put to a vote, was carried almost unanimously. How such legerdemain could be performed, in a night, no one could tell.

Allen, in his report to the governor and council, merely said he confidentially informed some of the leaders that

the governor and council and the towns west of the mountains were then for extending the east line to twenty miles east of the river, which would again include the sixteen towns of three years before. And such was the result, whereupon Gen. Benjamin Bellows of Walpole, of the committee which reported for a union to New Hampshire, and ten others from Cheshire county, withdrew from the convention, after which the convention appointed a committee to confer with the Vermont Assembly at the February session. It adjourned to meet in the Cornish meeting house on the same day the Vermont Assembly was to meet in Windsor, just across the river.

Thus again Windsor and Cornish joined to make a state of the east and west side towns, but on a larger scale than before and under different circumstances. A committee from the Cornish Convention first went over to the Assembly and presented in form their proposition. The committee was dominated by the College party, with Colonel Paine of Lebanon as chairman and Bezaleel Woodward a member. At the same time, eleven towns in the northeastern part of New York asked to be admitted to Vermont, both of which communications were met with a resolve claiming jurisdiction over all territory from twenty miles east of the Connecticut River to the Hudson River, but with the proviso "not to claim such jurisdiction for the present."

Finally the articles of union were agreed to and confirmed by the Assembly and the Convention, to take effect when duly ratified by two-thirds of the towns interested. Then both bodies adjourned to await the action of their constituencies.

On the re-assembling in Windsor, in February, the returns showed a requisite number of towns had ratified the union, and thirty-four representatives from east of the river towns were admitted to seats in the Assembly, among which were many of the active leaders of the College party. So the original sixteen towns and eighteen others

were constitutionally in the state of Vermont, and for a time the watchman's cry was, "All is well!"

New counties were made, courts established, militia organized, and other things done for the general good. At the next session of the Assembly, in June, at Bennington, the eleven towns that had seceded from New York were admitted. The New York towns were called the "Western Union" and the towns east of the Connecticut the "Eastern Union."

At this session, Ira Allen, Jonas Fay and Bezaleel Woodward were made a committee to present to Congress a new application for the admission of Vermont as then formed, and in case of admission to act as delegates for the state.

In October, for the first and only time, the Assembly met on the east side of the river, at Charlestown, and with the College party driving. Although the Bennington party had apparently heartily joined in all the movements to enlarge the territory of Vermont and had kept to the letter of the promises made to Ira Allen at Charlestown, it always intended to keep the power in its hands so to give up any claims to the new parts, if, at any time, it could attain its great desire, the sovereignty of Vermont as first formed. At times it waited as a sort of "looker on."

At this time New Hampshire was pressing her delegates in Congress to secure her claims to Vermont's territory, and at home preparing to hold her own territory. Many towns east of the river resisted Vermont's authority and conflicts between the officers and the citizens were frequent, especially in Cheshire county. Col. Ethan Hale of Walpole, while trying to release some friends, was himself seized and jailed. A Dr. Page of Charlestown also was jailed at Exeter, by order of the New Hampshire legislature.

Both states threatened to call out their militia, and for a time it seemed that civil war would be the only end. But the better sense prevailed, and order was restored.

In August Allen, Fay and Woodward were again in Philadelphia, pressing Vermont's claims to statehood. On the 20th of August, Congress declared conditions must be imposed if the state was to be admitted, which conditions were that Vermont must relinquish all claims to territory east of the west bank of the Connecticut River and west of twenty miles east of the Hudson River. In fact, the so-called Eastern and Western Unions.

With these definite requirements, the delegates came back to the Assembly at Charlestown, the 11th of October, where one hundred and two towns were represented, thirty-six of them from east of the river. Conditions then forbode trouble. It was said that New Hampshire's troops would prevent the Assembly's meeting, and that Vermont's militia was prepared for any emergency. Again good sense prevailed and no such trouble arose. In the Assembly the report of the committee was discussed four days, and in the end it was determined to hold onto the Eastern and Western Unions, and not to submit to Vermont's "independence to the arbitrament of any power whatever."

On the last day of the session news came by express of the unconditional surrender of Cornwallis and his whole army to Washington. This session forever ended the leadership, and the power to lead, of the College party. Its day had waned. Its sun already was half hid below the sky.

Between the adjournment of the session, then at Charlestown, and the next to meet, January 31, 1782, at Bennington, the Bennington party put forth, and matured, many great measures for the coming session. But the session coming as it did, in midwinter, with the mountain roads almost impassable, found but few delegates present, and they only of near-by towns and of the Bennington party. Who that believes in special or divine providences may not long doubt that some sort of divinity at last stood forth in defense of Vermont. Who but the divine power

could so have piled up the snows as to prevent the coming of those who theretofore came only to disturb?

Before the end of February, the work done at Charlestown had been undone. The terms proposed by Congress had been agreed to and delegates sent to the Congress to get the longed for and promised recognition. That Congress gave no recognition for nine full years was not what might well have been expected of a congress at that time. Nor was it the finale to the drama the historian likes to record. But the "War of the Grants" was ended. There the "Green Mountain Boys" won their fight for a state under the name and within the boundaries they at first desired, Vermont, comprising all towns west of Connecticut River to twenty miles of the Hudson. And though it was not admitted to the United States till 1791, its people employed those nine years in making it a fit co-partner in all the essentials of statehood, in the greatest confederacy of states history has recorded.

But little more need be told. The defeated ones were mostly of the College party and they died hard. Two days after said acts of the Assembly, some of them surmounted the perils of the roads and arrived in Bennington. Soon as they learned what had been done, without sensing that their end had already come, in a final gasp of greed of power, they sent out word to the excluded towns to meet in Dresden, in March, to "devise measures for a settlement of animosities, and to form a union with New Hampshire." A meeting was held and readmission on certain terms, dictated by the college men, was asked of New Hampshire, but New Hampshire would take them only without conditions.

In May Hartford, Norwich, Thetford, Bradford and Newbury, then and now in Vermont, asked for admission to New Hampshire, and her Assembly was willing to admit them, and all others so desiring, if New York would settle her line at the mountains. But as New York did not nothing came of it, and in due time the east boundary of



Vermont was set at the west bank of the river, thus putting the Connecticut, in its course between the two states, wholly in New Hampshire.

When the east side towns had again given their allegiance to New Hampshire, the sun of the Dresden coterie had fully set, and its members returned to their legitimate ways, to their books, and played no more at politics or state making, probably fully satisfied by their experiences that the cobbler best stick to his last and each one to his own profession.

As educated men and educators of other men, they were of the best, and in all the arts of learning able to stand and cope with the best, even to this day. But in a political contest with the untaught but astute yeomen of the New Hampshire grants, they were almost surely doomed to the failure they at last met.

Since then, Vermont's political history has been another story, which I shall not attempt to tell, but a story so like the other in patriotism, heroism, love of home, country and honorable citizenship, that every Vermonter who sprang from a Green Mountain Boy, every Vermonter who only lives on its soil, and every American, wherever born, may well feel in it a just and satisfactory pride.

Thanksgiving on the Farm

By LOU D. STEVENS

Do you remember how, just about a year ago,
We took a trip to Grandpa's on the farm?
He met us at the station, a twinkle in his eye,
And in his face a look of mock alarm.
"Thought you'd leave the boy behind," he said in solemn tone,
"We've everything that girls would like to eat
But when it comes to boys—" and he slyly winked his eye,
As I clambered up beside him on the seat.

There were apple pies and mince pies, pumpkin pies and tarts;
There were candies and nuts, and cider sweet;
The turkey was a dandy, and on the table piled
Was everything a boy could want to eat.

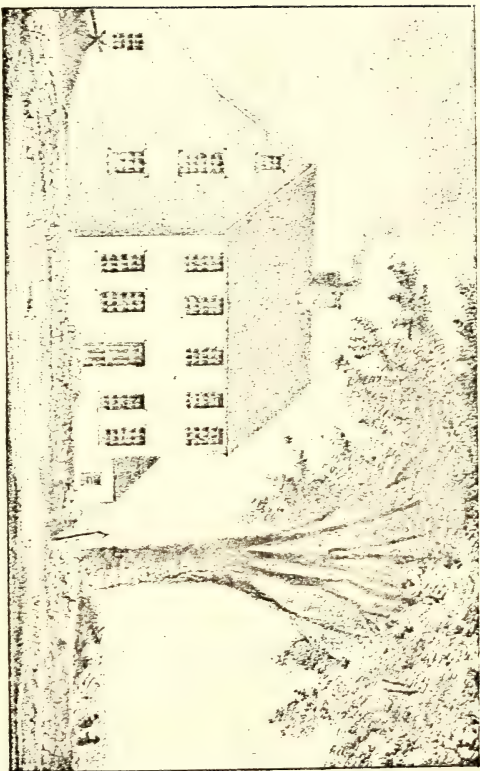
We could only stay a day—how I wished it might be more,
For Thanksgiving at the farm is such a treat;
You can scamper through the attic—you can rummage in the barn—
And there's always such a lot of hens and geese.
Rover comes and frisks about you; cows and horses hang their heads;
Pigs are squealing somewhere down below the barn,
And I stand and hark and wonder how they *ever* go to bed,
There's so many things at Grandpa's on the farm.

There are apple pies and mince pies, pumpkin pies and tarts;
There are candies, and nuts, and cider sweet;
The turkey is a dandy, and on the table piled
Is everything a boy would want to eat.

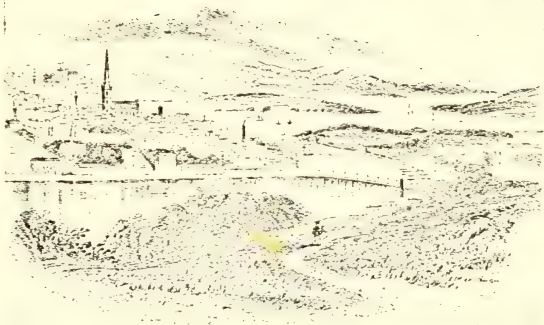
And when the day at last is done my father grins and says,
"I tell you dad, out here's the place to grow;
The air is sweet and wholesome and you get a chance to breathe—
Guess the Lord God planned this country life, you know."
And Grandpa smiles and shakes his head, and Grandma wipes her eye,
As she softly lays her hand upon my brow,
And I scrooge a little closer and whisper kind o' low,
"I just hate to go away and leave you now!"

There were apple pies and mince pies, pumpkin pies and tarts;
There were candies, and nuts, and cider sweet;
The turkey was a dandy, and on the table piled
Was everything a boy could want to eat.





FIRST FRAMED HOUSE IN LONDONDERRY, N. H.



LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, FROM THE SOUTH



LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, FROM THE NORTH

Scotch-Irish Settlement at Londonderry

Prize Essay Written for the New Hampshire Branch
of the Colonial Dames

By RUTH WELLS

Ireland was colonized by several races more than two thousand years before the Christian era. These early colonists were Scythians or of Scythian origin, and never rose very high in the scale of civilization. They had no government, were divided into tribes, and easily conquered by those who were destined to become permanent settlers. These last were the same people who had swept over southern Europe like a whirlwind, overcoming the rude inhabitants of Galacia and Luistania a long time before the legions of Rome invaded those countries.

These incomers reached Ireland in the year of the world 3,500, and immediately showed indications of their enlightenment. They belonged to the Gaelic, Milesian or Scotie people, and under them the country was developed into a nation. They set up stable government, bringing with them customs and laws that had made Assyria, Egypt, Babylon and other nations of the East prosperous and powerful. The nation they established continued with varying prestige until Henry II. of England, in 1186, subjugated, by treachery and otherwise, the country.

For a long period these Milesian rulers of Ireland were divided among themselves, different lords holding rule over their petty sovereignties, belonging to the original stock but unable to unite. Time heals social wounds and binds together the shattered parts of disturbing factions. So eventually the rival factions became friendly and one stronger than the others succeeded in welding the lines into one royal house. Descendants of this royal parentage gave to Scotland the flower of its chivalrous fight for its own. For nearly seven hundred years they ruled Scotland, giving to that country its famous kings, Kenneth, Alexander and Malcolm.

The great British historian, Macauley, defining the difference between the Scotch and Irish characters, says:

"On the same soil dwelt two populations, locally intermixed, morally and politically sundered. The difference of religion was by no means the only difference, and was not, perhaps, the chief difference, which existed between them. They sprang from different stock. They spoke different languages. They had different national characters, as strongly opposed as

any two national characters in Europe. They were in widely different stages of civilization. There could, therefore, be little sympathy between them, and centuries of calamities and wrongs had generated a strong antipathy. . . . The appellation of Irish was then given exclusively to the Celts (descendants of the original peasantry) and to these families, which, though not of Celtic origin, had, in the course of ages, degenerated into Celtic manners. These people, probably somewhat under a million in number, had, with few exceptions, adhered to the Church of Rome. Among them resided about two hundred thousand colonists, proud of their Saxon blood and of their Protestant faith."—*Editor*.

WE OF New Hampshire are sometimes inclined to tire of the frequent praise of Massachusetts' early settlers, the Pilgrims and Puritans, and to wish that we could produce some event in our early history worthy to be compared with the coming of the Mayflower. Strangely enough, we forget that a band of men did come to our state with as high courage and as firm religious convictions as the Pilgrims. I refer to the Scotch-Irish who, in 1719, settled Londonderry, New Hampshire.

To gain a clear idea of the character and purpose of this people, it will be necessary briefly to review their history in the mother country. In the reign of James I. of England, the Irish province of Ulster was conquered and opened to settlement. The Scotch especially availed themselves of this privilege and flocked in large numbers to Ulster. These settlers, and some that came a little later, were the ancestors of the so-called Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire. Their life in Ireland was not entirely pleasant. The wild and uncivilized Irish despised them as aliens and Protestants. Nevertheless, the Scotch-Irish thrived, improved the land by cultivation, and were themselves improved and trained by their constant feuds with the Irish. This was just the kind of discipline to fit them to cope with the difficulties of the new world.

In 1688 and 1689, many of these Scotch took part in the famous siege of Derry, bravely holding it against James II., and thereby rendering to Protestantism valuable service. Although their loyalty was rewarded by the Eng-

lish government, yet their discontent with their Irish home increased. Religious interference was the chief ground of complaint. They were, indeed, allowed to continue in their own Presbyterian form of worship, yet they were obliged to give a tenth of their income toward supporting the Episcopal clergy. Their marriages were pronounced illegal if not performed by a clergyman of the Established Church, and they were not allowed burial in the cemetery if a Presbyterian divine officiated. But religious troubles were not the only ones. Their education was restricted and their industries discouraged by English trade laws. The free spirit of the Ulsterman could not endure these restraints, and he began to look toward America, that refuge of the oppressed. As James MacGregor, one of their ministers expressed it, "They wished to escape from the communion of idolaters and to worship God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of His inspired Word."

A Mr. Boyd was sent as deputy to the governor of Massachusetts, to see whether he would offer him his protection. When a favorable answer was returned, two hundred and seventeen of the people of Ulster decided to embark for America. It is a significant fact that only seven of that number could not sign their own names to the Address presented by Mr. Boyd to the governor.

The five ships bearing the colonists reached Boston in August of 1718. There a separation took place, some of the immigrants going to Worcester, some remaining in Boston, the rest; about sixteen families, who had been the special charge of their minister, Mr. MacGregor, sailing for Casco Bay, Maine, with a view to exploring some available territory there. That winter, which they spent in Portland, proved a hard one, on account of lack of provisions and severe cold. Unable in the spring to find suitable land, they sailed down the coast and up the Merrimack River to Haverhill. A desirable tract of land was found about fifteen miles north of here, and upon this

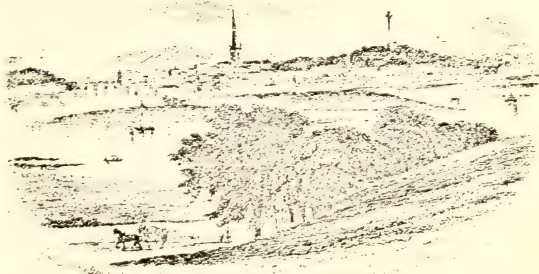


tract they decided to take up their grant of a township twelve miles square. As soon as possible, all the families and their few household belongings were collected at this spot called Nutfield at first. In order to be close together for protection, they laid the lots out along West-running brook, each lot having a front of thirty rods on the stream and extending back for sixty acres. Log huts were then built and two stone garrison houses for protection against the Indians. This precaution, however, proved unnecessary, as they were never molested by the Indians. It was believed that this good fortune was due to the friendship that the Canadian governor, Marquis de Vaudreuil, had for Mr. MacGregor. They were annoyed, however, by their neighbors in Haverhill and elsewhere, who falsely laid claim to the land. The Scotch-Irish applied to the New Hampshire government for a confirmation of their own rights, and received the desired protection. Determined to have a perfectly valid claim to their land, they, after much difficulty, found the oldest Indian deed of the land they occupied and purchased it. The people of Londonderry can make the proud boast that their town was founded on land purchased from the Indians.

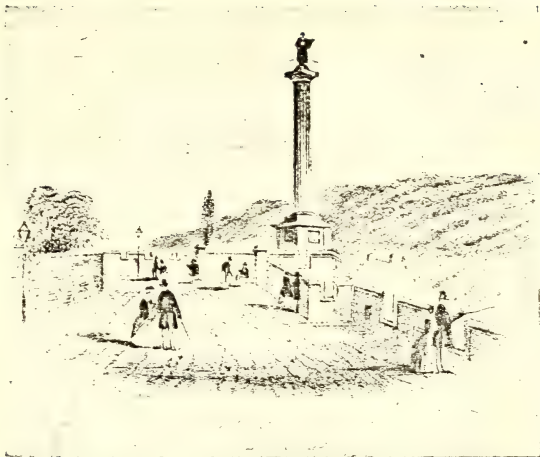
In the first years of the colony, their energies were fully occupied in building the houses and cultivating the land. Means of subsistence were hard to obtain, for all the grain had to be carried from near-by towns on men's backs. After a friendly Indian had told them of the good salmon fishing in the Amoskeag near them, their anxiety about food was lessened. Another source of food was the potato, which they were the first to introduce into the state. The most valuable innovation was the manufacture of linen. Every house in town possessed a loom and, as soon as flax could be grown, an important linen manufacturing industry sprang up. The art spread so rapidly that soon people all over the state were engaged in it. The Londonderry weavers, however, still continued to produce the best work. It was this industry that contributed the most towards making the town prosperous.



SHIP QUAY STREET, LONDONDERRY, IRELAND



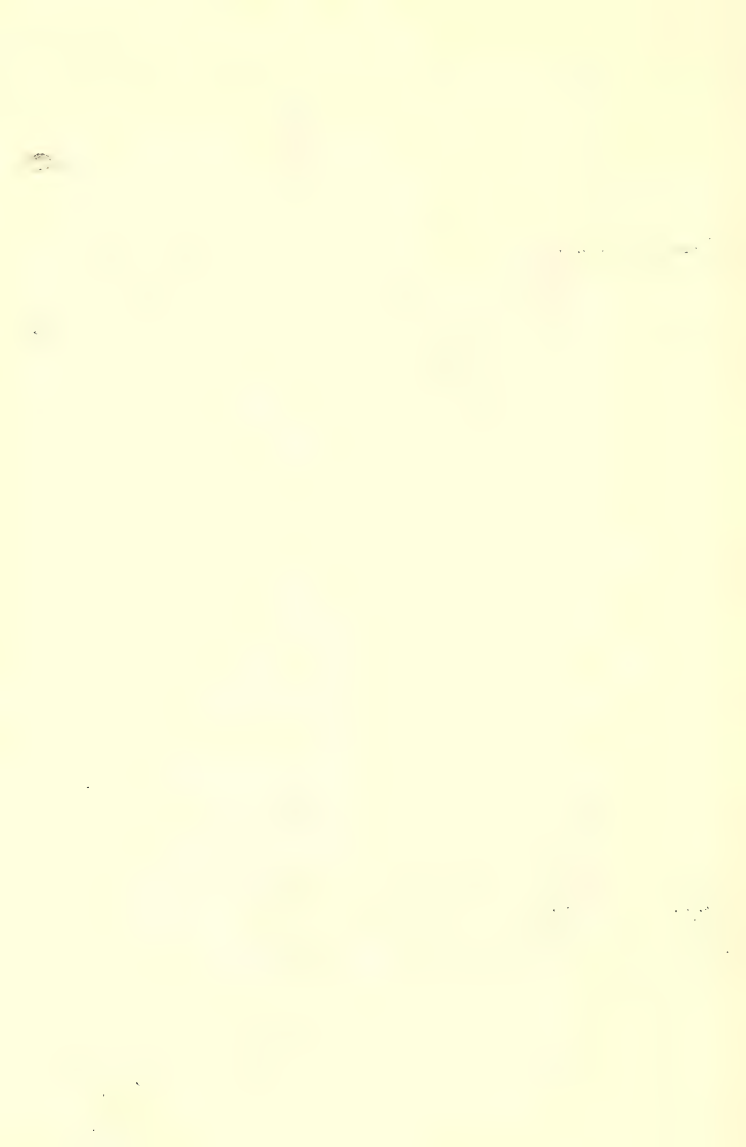
ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND



WALKER'S MONUMENT, LONDONDERRY, IRELAND



THE DIAMOND, LONDONDERRY, IRELAND



Londonderry's growth was remarkably rapid. A saw-mill made frame houses possible, and two grist-mills greatly simplified the food question. The population was fast increased by new comers from Ireland and by settlers from New England towns. In 1722, the town was incorporated under the name of Londonderry. An interesting point in its charter was a provision for two annual fairs to be held in May and November of each year. For fifty years or more, these fairs were productive of much good. Londonderry produce and manufactures were exhibited, while merchants from Boston and Salem were glad to bring their own goods to these famous fairs. When means of communication became easier, the fairs lost their importance and at length became so harmful, by reason of their degeneracy into mere riotous gatherings, that they had to be abolished.

The reason for Londonderry's prosperity is to be found in the character of her people. The Scotch-Irish had the enduring qualities that make for success. They were gifted with good intellects and were keen to appreciate the value of an education. As restriction in education had been one of their grievances in Ireland, they made early provision in their charter for schools. Later, Pinkerton Academy for boys and the Adams School for girls were established. In the latter school, Mary Lyon, who founded Mount Holyoke College, was a teacher.

The Scotch-Irish also possessed courage, which is a necessary quality for pioneers. Men who leave a fertile land and established homes for religion's sake give evidence of the highest courage. Generosity was a distinguishing feature of their character. Nothing mean or paltry disfigures their history. Above all these characteristics, they were devout worshipers of God. Religion had sent them to America and religion remained for them the chief thing in life. A meeting-house was one of the first considerations in building the town, and their minister was beloved and respected as few men are. Private and public worship was

strictly observed. Every Sunday there were catechism classes, in which were both old and young. It is said that from the founding of the town until now, it has never been without a settled ministry,

As the town grew larger, it sent out no less than ten contingents, who formed new settlements all over the state. Each one of these new towns was distinguished by the prosperity and righteous living of the mother town. As Dr. Belknap says of the Scotch-Irish, "Being a peculiarly industrious, frugal, hardy, intelligent, and well-principled people, they proved a valuable acquisition to the province into which they had removed, contributing much by their arts and their industries, to its welfare." This high opinion they have entirely justified. In all the early French and Indian wars they were conspicuous. Crown Point, Ticonderoga and the Plains of Abraham saw many of them. In the Revolution, they were staunch supporters of the cause of liberty, sending next to the largest number of men of any town in the state. Seventy of them were at Bennington with the famous ranger, John Stark, himself of Londonderry. The man in the War of 1812 who, next to Winfield Scott, won the most reputation was James Miller, a New Hampshire Scotch-Irishman. It is unnecessary to multiply examples of famous men whom Londonderry has produced. As Dr. Parker writes, in his history of the town, "Descendants of these emigrants have been famous as ministers, soldiers, professors, congressmen and governors."

In the first sermon preached at Londonderry, Mr. MacGregor used the text, "And a man shall be . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This might have been taken as a prophecy of the future of his people. There were many men in Colonial days who were like "shadows of rocks" in the "weary" wilderness of America. Among them, along with the Pilgrims and Puritans, must be named the Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire.



The Hermit of Go-Back Road

By J. WARREN THYNG

I HAD often met him, while fishing on Meadow brook, but he had never spoken, nor do I remember that he had noticed my presence; but one hot afternoon, when I came across him sitting in the shade of the butternut trees, down by the haunted schoolhouse, he reached out his hand so kindly to my spaniel, when the dog approached him, that it seemed but civility on my part to speak to him. At the sound of my voice he arose and stood with his fishing-rod thrown across his arm; there was a touch of repose in his manner foreign to the natives of the remote mountain glen in which he lived. He wore a loose coat or jacket belted at the waist; and oddly enough, for so warm a day, he had a mantle or scarf of some dark stuff about his neck; otherwise his clothing was of the sort worn by backwoodsmen. I could not but notice, however, that in his beardless face he departed from the usual habit of hermits. As is customary with trout fishermen, he carried a wicker basket at his side. I have described the recluse scantily, since memory serves me but poorly.

During my vacation in Glen Thornton I saw this singular person but once again after the day I found him sitting in the shade of the butternut trees; he was fishing in a dark pool by the broken wheel of the old mill; he neither looked up nor spoke, and might have passed from my mind but for an incident that happened a few days later, when the schoolmaster and Macdonald had returned from fishing on Eastman brook.

"Schoolmaster," said the Highlander, "will painter be for putting the hermit in his book?"

"Hello, Macdonald, so you know the hermit of Go-Back Road!"



"He's from the land of the heather."

"The hermit is a bonny Scotch lad?"

"Ay, from the banks of Loch Lomond."

A spiral of smoke curled up from the Highlander's short pipe, as he thoughtfully regarded the schoolmaster, and then continued:

"They would call him Fitz-James, but his real name I never knew. and there was a lass he left at Loch Achray. She had dark eyes like a Douglas, and she wore the Douglas plaid. I have seen her with the dark plaid thrown over her head, standing by the loch and looking far away to Ben Venue."

"Your hermit, Fitz-James, may have inherited the Saxon's enmity to the race of Douglas."

"Ay, replied the Highlander, "and they said the lass resented it. Fitz-James disappeared, and I never saw him again in Scotland; a few years ago I saw him at Lake Asquam, and now he is here."

"And Fitz-James is the hermit of Go-Back Road?"

"He is, painter," returned Macdonald, as he lighted his pipe and walked away into the shadowy perspective of the road that leads to the village. Then through the twilight silence came a voice. The Highlander was singing:

"Oh ye take the high road
And I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love
Will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
Of Loch Lomond."



